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THE

SACRED CIRCLE.

EDITORS:

JUDGE EDMONDS, DR. DEXTER, O. G. WARREN.



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CONTENTS.

A.

	Page
Address to the Reader.....	1, 47 591
Authority, Evils of.....	89
Advice to Believers.....	257
Adams' Oration.....	510

B.

Bible, The.....	248
Bishop Wainwright.....	416
Blessings of Inquiry.....	568

C.

Correspondence.....	13, 149, 202, 380, 373, 482, 532, 577
Communications.....	87, 384
City of the Spheres.....	197
Colloquy with a Spirit.....	297
Cory, Dr. David.....	325
Cynic.....	363
Creation in Six Days.....	475
Clairvoyance.....	511, 559
Claims of Spiritualism.....	521

D.

Dialogues.....	24, 79, 128, 161, 209, 269, 353, 497, 545
Drunkard.....	33
Death, Fear of.....	46
Discrepancies.....	50
Destiny of Man.....	100

	Page
Divinity in Man.....	170
Death of a Good Man.....	285
Devotion of Spiritualism.....	472
Difficulties of Communion.....	516

E.

Electricity	104
Effect of Spirit Intercourse.....	287
Effect of Mediumship.....	414

F.

Fashion and Famine.....	208
Food of Man	232
Future of Believers	280
"Freedom Speaks to Earth Again".....	573

G.

Glimpse of a Higher Life.....	526
-------------------------------	-----

H.

Happiness of Spirit Intercourse	234
Hints to Investigators.....	525

I.

I Believe in the Communion of Saints.....	508
Interview with the Poet Pollock.....	570

L.

Location of Spirit World.....	294
Love of Individuals.....	481
Lecture at Philadelphia.....	515
" " St. Louis	531
Life after Death	564

M.

Mission of Kindness	76
Mental Proofs.....	87

CONTENTS.

v

	Page
Man's First Lesson.....	174
Miracle Worker.....	185
Morceau	262
Mischiefs of False Teaching	314
Man as an Ultimate	401

N.

Needed Reforms.....	91
Necessity of Harmony	206
Newsboy	240
Natural Man.....	265
New City.....	371

O.

Omnipotence of Love	71
Organ Boy	74

P.

Purpose of Spirit Visitation	121
Prayer.....	177, 239, 414, 472

Q.

Questioning Spirits	54
---------------------------	----

R.

Raine's (Maj.) Investigations.....	57, 118
Roman Virtue	220
Review.....	299
Rag Picker	379
Realities of Spirit Life.....	478

S.

Spiritual Physiology.....	97
Surgical Case.....	102
Suicide	108
Spirit Influence.....	187
Sublimated Matter	208
Skeptic	224

	Page
Seeking the Country	286
Second Birth	282
Sects in Spiritualism	287
Self-Satisfied	309
Spiritualism	320
Spiritualism in California	340, 384, 585
Spirit Advocate	411

T.

Things Unexplained	256
--------------------------	-----

U.

Uncertain Manifestations	480
--------------------------------	-----

V.

Vision of Life	9
Vision	106

W.

Why not Come Before?	126, 157, 263
Where is the Delusion?	144
What Use is Spiritualism?	305
What is True Worship	563

Poetry.

To One Departed	12
Stanzas	23, 148, 378
Charity	32
In Memoriam	123
Selfishness	181
Spirits Present	205
Moral Courage	219
Twin Brothers	221
Atoms	223

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Death at Night.....	281
Progress.....	288
Pursuit of Riches	252
Flight of Time.....	268
Prayer of the Soul	284
Cross at Sunset	286
Be Kind to Human Frailty	293
Beauty.....	298
Love of Nature	304
Wassail Bowl	319
To a Medium	333
The Sea Hath its Story.....	339
What is Death?.....	368
The Better Land	370
Resurgam	372
Solitude.....	407
Divine Messengers.....	408
Spirit Monody	418
The Host of Heaven	557
Leaf of Life	567
Spirit Promise	589





SACRED CIRCLE.

ADDRESS TO THE READER.

IN ushering to the world a new periodical devoted to the elucidation and defense of the Spiritual Faith, it will be expected from its editors that its objects and purposes be specified.

They have been very generally stated in the prospectus, already before the public, in these words :

"It will be the purpose of this work to advance Truth in every form and shape ; to discuss Radical Moral Reform, Radical Intellectual Reform—the Reform of the times—in their political, mercantile, agricultural, and mechanical relations ; to advocate Liberty, positively and unhesitatingly, in the full, and in the abstract ; to examine the condition of our country in every part, as a whole, and in the several States, Counties, Cities, and Towns ; to elevate the existing relations of Society ; to form new relations, based on the principles of Spiritual Philosophy ; and to develop those means which shall harmonize every element and instrumentality of Society one with another ;" but a more minute detail will not be unacceptable.

It is now about six years since the manifestations of Spiritual intercourse first attracted the public attention. During the time which has elapsed since then, many things have occurred seemingly scarcely less than miraculous. Indeed, they have often been of a character so unlike the ordinary events of human life, that it has been hard to convince even eye and ear witnesses of their reality, and still more difficult to persuade others that they had any existence except in a diseased imagination. To many, a belief in their existence seemed so heavy a draft on their credulity, that their anger has often been excited at the bare idea that they

could be supposed capable of entertaining it, and they who have believed, have in no measured terms been denounced as of unsound mind. Still the manifestations of these marvels have gone on with accelerated velocity; they have sprung up in different parts of our country, and through the instrumentality of persons unknown to each other, and between whom it was impossible there could be any concert of action; the number of witnesses of them and of believers in their spiritual origin has rapidly augmented; they have appeared also in the southern parts of this continent, in the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and in parts of Europe and Asia, so that amid an almost universal outcry against them, they have obtained a foothold in the opinions of mankind as an existing reality, which no sane mind can deny, no enlightened investigation can impugn.

The great purpose of their advent among us has been nearly subverted, namely, to attract the attention of mankind, and to originate the inquiry, whence come they? and what for? •

It would have been in vain to attempt an answer to that inquiry until there should have obtained a general belief in the existence and the reality of the physical manifestations. That event has now occurred. There are now among men hundreds of thousands of intelligent and sane minds which recognize their existence. The charge of "humbug" and "deception" is now confined to the very few, who still lag behind the intelligence which is moving with giant strides in our midst. The cry of "Delusion" is daily becoming weaker, and the opposition is hourly assuming a form which admits their reality and questions only their character; which yields a belief in their existence to the overpowering weight of evidence they array and falls back upon the refuge of denying that they can be for any good purpose. Even the pulpit, the silence of whose contempt was broken only by an occasional outcry against deception, virtually concedes the existence of the phenomenon, and that it owes its origin to an intelligence not of this earth, in the denunciation which it now so freely pours forth, that it is the work of the spirit of evil, which, in the realization of ancient prophecy, has been let loose for a season upon earth; and many who have been favored with opportunities only of witnessing the external or material manifestations of this unseen power are anxiously inquiring, To what end is it all?

It seems to us that the time for answering that question is drawing nigh, and that the means for answering it wisely and well are at hand. And it is one great purpose of establishing this journal to aid in doing so. We who are assuming the control of its columns have other avocations

enough of our own, not to seek this additional burden as matter of choice, but we yield to a sense of duty imposed upon us by the peculiar advantages we have enjoyed. We have carefully examined the question now referred to, and have arrived at a conclusion which we feel we have no right to confine to our own bosoms. In our investigations we have not been willing to accord submission to popular clamor, to pay obedience to the conventionalisms of society that would trammel our freedom of thought, to yield to the craven fear which would hesitate at receiving an eternal truth lest fools might sneer, to acknowledge the vassalage of sectarianism, which, born in selfishness and ending in persecution, would bend our minds in dumb obedience to the behests of baser fellows; but recognizing in ourselves a divine attribute of our great Creator, namely, our reason, next to him, we acknowledge no other supremacy. In its tribunals we have willingly appeared. To its decisions we have cheerfully submitted, and its commands we have tried to obey; but we will not yield our freedom of thought to any thing beneath the source whence we derived it. And thus it is that we recognize in the work now going on among men the operation of an Almighty hand. Thus it is that to us the evidence of its divine origin is too plain to permit us to doubt it.

To convey to others this impression, thus wrought on our minds by years of painstaking and careful investigation—to lay before them the reasons for the faith that is in us, and to show how it is that Spiritualism is of God, and is fraught with elements of good, of immense value to man, both in this life and the next—is the great purpose we have in view in this undertaking.

The uninstructed wayfarer sees in his path the trunk of the hardy oak, which has braved the storms of a hundred years, now prostrated and riven with the lightning's stroke, and he flees affrighted at a power whose capacity he can not measure and whose nature he can not comprehend, while the philosopher will pause over the ruin before him, will investigate the cause, nay, will trace it to its source, will disarm it of its destructiveness, and perhaps bind it to the car of human knowledge, an obedient vassal to the supremacy of thought. So we, leaping over the mere physical manifestations, which disturb so many by their marvelousness on the one hand and their incongruities on the other, will endeavor to send our minds in search of the cause, and aim rather at the elucidation and promulgation of the principles involved. Passing by the wayside that which appeals to our love of the marvelous, we shall prefer to dwell on that which addresses itself to our reason, which appeals to the immortal mind within us, which speaks to the Spirit of God that ever slumbers in

every human heart. While we will not neglect its scientific aspect, we shall yet look upon it as it is intended to be, and as it indeed is, as a Religion. While we will assist, as far as may be in our power, the scholar and the man of the world to regard it scholarly and practically, we will yet not be unmindful that it leads from nature up to nature's God, and pours upon the ear the voice of inspiration from the bright abodes where man immortal dwells.

We do not agree with that clergyman who, in his hot zeal against Spiritualism, declared that Religion was not designed to improve our condition on earth, or to make us happier in this life, but only to prepare us for a future existence. On the other hand, it is our faith that no Religion can be good for any thing, or ever be effective and influential with mankind, that does not improve our condition here, and make us wiser, and better, and consequently happier here. And we see in the spiritual faith that which can not fail to produce this effect, that which will indeed make this a new earth, by peopling it with inhabitants purer, holier, happier than its past life has ever known.

How can it be otherwise, if indeed it be true—as thousands and tens of thousands can testify—that our most secret thoughts are known to the intelligence which is communing with us, and can, through the instruments it uses, be revealed to our fellow-mortals? We have all of us heard again and again the lesson that God knows our every thought. But how few of us have ever realized it! How few of us have had such just conceptions of the Deity as to be able to comprehend how this could be! Let the condition of the world say. Let the secret sins which stain the life of the purest among us answer. Let the selfish propensities in which the best of us indulge, as means of personal gratification, speak; and they will proclaim that the lesson has seldom descended beneath the ear that has heard or the lip that has uttered it, and that it has not penetrated the heart with the conviction of its verity.

It is, however, true, and spiritual intercourse is daily demonstrating it. Aye, more! it is disclosing to us the instrumentalities by which this work is performed, and astounding us by the simplicity and the efficacy of its operations.

A part of our task will be to show that this is so, and how it is done; to show how the faculty may be cultivated and increased, until it may become universal among men. If this may be so, it will need no lengthened answer to the question, What good is there in Spiritualism? Can there be a greater preventive to crime—not merely that which is aimed at by human enactments, but those secret violations of the great Creator's

laws, in which the hope of impunity from detection induces so many of us to indulge? Can there be a greater incentive to purity of life and thought than the consciousness, firmly seated within us, that every emotion can be known to those whom we have loved the dearest upon earth?

Can there be a stronger or more powerful check upon the indulgence of the selfish propensities, which sow so much discord among men, than the knowledge that our secret purposes may be made known to all around us? Even on earth the poet's vision of the final judgment will be realized:

"None deeper blushed,
As in the all-piercing light he stood exposed,
No longer herding with the holy ones."

Again, Spiritualism enjoins upon us a more earnest and practical obedience to the law of Love one another! than we have ever conceived of. It is not a matter of option, which as the rubric of some of the churches says, "the minister may say," or may omit, but it is a positive and an imperative command, which can not with impunity be disregarded. And obedience to it consists not merely in repeating it once in seven days, but in carrying it into the daily walks of life; not merely in putting it on as a holiday garment, but in wearing it as our constant apparel; not merely in forgiving our neighbor the wrongs he may do us, but in loving him even though he spitefully use us; not merely in giving alms when the object of our compassion falls in our way, but in seeking it out amid its squalid wretchedness, its repulsive poverty; not merely in condemning the evils which others perpetrate around us, but in earnestly and actively toiling to prevent them or to obviate their unhappy consequences.

And Spiritualism unfolds to us the legitimate purpose of government among men. It teaches us that it is not to increase our wealth, not to elevate one class at the expense of another, not to fasten the chains of bondage upon any, not to restrain man in his progress toward the high destiny before him; but it is to develop the human mind, and to bend to that object all of animate or inanimate nature around us. To show how this may be will also be a part of our task.

And now, in view of the considerations which we have thus briefly presented, and on which we shall dwell more at large hereafter, we think we may well claim for the faith which we profess, that it may indeed improve the condition of man, and make him both better and happier, even in this, his earthly existence. To be happy is man's chief aim, to be cheerful is his first duty, and loving God and his fellow the means by which these ends are to be attained.

Such is the influence of Spiritualism on our temporal condition. Its relation to the future—to the life after death—is even more important.

In reference to miracles, as they are termed, whether of ancient or modern times, and which enter so largely into every religion received among men, it will be our purpose to disabuse the mind of the idea that they owe their existence to the suspension of nature's laws, and to show that they were in accordance with and in execution of those laws, and that the apparent marvelousness arises from our ignorance of them, as the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph would now be a miracle to the uninformed savage who roams on the Rocky Mountains, or the explosion of gunpowder was to the simple natives of America, when our continent was first discovered. In fine, that it is not so much a spot in the sun, as the cloud which surrounds the beholder, that causes the obscurity in which alone a belief in miracles can exist, and that our existence both here and hereafter is governed by laws as simple as they are immutable, as intelligible as they are wise.

We shall aim also at teaching, as we have been taught, what death is, and strip its approach of the terrors which ignorance and design have thrown around it, which have bowed many a strong heart in servile obedience to the will of another, and have been a most fruitful cause of the continuance of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition among men. We shall endeavor to show that it is not a long and dreamless sleep of ages—that it is not an instantaneous ushering into a state of perfection and happiness of every human soul, whatever may have been its condition here; nor is it the condemnation of any to an eternity of suffering. That it is, in fact, but a step in human existence, a release from the trammels which bind us to this planet, leaving us free to roam through space, and to choose our abiding place where our moral condition shall designate. That, like the butterfly, it is but casting off the shell which confined it to the baser element, leaving it free to roam in one more refined and more congenial to its real nature. That, like all of nature around him, man is the creature of progression, destined by the immutable laws of his Great Creator to move onward and upward forever. That that progression begins not at his death, but at his birth, and that it is to be not in knowledge alone, but also in purity and love. That it is purity which gives us position in the spirit world, and love or affinity that gives association. And we shall endeavor, by showing how unhappy are the consequences of progressing in one only of these elements of our nature, to convince of the necessity of progressing in all alike.

So, too, it will be our purpose to make known the attributes and char-

acter of the Infinite Father as they may be revealed to us ; to eradicate, as far as may be in our power, from our conceptions of him, the Pagan ideas which have clothed him with mortal attributes, and the Jewish ones, which represent him as a power delighting in human suffering or claiming vengeance as his own. And instead, by dwelling upon the vast universe which He has created and peopled by countless myriads of intelligent beings, destined like us to inhabit 'eternity, to convey just conceptions of his might ; by recurring to the instrumentality of his ministering spirits to establish a realizing sense of his omniscience, and to demonstrate his love by showing that he has destined man to live forever, given him fixed and immutable laws for the government of his existence, conferred upon him the capacity to understand those laws, left him free to obey or to disobey them, and to take the consequences on himself, and now is crowning his mercy and loving-kindness by revealing to us what those consequences are ; thus leaving man in the freedom which is his birthright, to work out his own salvation or his own condemnation.

So, too, we shall endeavor to show what was the source and origin of the Bible, and what its authority ought to be with us. That has long been and is now a prolific source of controversy among Christians. On the one hand, it is claimed by some to be a plenary and final revelation ; and on the other hand, seeing that even they who advance this pretense do not themselves agree in understanding it alike—that some have even gone so far as to make different translations of it—that their faith is sometimes demanded for what seems to be a violation of the laws of nature, and in conflict with the discoveries of science—many finding themselves unable to receive it entire, as was exacted of them, have rejected it entirely. For our part we will not give up the Bible. We see in it the work of spiritual intercourse like that which we are now experiencing, governed by the same laws, to be judged of in the same way, and from both alike we are to obtain the rule and guide of our faith ; and we will endeavor to inculcate that belief among Spiritualists. But we must not be understood as saying that it is only through the sacred writings that we suppose God reveals his will to man. We see it also in all of nature around us. The air, the ocean, and the earth, the star-lit dome above us, flashing with the light of the countless worlds that have been fashioned by His Almighty hand, speak also his will to the intelligent mind.

So, too, it will be our effort to show how it is that Jesus of Nazareth is our Saviour and Redeemer. This, too, has been a fruitful source of discord in the Christian world, and many, very many, unable to receive the doctrine, so earnestly contended for by some, of his atonement for

our sins, and seeing in it, among men, a strong temptation to a life of sin because of the hope of vicarious atonement for it, have rejected all faith alike, in his mission and his teachings. To us it seems by no means improbable that a further revelation should be made to man on a subject of such momentous interest, and we believe that it is now being made. We can see that it was by living, not by dying, that he redeemed us, and that he was our Saviour by his teachings, which, disrobed of the gloss which men's inventions have thrown around them, are capable of lifting us from the degradation of sin and ignorance, and ushering us into the grateful light of the gospel of truth.

And, finally, we believe, and shall endeavor to demonstrate, that it is now to be revealed to man what is the state and condition of existence into which he is to be ushered after this life. Hitherto that has been a sealed book to us; but now it is, in His divine mercy, to be opened to us, and in the revelations which are to be made in that regard, we shall find an incentive to obedience to the law of loving God and one another; full mighty to overcome the temptations of our material existence; full powerful to thwart the propensities flowing from our earthly surroundings, and omnipotent enough to make our obedience as instinctive as that which now prompts us to satisfy hunger or thirst, or that which causes us to withhold our hand from a glowing flame.

Such being our purpose, we, of course, recognize that which is now going on in our midst as a revelation from above, and we shall endeavor to show that there is nothing in nature or previous revelations that forbids it, that all religion is founded upon it, that it has ever existed in all ages of the world, and that we can recognize no such change in the condition of man as to render it improbable that we in this age should be permitted to enjoy that which was in times past so freely poured out upon those who have gone before us.

In the execution of this purpose we shall endeavor to avoid all controversy, for we start with the intention of according to others, in the fullest sense, "the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship without discrimination or preference," which we claim as our birthright.

E.

VISION OF LIFE.

GIVEN THROUGH DR. DEXTER.

I AM seeing. I am upon a hill that overlooks a most beautiful valley, sheltered on each side by gentle mountains, whose tops are rounded off in graceful lines, and their surface cultivated on all sides to the plain.

To the spirit eye, a glimpse of that which is to be its home makes indeed his soul throb and palpitate with joy. How ecstatic to the eye to see that which has been so long a mystery and sealed! Wonder not, then, that the spirit's own emotion should communicate its feelings to its body.

There are cattle here on a thousand hills. The air is so bright and so pure, the grain, as it bows to the gentle salutation of the breeze, seems like globules of gold dancing joyously in the sun. It is morning, too, and the dew is on grass and flower. The sun is just rising over those mountains on the left. How Nature sparkles in her dewy diamonds. The song of those birds goes up like heaven's own music, as it comes from the celestial spheres rich with the love of God. That river, too, how silent it moves along through the valley, and yet its waters are whispering its morning salutation to God. The air, the earth, the stream, the flowers, the trees, and the cattle, all send up notes of praise to the Creator. I see all this, and my heart feels its beauty.

On either side of the river the landscape is most beautiful—the two banks of the stream seemingly alike. The fields of grain, of grass, and flowers are laid out in wonderful regularity. A road is on either bank winding along near the river, half embowered in foliage and flowers.

I descend this mountain and reach the shore. There is a tiny boat moored at the water's edge. I enter the boat freely, and yet, as it were, without my own will. I seem borne by an invisible hand, to whose impulses I willingly yield. In the boat is no sail, no oar—yet as soon as I enter it, it moves out upon the water; and now on this bright mirror—on this silent and gentle bosom of the stream—I float down amid these mountains.

Oh! where, indeed, am I?—whither am I going, and what is this les-

son which is taught me? Flowers skirt each bank, and there are little nooks and indentations in the shore, which seem designed purposely for nestling places for the many water-fowls I see before me.

I sail on. I see no human being. On each side are fields and groves and gardens laid out with taste and beauty. Scattered over the grassy fields and lawns are cattle, sheep, and horses; and I see many animals with which I am not familiar.

The sun has now risen above the mountains, and now shines down with full splendor upon the varying scene. How bright and beautiful is every thing I see! What luster to all that grows! The rose's tint is more delicate, its perfume is softer, its leaves are greener, the trees are taller, grander, and more magnificent! And there is such a heavenly calm to every thing, its influence falls upon my soul like a happy dream. This can not be of earth!

I am still in the tiny boat floating down the stream. I do not guide it or propel it—yet it moves on. Whither am I going? The still, smooth surface of this river is before me, and I do not raise a ripple upon it in my progress.

But the course of the stream seems changed. It moves faster. The surface is now ruffled, and the current unequal. There is some difficulty in getting along with this boat, and yet I do nothing to it. It seems to be managed by invisible hands. It now makes a ripple upon the bosom of the water—the spray begins to fly from the bow. How bright, how cold it falls! I shake off the drops that shower upon me, and they sparkle like electricity.

There is a change in the scene. The valley grows narrower. The mountains are high and rocky, the fields are uneven and rugged, and less cultivated. I go faster. The water is no longer clear; it has grown turbid. The shores are rocky, and the waves dash upon them. Rocks are in the stream, and the waves dash over them with fury. The stream is white with foam, and the mountains reverberate the sullen roar.

How strange is every thing here and how wild, yet I do not fear. I have the power and the will to go on, though the waters grow still more turbulent. The mountains grow higher and steeper. I see no more the golden fields of grain—I see not the corn and the flowers nor the stately trees. I hear no more the song of birds nor the lowing of the cattle. The landscape grows dim, and I feel the restlessness of the scene. Is it the tall and black mountains that so shut out the light, or is night approaching? I have not seen a soul in my progress. I wonder where are all the human beings that should have made part of the scene. I see

no cattie—I see only wild beasts prowling upon the mountain sides amid the cleft and rugged rocks, entangled with rotting timber and stunted trees.

How swift the water runs! and yet I have no fear. There is a strange restlessness about every thing I see. I see no motion, but I feel there is here an unrest, of which even the rocks partake!

It has grown dark. I can no longer see the shore. The water looks as if its waves were of ink, and I hear the black mass dashing its fury upon the iron shore.

It is utterly dark. What a feeling has come over me! I hear the wail of those mountains and I feel their disquietude. I hear this flood that bears me on I know not whither. I see no star. All is dark above, below, around me. All is silent save the roar of the angry waters and the murmur of the mountains. Shall I go on? whither shall I turn? why am I here? what have I done that I should be placed in this fearful hazard? what new world is to open before me?

A feeling of loneliness creeps over me. I hear nothing but the sad and strange wail which speaks of the unrest pervading the air, the earth, and the water. My own flesh partakes of the trembling restlessness of the scene.

How swiftly plunges on my tiny boat, yet guided by some mighty power, else must it have been dashed to pieces! All is the blackness of a starless midnight. I still hear the angry dashing of the inky waves upon the shores, and mingling with their roaring comes the same deep wail of sorrow. It seems as if Nature in conjunction with my own soul was passing through some terrible agony.

The boat has stopped, and I turn round in the darkness, but can see nothing. But amid the wild dissonance of the tumultuous waves and the weird wail of Nature a voice is heard. It comes, as if in a path by itself, through the black air, and reaches my heart. It says, "Truth is not to be bought—not to be sold. It can not be obtained as a gift, but must be earned by labor. God might have faltered when he looked upon his creation and saw the immensity of work before him, if he had been impelled by his own will not to earn the truth by his labor. Shall man then falter because there is darkness on the one hand and on the other, because the sky is black and the water is as ink, and there is a wall on both sides, and before him thick darkness and uncertainty? Shall man falter, then, because in his attempts to undo the evil he has done there should be great and mighty labor?"

"The light that shall guide you is in your own soul. Its rays are

sufficient to illumine the pathway before you. That light is eternal, for it comes from God."

I am standing still. I hear the waters, I feel the mountains, and the air is so thick it wraps me in its black embrace like a pall. Great God! shall I go on? Oh, if you could see! Oh, if you could see as I do now! There comes streaming over the dark face of that water a dawn of light!



TO ONE DEPARTED.

Do not forget me though a world divides us;
Hold to that memory which is of love;
Let us obey the gentle hand that guides us,
To that blest hour when we shall meet above.

Time may move slowly—we may long be parted—
And clouds and sorrows be between us cast;
But sure I am the true and constant-hearted
Will yet be blest and reunite at last.

I bear my earthly sojourn all the better,
That I can see a calmer home on high;
I bear my suffering and many a fetter,
Because they only last until I die.

I look to meet thee at the glorious portal,
When I shall step into the world of light;
That thou shalt there bestow a kiss immortal,
Amid the angels that shall glad my sight.

I ne'er forget thee—and though earthly passion
May lead my feelings and my thoughts astray,
There is within th' eternal inclination
To clasp thee to my heart, and clasp for aye.

Be thou still near me, and forget me never
Till I be free and meet thy glance above,
Then may our sympathies unite forever,
And we go forth upon our tasks of love.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[It is our purpose to extract into our columns occasionally, from a very extensive correspondence, such matters as may be calculated to elucidate the principles of our faith, or to show its diffusion among men. We shall, however, in no case, use any one's name without his consent, or do aught, without his approbation, that may tend to commit him with the public to a cause which, though inexpressibly dear to those who understand it, is yet unpopular with those who do not. In execution of this purpose we give the following.—E.]

WHITESTOWN, Dec. 19th, 1853.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—A deep concern for the moral and religious interests of the world is my principal apology for addressing you on the subject of your volume, addressed to me among the thousands of the land. It is with no spirit of criticism or censure that I write this brief response. I have been watching with increasing interest the progress of these new phenomena, have investigated myself, that I might be enabled to form a proper judgment of it. I am satisfied that disembodied spirits do thus communicate with men on earth, but am not clear that they are good spirits, and if so, I can not perceive how they can reform the world as they propose. I heartily wish you and your associates in this work may achieve the renovation of our race, that you might be inspired even to do it if it were the will of God. But how, pray inform me, can Spiritualism effect this desirable change while it contravenes the very groundwork of the Christian system? I do not oppose the idea of an additional revelation from Heaven. I have been hoping that these spiritual manifestations, being divested of their many discrepancies, contradictions, and puerilities, would finally conform to and confirm Bible revelation. For has not Christianity (uncorrupted) blessed the world and made it what it is of good? Could we wish therefore its authority undermined or weakened in the minds of men? And does not the majority of *this* spiritual teaching strike at its main pillars? I mean no disrespect to you surely, for I perceive that you declare your belief in Revelation; I suppose you mean that of the Bible. Yes, its *main* pillars, viz., Inspiration and Atonement? Christ crucified, and not man's moral doings as taught by the Spirits, is the grand feature of this redeem-

ing economy. Strike out Inspiration and Justification through the crucified One, and all the prophecies and typical or ceremonial portions of the Old Testament prefiguring Christ are, in my apprehension, farcical and unmeaning, and all Paul's reasonings thereon are a *mistake* or mere fancy. I can not sympathize with him then when he exclaims, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of Christ;" and has the latter deceived *us* or *himself* when he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," "Whosoever believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live?" This, perhaps, was your early belief—though I read that you were afterward skeptical on some points. But you readily discern that Spiritualism elevates hundreds that reject the essential features of Christianity directly to a seat in bliss. "Whosoever believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." These invisible teachers nearly all agree in ascribing these doctrines to contrivance, to bigoted or intolerant priests. Tyrannical priests there are, but you will, I trust, acquit a large portion of Protestant ministers from the charge of coercing rather than reasoning their hearers into a belief of these plainly *revealed* truths. From Bacon's biography I learn that he died in the Calvinistic faith, and *he*, surely, was independent in his belief. Hundreds have died believing thus, and of the soundest and most enlightened minds (untrammelled). Hamilton, though once skeptical, in later life gave himself to a faithful investigation of Christianity, and in the end declared it to be "as clear as any law case," and "that he could lead a jury to pronounce upon it a verdict of truth," and he was unsurpassed in intellect.

How can Spiritualism be confided in as a substitute, with all its discrepancies and contradictions? I am conscious of no captious or querulous feeling while I investigate. I am a sincere inquirer into the proper claims of this new system. I seem really to have received communications from my deceased wife and others, through mediums reliable. But how am I to decide when she says she has not changed her belief, and says, Put no confidence in any spirits who do not trust in the merits of the Saviour—that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are equal and are one God—that the teachings that there is no punishment hereafter, no evil spirits, etc., are *EVIL COMMUNICATIONS* (thus written in a large hand)—that there are some that never enter heaven—that there is such a being as Satan—that it is the Holy Spirit that converts the soul, and not some human spirit commissioned to do it—that she has seen the Lord Jesus in his glorified body? Others have said the same. Webster said he had not yet seen Him, but others had; and at a time when I pre-

sented the case of two clergymen in the "Supernal Theology" (or "Beacon Light") who had renounced their former creed, and asked, "Are these their real communications?" answered with Washington, Webster, and others who had written their names, with united strong demonstrations, that they *were not*. And should any question their truthfulness, be assured that my wife gave me as tests her present age, the age of my son deceased, the number of my grandchildren, the place of my eldest son's residence; and so did others give tests. Now how can we confide in any? And since Bacon (so claiming to be) says that there is the same difference of opinion, or liability to differ, among spirits departed ^{as} among the undeparted, why might I not rather rest on the opinion of my wife, confirming the Scripture inspired, than on Bacon, who says he has never seen Christ, and with Swedenborg teaching that man is a part of God, that his spirit existed in *principle* before its entrance into the body—that Adam is not the father of *all* the human race—that sin is not introduced into the world by Adam—that Christ was not miraculously conceived—that there is and can be no miracle? And is it not asserted in this book of Revelation that Christ wrought miracles, and *claimed* the power of working them, when he said, "Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up again?" "I have power to lay it (my life) down and power to take it up again?" And does he not confirm the truths of the Old Testament in speaking of the *first* pair—of the flood and of the overthrow of Sodom—both miracles? And can we believe that the feeding of five thousand was not a miracle, and that Christ did not acknowledge the existence of a Devil when he spoke of him and called him a liar from the beginning? And was he not, as the Spirits assert, a true Reformer?

But I will not argue the point with you. I will ask you, whose strong mind is exercised to search into intricate matters and weigh facts with a view to a decision, to tell me how to reconcile these revelations so that they shall support and not undermine Scripture, as Adin Ballou asserts they will not, and that they do not contravene New Testament Christianity? Unless they eventually give us a system more consistent with Scripture, they certainly will overthrow the faith of many, and tend to subvert Christianity. And is it desirable to subvert it? What! annul the authority of the Bible, disband our churches, vacate the house of God, dismiss our Sabbath schools, abolish the Sabbath, unhinge all our religious institutions, cease to evangelize the heathen? What! subvert that system which has given birth to our free institutions, which has renovated nations, has transformed such as the Sandwich Islands, is

revolutionizing China, and enlightening and reforming most of the nations of the earth, and is seemingly passing on to save a world, and substitute in place thereof the system, or rather, the unsettled, unauthorized scheme of spirit teaching? For myself, though puzzled to understand and account for these mysterious manifestations, I choose to cling to that word as true that has enabled millions on millions to rejoice in death, that spreads light and learning, and liberty and happiness wherever it goes uncorrupted and unperverted.

True, Bacon and Swedenborg talk beautifully and eloquently. Webster talks like Webster, Clay and Calhoun also; but as spirits acknowledge that fictitious names are assumed often, we can not be sure that some mighty fallen or departed mischievous spirits do not speak in their name, assuming their style and handwriting with a view to shake our faith in Revelation. Once, at one of my investigations, a lying spirit signed the name of one of my relations, saying he died at such a time and in such a place, who, I learned, was still living.

When these manifestations shall come to us with evidence of truth and as sent of God, and in confirmation of revealed truth, then I shall joyfully hail them as a most blessed auxiliary in the reformation of our world. Your high standing in community gives your work remarkable currency. The station you have taken is a very responsible one. I believe you to be sincere and actuated by motives to a great public good. Your self-sacrificing step in this matter and the tone of your publications evince it. Esteem me not impertinent when I remark, that by publishing and lecturing on this subject you take the station of a religious teacher, furnished with instructions from the invisible world, inspired in a sense by mighty supernal intelligences. It being so, you are far superior to all Scriptural teachers of the age; accepted as such, great must be your influence, and therefore solemn and high your responsibility. I honestly and fondly hope you will with your appropriate talent disrobe this new instruction of its acknowledged discrepancies and absurdities, and so reduce it to system as to make it reliable. Till then I must regard myself more in the light of an investigator than a believer in Spiritualism. Highly should I prize a response to this well-meant communication. Please, therefore, to favor me in this. I very much crave light in this matter.

With feelings of high respect and sympathy, I am, truly yours,

P. S.—It is due to you to inform you of my position in society, as I have learned yours. I am a Presbyterian clergyman without charge,

because disabled in health. Was educated under Dr. Nott, and at Princeton. I do not denounce nor traduce, but investigate, and then judge. I have corresponded on the subject with Dr. E. Phelps, of Stratford, and others. I consider it a remarkable phenomenon, if no more, worthy of thorough trial and candid consideration. I shall still read and investigate, and for that purpose open this correspondence. On page 108 of your book it is stated, as nearly as I can recollect (I have not the book by me), that Christ had a spirit to appreciate, and that he was created by a spirit. That Christ-being, as I hold him (as to his divinity), is uncreated. To deny this would make him human. If human, his spirit, according to Bacon, is a part of God. It can not, therefore, be created. It is absurd to hold that an uncreated being can create a part of himself. Granting that man is a part of God, how shall we avoid the conclusion that when he is punished, or tortured, or degraded, that God is punished, tortured, and degraded? Indeed, Bacon, reasoning on the transmission of Adam's depravity to his posterity, says, "It would involve God himself, for man is a part of God." This, however, is a thing to be explained by Bacon.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23d, 1853.

REV. AND DEAR SIR—I have perused your letter of the 19th with very intense interest; for you have pressed home upon me a thought which had often intruded itself on my mind, and startled me at times not a little. I mean the thought, that as I have accepted the task on which I have entered, under such circumstances that "great must be my influence, so solemn and high must be my responsibility." I have, indeed, often felt the sense of this responsibility, but with such power that I have hardly dared to look boldly and fully at it lest its magnitude might overwhelm me. And as I progress in the work, and learn, day by day, how little I know, and how far, how very far short I must fall of what the work demands, I become more and more humiliated, and more and more conscious of the vast distance there is between me and what he ought to be to whom this task is committed. I am at times almost disheartened at a view of the magnitude of the undertaking, and affrighted at my own presumption in venturing upon it. I am, however, buoyed up by the thorough conviction, imbibed after years of painful labor, that I am right—that I am indeed receiving instruction from an intelligence higher than earth's, and that it is aiming only at the elevation of man. I am sustained by the knowledge that it is not upon me alone that the burden falls, that there are many others called and to be called to the work,

gifted far beyond me for its wants, and that with me there is nothing peculiar but the greater responsibility flowing from my position. And I am encouraged amid much ignorance and misconception and the sense of my own unfitness for the task, by the cheering words and the earnest sympathy of candid minds like yours. I have no right to complain. Such encouragement comes to me from all parts of the nation, and not seldom from those of your profession. Believe me, such are highly prized, for they are words from those whose calling has most fitted them to speak on the subject, from those whom I shall be most happy to welcome as efficient co-laborers with me, whose judgment I can not disregard, and whose approbation I do indeed value. Pardon me for having said thus much of myself. But I was anxious to meet your warning in the same frank and kindly spirit in which it was given, and to invoke a continuance of your kindly regards and your prayers to Heaven that I may be sustained from above in the great work before me ; for of myself, how unequal to it am I !

To bring order out of the chaos which surrounds us ! To “disrobe this new instruction of its acknowledged discrepancies and absurdities, and so reduce it to a system as to make it reliable,” and available to the regeneration of mankind ! This is indeed a work worthy the loftiest mind ; but it is one to which no man, unaided, is competent. I can, perhaps, do something toward it, and I *will try*.

There are, however, two difficulties in the way : not only the discrepancies to which you refer, but also the manner in which men, guided and controlled by early education and preconceived notions, read the revelations as given to us in the Bible. The first seems to me to be inherent in the subject itself. Coming from a source not yet perfect, though made more so than we are ; through channels even less perfect, and to minds far indeed from perfection, how could we expect the revelations to be perfect ? What would we do with them if they were ? Crucify them, or receive them ? Look back eighteen hundred years, and see how the pure doctrines of Christ have been received ! Look abroad upon the world as it now is, and see how they stand ! The wisdom would be far from divine that should give us a lesson beyond our capacity to understand.

But, besides, the revelations *must* come to us through an imperfect channel, and can we expect them to be free from its taint ? They must come to us through man, for through nature they have long come in vain. It is thus we get the Bible. They to whom the revelations in that book were made, and they through whom they have been handed down to

us, were men of human passions and infirmities. And hence those revelations also have involved the task of reconciling discrepancies, etc. Hundreds of years have rolled on and the task is not yet performed. Must the parallel be complete? And must ages elapse again before the work of reconciling contradictions can be performed? I hope not; but the result is in His hands. Our duty, at least, is plain before us.

There is still another consideration. There were "many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." And we learn from history, that many books that were written of his doings were destroyed when the compilation of the New Testament was made. Now can we safely say, that there were not therein also many absurdities and discrepancies to reconcile so as to reduce it to a reliable system? It seems to me not. It seems to me, as I have already said, that they were then as now inherent in the subject, and that it would be as wise to deny the revelations through Christ, on this account, as to stumble over the incongruities of the present day.

Is there any short way to knowledge in any thing? Are we not so constituted by nature that we must earn knowledge by our labor in order to possess it? What is our life from the cradle to the grave, but one of toil in pursuit of it? And is religion exempt from the law which is thus universal over our being? The truth is, that our anxiety begins when we begin to think for ourselves, to preach and pray for ourselves, and we are tempted to throw off the responsibility by resting upon authority. Like the Jews of old, we crave a command which says "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not," in order to escape the pain of judging for ourselves. But we can not thus escape the responsibility which belongs to us in our very nature—that of deciding for ourselves; and in every thing which surrounds us, whether it be material or spiritual, we must judge from the best lights we have. It is so with us in every thing else; and by what law is it that religion is exempt from the rule? In religion, as in every thing else, the task becomes easier as we advance in knowledge. It is ignorance alone that converts either the Magnetic or the Spiritual Telegraph into a mystery or a miracle. Both are governed by immutable laws, which can be understood by us, and both must be imperfect and be liable to interruptions and imperfections, until we can so learn those laws as properly to avail ourselves of them. We may as well doubt the protecting power of God over the elements, because of a storm, as to question Revelation because it is not perfect.

Imperfectly as I have expressed myself, I have, perhaps, said enough

to give you a general conception of my ideas on this topic, and I pass to the other, namely, our understanding of the revelations in the Bible. Each sect or denomination of Christians reads the Bible for itself, and some in these days are proceeding so far as to have different translations for themselves; so that, for instance, while the Protestant Book may speak of "repentance," the Romish may call it "penance," etc. And the difficulty is, that when the modern revelations are measured by the standard of the Bible, it is the Bible as each one understands it; and in a vast majority of cases, that understanding of it is founded, not so much on a candid reading of it, as on our preconceived notions, and the ideas of it we have derived in our youth from the instructions which have come down to us from the past. Thus I find the Catholic when he applauds what he regards as a confirmation of his ideas of purgatory and the invocation of saints, condemns, as opposed to the Bible, the doctrine that punishment is not eternal. While the Universalist condemns the whole thing upon precisely opposite grounds. So the Presbyterian will condemn because the divinity of Christ is denied, while on the same ground the Unitarian will applaud; and the Jew condemns because it teaches that Christ was at all inspired. Each goes to the Bible for the ground of his faith, and each in condemning the new Revelation refers to the same book. Is this owing to the Book itself, or to the manner in which our education has taught us to read it? And is there no middle ground, no common platform on which all may meet? No reading of it which may be acceptable to all, and yet consistent with these new revelations?

This is an important question, and one which it seems to me may be answered in the affirmative. But it would be far beyond the limits even of this long letter to answer it here in detail, so that here too I must be content to give only general views.

I conceive these modern revelations to concede that Christ was our Redeemer and Saviour. But how? *By living, and not by dying!* He came to teach, and did teach our duty and our destiny. Our destiny—immortality—not taught by the Jewish dispensation, and our duty—to prepare for it by loving God and one another, on which hang all the law and the prophets. He sealed his testimony by a life of such purity that it seems to us to be divine, and by his ignominious death—thus dying for us. Was it necessary that his nature should be more divine than ours, to effect this object? Could he not teach these important truths, which were to redeem us from the darkness of paganism, without being actually the Son of God? And is not every word that he said of him-

self and of his mission reconcilable with this idea of him as a Saviour and Redeemer? Judge you for yourself, for on you and you alone, so far as you are concerned, rests the responsibility of a just conclusion.

You will observe that I use the expression "that he said of himself," and of course I do not include what others said of him, for they were confessedly men like us, subject to our infirmities, and were just as likely as we are to be swayed by preconceived opinions. What, for instance, could be more natural than for John the Baptist, a Jew, to borrow from the Jewish ritual an illustration, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world?" Or that Paul, in writing to the Hebrews, should take an illustration from their ceremonies of sacrificing the blood of calves, and speak of the blood of Christ as purging their conscience from dead works, etc.? or speak of him as a "High Priest?" But of himself, and what he said of himself, I speak, when I ask, is not all reconcilable with the idea that he redeemed us by his teachings, by his life of purity, by his lessons of love to man and obedience to God, by unfolding to us a hereafter, and teaching us how to prepare for it, and not simply by dying on the cross, and thus taking literally for all mankind the place of the paschal lamb?

I say this to you with diffidence, for my knowledge of the Scriptures is not enough to justify me in speaking otherwise, but I say it, that I may convey to you my idea, as far as I can, so that you may test it by your superior knowledge, and tell me if I am wrong. And in doing this, I have intruded as far upon your attention, on this topic, as my space will admit. One word as to other topics and I close.

You remark, that most of the invisible teachers ascribe certain doctrines to "contrivance and bigoted and intolerant priests," and that they teach that we all on dying go at once to a state of beatitude. In all this you are very much mistaken. You have seen but very little of what the invisible teachers have taught and are teaching—only, I should suppose, or at least chiefly, that which anxious zealots among us thrust forth, often before they have themselves understood what they were proclaiming. You have not seen one ten thousandth part of this teaching, nor will you, till the world shall be prepared to receive it in the same spirit in which it is offered. How can you expect that men and women will come forth and subject themselves to the persecution of the world merely to give to that world that which aims only at benefiting them? You speak of my self-sacrifice. Do you not see how my fate must deter hundreds from following my example? It is so, and I know that there are hundreds and thousands who have received high and holy revelations

of which the world is wholly ignorant. Were you familiar with them, you would soon learn that the feeling toward the priesthood is one of sorrow and not of anger, and that our hearts yearn to enfold them within our embrace and incite them to enter upon a candid investigation of the subject, and not, like the Jewish priests of old, condemn unheard because it cometh out of Nazareth.

So, too, you would learn that they do indeed err who teach there is no suffering for sin hereafter. They do not intend to err, but they speak only of what they know. And not having met with the judgment day and the Hell which were taught them on earth, and never having seen the Hades which really exists, they naturally condemn the whole of what they were taught here.

No spirit that speaks to us, or can speak to us, is yet perfect in knowledge or purity, and many, very many—especially those who have recently departed—are influenced there as they were here, by their preconceived opinions, and they speak to us as they think—speak the truth as far as they know it. Nay, more. When our communications are confined to our relatives, they are influenced by the strong affection that exists between us, and what they say will bear the taint of mortal feeling. It is only when we step beyond that, and make ourselves accessible to those who are not bound to us by ties which may warp their judgments—those who have been long enough in the spirit-world to have shaken off some of the earthly taint, and to have imbibed some of the divine knowledge from higher sources—that we can expect to receive the higher truths of that world, and those most important to prepare us for its blessed existence.

Thus have I, my friend, answered your suggestions as far as the limits of my letter will admit. That I have done so very imperfectly I know, for I am well aware, that with all the advantages I have enjoyed, I am but yet on the threshold of the knowledge which spiritual intercourse can unfold to us, and it may well be that I err. If I have afforded you the means of detecting my error, or have incited you to ascertain my correctness, I shall indeed rejoice; for my desires are fulfilled in all my efforts in this cause whenever I can induce the candid and intelligent mind to investigate and judge for itself. For I find that the greatest enemy the Truth has, is not the ignorance that is compelled by the force of circumstances, but that which is willful, and that they are most vehement in their denunciations of spiritual intercourse who are most obstinate, in defiance of all reason and observation, in remaining in profound ignorance of it. Many such, it is true, are found in your profession;

but there are many—and the number is continually increasing—who have been candid enough to inquire for themselves. To the latter our gratitude and to the former our compassion is due, for they are laboring under the responsibility of having assumed the task of teaching how to prepare for immortality, and as they fit themselves for its performance, so must their reward be.

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

STANZAS.

SHALL the world turn us back—
 Shall they laugh us to scorn,
 Because we can see
 Reformation's bright morn?
 Shall we fear the crowd's laugh—
 Shall we dread the world's sneer?
 As we've filled we will quaff,
 Never dreaming of fear.

We have breasted the storm,
 And it burst on our head
 When we first took the step—
 What now shall we dread?
 If the skeptical scoff,
 To their shame let it be,
 They hear not what we hear—
 Nor see what we see.

They are blind to the beauties
 Of truth and of love—
 Their hearts and their thoughts
 Are turned never above.
 Let us seek nothing else—
 Let our greatest reward
 Be our consciousness still
 We are serving the Lord.

SIGMA.

DIALOGUES.

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

SKEPTIC.—Is it possible that *you* believe in this humbug of the spirit-rappings?

SPIRITUALIST.—I believe that human beings, after they have left this body, can and do communicate with us here. You think proper to call it a humbug, but that does not make it so. All new things are humbugs to those who can not or will not understand them. When a magnetic telegraph was first proposed, "humbug" was the answer it obtained from the sagacious capitalists. But truth has great vitality, and the telegraph was adopted. The same persons who now doubt of the modern discoveries of physical and psychological science, laughed in their conscious superiority at railroads, canals, steamships, and telegraphs, as their predecessors had laughed at the first attempts of the steam-engine; but such men can not stop the car of Progress by the cry of humbug, even though they should lie down across its path. It does move, and those who will not move with it will be left behind or crushed beneath its wheels.

SKEP.—You can not be serious. These mediums are all impostors. The whole thing has been exploded long ago. The "raps," as you call them, were made by toe and ankle joints, or by collusion of some sort.

SP.—Undoubtedly counterfeit raps have been made by deceptive mediums, and messages have been written out by the hands of impostors or dupes, and falsely or erroneously passed off for spiritual communications. Many real and many pretended mediums have deceived, and been themselves deceived. These are the hypocrites of the Faith, or the duped and ignorant. Would you have the world judge of your faith as you judge of this? Would you have the sect of Christians to which you belong judged of by the hypocrites which belong to it, or by the fools who may be numbered in its congregations? You would probably prefer, that before judging of it they should go to the proper sources, and examine it in a truthful spirit.

Doubtless there are individuals through whom raps are usually made, who, on occasions when no sounds could be obtained, have made them with their joints, or by other artificial means. This has, perhaps, occurred where people had paid money to hear the raps, and the medium, not being able to obtain them in the legitimate way, has counterfeited them, rather than pay back the money received. This is very reprehensible. It is worse than ordinary robbery or swindling; but it can not be helped. There are dishonest people, and such are quite as likely to have the peculiar physique, through whose influence raps are produced, as more conscientious people; for *natural mediums*, the ones through whom raps are made and tables moved, do not possess the power from any will of their own. It is the accident of their nature; and it is as likely to be possessed by the coarse and uneducated as by the most refined. But there are qualities of mediumship of quite another sort, and possessed only by the pure-minded.

The impostures practiced upon the community by charlatans, who have seized upon the excitement of the day to make money out of it, have misled or held back many from the investigation of the subject; but all the falsehood of the world can not dim the brightness of a single truth. Like a cloud, it may shut out the view from those who grovel upon the surface of the earth, but it will always shine on those who choose to lift their thoughts toward heaven.

You say you think the whole matter a fraud. Is it not your duty, then, to expose it, and thus save the world from so great an error? How can you, with a clear conscience, stand still and let the world be deceived? You say that the whole thing has been exploded long ago. But it still lives. Doubtless, impostors have been detected and swindlers exposed; but what has this to do with the tens of thousands of cases where there is no deceit? Are not the most obstinate skeptics daily and hourly convinced by the manifestations? Men with stronger doubts than yours have, in a single sitting, surrendered them forever?

SKEP.—That it is imposture or error I verily believe. I doubt not your sincerity, but you are under an illusion, though I can not explain it. It is with me a matter of perception. I *feel* that it is untrue. How can you believe God would suffer such things?

SP.—I see no reason why God should object to departed spirits returning to guide us in the right path. This world on which we live is one of God's worlds. He suffers many things to take place here which seem evil, or, at least, imperfect. It is to be presumed, that for spirits to communicate with us is in conformity with the laws of God. Indeed,

it could not be otherwise. Therefore the question is simply, "Is it so?" not, would God suffer it. That it is so, many hundreds of thousands of adult persons have proved to their own satisfaction; and when you remember how difficult it is to make a man give up his faith—the long-cherished religion of his lifetime, which has grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and which he loves and clings to with all that tenacity which poor weak human nature has for its own opinions and every thing appertaining to self, you will see that the proofs must have been incontrovertible and overwhelming in each individual case. Every man has required to be convinced for himself. No hearsay will be taken in a matter so utterly contravening our common experience. Therefore if there be, as a reasonable calculation has demonstrated, one million of adults in the United States, and chiefly among the intelligent and educated classes, who have been convinced, each for himself, by personal investigation, of the truth of spiritual communication, then so many persons must have given up their cherished faith and conquered old prejudices to adopt a theory to which they were opposed. This is a strong argument; for there are not so many other persons in this country who have made for themselves a faith upon *investigation*. Almost all *adopt* their belief (if such it may be called—it is rather acquiescence) from their kindred and friends, or their pastors.

If there were as many impostors as there are alleged mediums, how is it that they do not betray each other? More money could be made by individuals by exposing it than by supporting it. This, however, does not take place. The mediums are found generally to be sincere, and among them are persons of the highest learning and talent, and of the most eminent position in society. The great intellects who have adopted this faith would not be easy victims of imposture.

SKEP.—People of common-sense character do not adopt your faith. Do you not perceive that it is a peculiar set of persons that believe? They are such as attend women's-rights or anti-bible conventions, anti-slavery or temperance meetings—all having peculiar heads and peculiar expressions of countenance—a set whose intellects are not balanced, whose minds are warped by disease, and who readily believe such follies as Mormonism, Millerism, and Vegetarianism.

SP.—My own opinion is, that Spiritualism is eminently a *common-sense faith*. There is no mysticism about it. It deals in matters of fact which are susceptible of demonstration. It does not require one should swallow all the dogmas of a teacher, and adopt opinions upon the *ipse dixit* of some one equally liable to error. Every man can have for him-

self personally such proofs of Spiritualism as would be admitted through the most stringent rules of a court of justice—nay, better proofs—for they do not depend upon the doubtful swearing of witnesses. In this case the man is himself the witness against his former prejudices.

A man is never more himself, or fully at his own command, than when you attack his selfhood through his cherished opinions. His reason is then roused and active, and, like a lioness defending her whelps, will fight to the death. It is on such an occasion, when a man is fully aroused to the defense of his favorite opinions, that the proofs of Spiritualism are brought against him. He may be taken by surprise, but he will not fail to resist until the proof is overwhelming.

People do not readily adopt this faith, and when fully convinced do not always acknowledge it. Sometimes they fear ridicule, for it is often unfashionable to be religious, or they are too earthly or too gross in their nature to care for any thing above objects of sense, or they are mortified to find how much they had mistaken the matter, and they will claim still to have doubts.

Of the peculiarity of the heads of all progressive persons I can not speak knowingly—at least it will be admitted, that those who have made themselves prominent in any of the humanitarian movements of the day have remarkable heads. Persons who have not some remarkable cranio-logical development are apt to be numbered among the masses of human beings who are undistinguished by any individuality. Such persons follow in the footsteps of their fathers, and are little likely to turn aside from the old established opinions of the world to those new ideas which they have not the tastes to desire nor the perception to comprehend. Thus it is men of peculiar organization that strike out original paths, and that have led the world up from barbarism to the light of modern civilization.

SKEP.—Our forefathers have done well enough; why should we seek to be wiser than they? How can the new-fangled doctrines and isms of to-day compare with the good old orthodoxy of the past? Where among your Spiritualists is the strength or vitality that made the stamina of the Pilgrim fathers?

This new faith that you teach is but the fungus upon the tree of knowledge—an outgrowth from the inventive spirit of the nineteenth century. All the busy minds of the world are seeking for some new thing, and this telegraph to heaven has become the bubble of the hour, and, like the South Sea bubble, will burst ere long, and be numbered with the things of the past.

SP.—At this time the world is emphatically progressive. After centuries of slumber it has waked, and, as Galileo said, it *does move*. It is hardly probable that its march can be ever arrested again.

People were not seeking for a new thing when a mode of communicating with spirits was discovered. It was seemingly accidental. That people should be interested, and should pursue the inquiry, is but natural. Many persons—not all—continue to love those of the departed who were dear to them on earth. These, prompted by their love, would investigate, whatever their doubts or fears, and seek for communication with the cherished object. Many others will not investigate because their minds have never reached above the earth, and so they take no interest in the subject. Many care nothing about the investigation, because they *have buried* their friends, and do not wish to recall them; or, in their own words, they do not wish to disturb them in their graves, or call them up from their rest. It is fortunate for the world that there are minds elevated above the sensuousness of earth, and sufficiently sublimated to perceive the beauty of a pure religion, refined and spiritual, and not constituted of external form and idle ceremonies.

That the nineteenth century has developed and explained to the common mind the nature of spiritual communication, is its greatest triumph. Amid all its works of progress this is its greatest. It is the characteristic of this era, that men are ever seeking to invent improvements upon the old ideas of the world. This can not be imputed to them as a fault. Except for such a spirit of discovery they would have slept in darkness.

There has always been a telegraph to heaven, as you call it—a general communication between mankind and spirits departed. In all times spirits have sought to influence their friends on earth. Mothers have watched over their children, ever striving to exert an influence over them for their good—lovers have hovered near the cherished object, endeavoring to keep alive the memory of the past—and often, very often, the strong love of the spirit for the mortal, and the deep desire to speak to him, have led to success. Ideas have come into the minds of the mortal thus influenced, and he has felt impulses for which he could not account, but which were the feelings and the thoughts impressed upon him by the spirit. The person impressed would always take the ideas thus given to him as his own original thoughts. All that the nineteenth century has done has been to reproduce the spiritual manifestations of the time of Christ and the Apostles, and by its greater power spread a knowledge of them over the world.

SKEP.—I know there are large numbers of learned, intelligent, and

sincere people who believe these things. This leads me to the conclusion that it may all be a result of psychology. This has been broadly asserted, and many think the fact has been demonstrated. How can you prove it is not?

SP.—That theory which does not solve the whole question must be abandoned. Though psychology, if understood clearly, might solve many things in magnetism and in other mysteries, yet a large majority of the manifestations are of a kind that it does not apply to. It will be evident to the most skeptical, that where, by some unseen forces, a table is made to move in response to questions, no person touching it at the time, it can not be in obedience to any one's will. It has never been shown that an effort of the mind alone could move a material object, except, perhaps, the needle of a magnetometer; and if this should take place (the moving of the table) with but one person in the room, and that the questioner, I see no opportunity for psychology. Yet the case has often occurred in these manifestations that material objects have moved without the contact of any visible person, as, for instance, a chair moving from the opposite side of the room up to a medium, and on questions being asked, responding in affirmatives and negatives correctly—even where the questions were made mentally. Persons who witness these phenomena, and are unwilling to believe in a spiritual cause, are driven to some very preposterous hypotheses to account for them.

SKP.—Have we not known *raps* or detonations to be made between two persons electrically positive and negative, and will not that account for the sounds.

SP.—Electrical detonations are easily made. On a cold day in winter, and sometimes in summer, if the air be very dry, any person may produce them, and even light the gas with the hand. It is but to slide the feet rapidly about the room upon a soft carpet and then touch, or nearly touch, the burner where the gas is issuing. This is a favorite amusement in New York. An Axminster or a French carpet is best for it. All the detonations made by electricity are accompanied by light, which is not the case with the raps in question. It can not be from positive and negative between the persons, for one person sitting alone will hear them as well.

SKP.—But is not a spirit an *immaterial being*? Such a being could not move a material object, nor be visible to mortal eyes.

SP.—That the mind of man is an immateriality is generally supposed, but not established. That is not essential to immortality. The earth itself may be as eternal as the God that made it. What we call *mind*

may be but motion. Philosophers have doubted that an immateriality could be an entity.

When a man becomes a spirit—that is, free from the body he dwelt in—he is not therefore changed in any respect as to his individuality. It is the same mind as before, clothed in a sublimated body, formed and developed perhaps within his earthly body. Probably without one or both of these bodies on earth the mind could not act, or perhaps it could not be individualized. A mind alone could not move a material object, whether that mind were confined within its fleshly covering or clothed in its immortal body. It must act through a body, or its action could not be manifest to any other mind.

People generally ignore the fact that a spirit has a body in the human shape. Supposing it to be a disembodied thought, they take it for granted that it is without *form* and without the power to manifest its presence. This old idea is so deeply imbued in the minds of men that it is difficult to eradicate it. Yet the absurdity of the idea is manifest. Man, at death, enters into the place of departed spirits. If he had no body—no materiality—he could not be recognized by his friends. To be a spirit without a form is equivalent to returning to its source in God, as before birth, and losing its individuality. This would be the annihilation of the man.

SKEP.—Is there not some *new law* of physics which will account for these things? We are continually discovering new properties in matter and new manifestations of electricity and electro-magnetism. We shall probably soon discover a simple and natural cause, which will account for all your spiritual manifestations.

SP.—Many, but not all, mysteries will be solved in time. We shall go far, but not to the end. We shall never see before us. We shall only see the ground we have passed over—all else will be the eternal mystery which the future is to reveal.

To account for the making the “raps” and moving material objects, a simple and natural cause has already been discovered, which would be satisfactory to all who were willing to have the matter explained at all.

The prerequisite condition for making raps is that the thing on or from which the raps are to be made should be charged positively with human

sons there is outflowing an atmosphere of magnetism or nervous fluid. In some it is excessive and in others scarcely perceptible. If a few persons sit round a table with their hands upon it, this fluid will be infused into it, and if with sufficient strength, raps may be made or the table moved.

In rare instances, among the infinite diversities of human physiques, a person will have an excess of this nervous fluid. Such a person is a *natural medium*, like Miss Fox, Mr. Hume, Mr. Fowler, etc. The atmosphere emanating from him will charge every object in the room where he is, and sometimes the whole house. While the material objects around are thus charged, any spirit in a negative condition can make raps, and if sufficiently charged can handle them and move them.

SKEP.—You must admit that the stories of the alleged manifestations are often so much exaggerated, and so many of the concomitant circumstances suppressed, that but little reliance is to be placed on them.

SP.—Doubtless the accounts are often exaggerated, but it is also true that many of the most extraordinary of the phenomena are never heard of by the public. When people see new and wonderful things it is but natural they should be startled. When accustomed to the manifestations no emotion is caused by them, and their judgment may then be depended on.

SKEP.—When persons attend the performances of jugglers, they are unable to describe correctly what they have seen. They almost always omit the things most essential to an understanding of the case, and thus a common trick of legerdemain becomes a miracle.

SP.—This could not be so with persons habituated to such performances and who had studied natural magic. Those who describe spiritual manifestations are generally those who have seen and studied them for a long time.

SKEP.—Is it not your opinion that the excitement is dying out?

SP.—No. It is increasing and spreading over the entire earth—from Patagonia to Siberia. There is scarcely a nation among whose population there is not at this time these phenomena. In the few years since it has started it has spread more widely than the teachings of Christ did in hundreds of years.

SKEP.—I can not explain these things, nor can I the jugglery of ma-

CHARITY.

BY OWEN G. WARREN.

Is there a gloom of sorrow on thy spirit?
Do clouds o'erhang thee and shut out the day?
Go, seek thy neighbor's darkened heart and cheer it,
And soon his smile shall fright the clouds away.

Art thou crushed down—shut in thy body earthen,
O'erladen with thy troubles—sad and lone?
Aid then thy neighbor with his heavy burthen,
And it shall cause thee to forget thine own.

Is there a grief upon thy soul for sinning?
Wouldst thou thy purpose fix and fault atone?
Seek thy repentant neighbor, and by winning
His soul to peace give rest unto thine own.

Of what thou hast, impart unto thy neighbor—
To others do what they should do to thee.
If thou needst aid, then give thy hearty labor
To make on want's cold hearth a jubilee.

To work is God-like—labor is a blessing,
Aye, self-rewarding, thankless though it seem;
Worse for the soul is wealth, than want oppressing;
From golden chains 'tis hardest to redeem.

To give is God-like—be thou then persuaded
To seek and find the want thou may'st relieve.
Happier it is to aid than to be aided—
More blessed 'tis to give than to receive.

Then look not on thyself, but think of others;
Lift up their burdens—wipe away their tears;
And know, if thou wouldst truly aid thy brothers,
That love or labor more than gold endears.

Did Christ seek gold when he fulfilled his mission?
Or honors when on Calvary he bled?
Do then his work, nor doubt of the fruition,
Even though thou hast not where to lay thine head.

Like Christ deny thyself—like him endeavor
To lift the lowly, though thyself crushed down;
So in his glory shalt thou dwell forever;
So shalt thou wear an everlasting crown.

THE DRUNKARD.

[A communication given on the evening of July 30th, 1853, through Mrs. Sweet Purporting to be from Mrs. Hemans.]

GENTLE FRIENDS—In obedience to the dictates of wisdom and duty, which guide and control our movements here, I have just left the couch of a poor dying *drunkard*, with his bloated and diseased body still remaining upon it, but his spirit accompanies me. For many years previous to his decease have I watched his downward course, and it has deeply grieved my spirit to see how he repelled all the kindly admonitions of his spirit-friends (which they whispered to his heart), and drove them far from him by his evil course, which brought him into communion with spirits who hurried him along by their influence, and exerted over his mind an unlimited sway, hurrying him down to the grave, that his spirit might mingle with theirs in darkness and misery. And having been sent on an errand of mercy to his poor departing spirit, I would tell you of his experience, as it may convey to your minds the true position of those who thus leave the body. I see many spirit-friends waiting in the distance; their garments are white and pure, and their countenances would be beautiful, were it not for the expression of deep sorrow which I see painted thereon, for I perceive they are near and dear relatives of this poor drunkard. But as light and darkness may not mingle, they can not approach him any more closely than they now are. But now, closer by him, appear more spirits, whose bearing and looks are very different from those which I have just described. They seem to exult with a sort of fiendish joy to see another companion added to their ranks. And now that the drunkard's spiritual sight is opened, and he sees the companions who have been so closely surrounding him daily and nightly by their loathsome presence, he turns away his head, he shuts his eyes, and shudders! It is fearful for him to look upon them in their full deformity of character. And now he is gazing about him, and wondering where he shall turn. He verily seems a great stranger here; he thinks of all the early lessons which were impressed upon his mind while a child; he remembers to have heard of a heaven and a hell; but still his ideas are very indistinct in regard to either, it having seemed

more as a dream, or a lesson which he learned in childhood, only to be forgotten and neglected in the years of manhood! But now his heart dies within him, for he knows not where to turn. He wishes that heaven might be his destination, yet he is well aware of his unfitness to enter that bright place. And the other alternative seems to be *that* which causes him to shudder from head to foot, for all that presents itself on the other side is coupled with the name of hell. Oh, frightful thought! He thinks, "It can not be possible that I am to descend to that horrid place! Would to God I had changed my ways before coming here." And his mind seems strangely clear, and his memory becomes wonderfully renewed, instantaneously as it were—and he reviews in a moment the whole of his past life, and bitterly exclaiming! "Fool that I was, to have been so blind!" he seems to give way to dark despair. Having given vent to the anguish of his feelings, he raises himself up, and gazes around. And behold! He is in a vast country. It is not the earth upon which he did live, but it bears a strong resemblance to it in many points of view. It is peopled, by many different characters, who all appear to be interested in their different occupations; but still there seems to be no hand reached out to greet him. He would fain travel around and become acquainted; but something seems to stay his footsteps. He now sees what it is; he has been gazing on the pleasant side of the country, that which he would like to become an inhabitant of; but in turning himself around he discovers those repulsive, dusky persons who first annoyed him by their presence. He would fain turn away, but can not; they seem to command him to come among them, and mingle with them, as one of themselves. And upon comparing himself with them, to his sorrow and surprise he sees that he resembles them in manner and appearance much more than those on the other side. And he is compelled to walk among them, and see, and feel their situation. On his speaking of his desire to go in the other direction, they tell him with a derisive laugh that he is their guest, that they have long attended on him and administered to his wants and passions—that they have enjoyed over again the intoxicating drink which he partook of so plentifully in their presence—that they are yet slaves to the appetite which had brought him there; but without the same substantial means of gratifying it, and in seeing and aiding others they now took infinite delight. He was borne along as it seemed irresistibly, constantly coming in contact with those persons, in ways which were revolting to his nature, and still wishing to escape from the toils which seemed to encompass him. It appeared as though he had

awaked from a long and painful dream, and that dream seemed to have begun when he was a child, and only to have ended with his life. And now the dark truth seemed surely about being realized. Oh, how unsightly and loathsome he appeared even to himself! how misshapen and repulsive seemed his whole manner and bearing! what a flood of darkness rolled over his soul as he sat and reflected! "Surely," said he, "it would have been better had I never been born." When a voice at his side spoke gently to him and replied: "It would have been better for thee, poor, misguided man, hadst thou but improved the talent which God implanted in thy soul, instead of giving reins to the ungoverned appetite of thy passions, which took away from thee the brightest and best days of thy earthly career, and has made thee unfit for the society of the good and pure, and a loathsome object to thyself, even among the vile. But look up, my brother man, thy despair is not so deep, nor thy condemnation so lasting, but that the waters of mercy and love may flow into thy heart, and redeem thee from the sink of iniquity into which thou hast fallen. The society by which thou art surrounded is vile; but it is of their own making, and they would fain keep thee, or any other spirit, among them, whose propensities chime in with theirs, to swell their ranks and augment their power of committing evil. Thou canst now see to what debasing society men subject themselves when following out only the animal instincts of their nature; thou canst now see why it is that some become so gross and repelling, that they appear as though a spark of goodness or the love of God had never entered their hearts. Oh! such influences *will* repel all that is pure and good, and make of man but a mere animal, to wallow in the filth and mire, and then lie down and die, leaving naught behind to mark that he ever existed, but the memory of his evil doings; and these live with him after he has left the earth, as well as on the earth. A new life is now before thee, and it depends upon thyself whether thou wilt remain here, and partake of the works which thou seest, or whether thou wilt begin earnestly to labor, that thy mind, which is undeveloped as a child's, save in evil, may become filled with strength and knowledge, that thou mayest be able, and firm, to *leave* thy present company, if none will ascend with thee, for they still love the evil better than the good. And whenever thou wilt, thou mayest begin, humbly and patiently and meekly, with the trust of a little child, to learn the path to heaven. Thy mind is now an unsightly scroll, having neither order nor conformity of action; but if thou dost earnestly desire it, thou wilt be assisted by a spirit whose duty it will be to teach thee how to become an apt scholar in the

simple and beautiful path of knowledge and happiness, and unless thy mind is so inclined, my brother, unless thou dost make a mighty effort to hurl from thee and trample under foot those bad habits of thine, thou must still remain chained, as it were, to darkness and despair, to unhappiness and evil. The long years which were wasted by thee while on earth, must now be atoned for by thy increased labor and diligence, and the bad examples and the much unhappiness which thou hast caused, must also be atoned for by making amends for such actions here to thy fellow-spirits. Thy labor concerns not thyself alone, but thy time must be divided equally, by doing good around thee; by dispensing the light which thou mayest receive to others, and by much entreaty and persuasion endeavor to bring those with thee in whose condition thou art so able to sympathize, for many will listen to thy voice as coming up from the well of true repentance and practical atonement for a life of error, for according to every evil done in the body shalt thou make atonement by doing that which is good and seemly in the sight of Heaven. And when thy heart has become purified of its corruptions and defilements, and when thou hast cast aside the dark coverings of thy worldly nature, and when the long-buried energies of the soul shall shine forth strong and brilliant amid the surrounding darkness, then shalt thou face the pure light of love. And holy joy shall flow into thy soul from the everlasting fountain of God's mercy, and thy friends, whose love ever reached after thee (but could not approach thee, because of thy darkness and guilt), will draw near to thee with sweet smiles and loving words, and they will take thee by the hand, and they will lead thee away up that illuminated path, whose light so gloriously strikes on thy vision even in the distance, and then shalt thou in that place be greeted by those whose robes have become pure and spotless, and whose countenances have become dazzling with the light and the glory in which they abide, and they shall say unto thee, Well done, good and faithful brother, for thy labor hath purified thee from the grossness of earth, and now thou mayest come up higher."

And so, after long years of suffering and labor for past misdeeds, he fades from the sight, while ascending, by a light and pleasant path which leads up that eternal hill to which I can perceive no summit, but is ever ascending, ascending, until he is lost amid the glory of the stars.

COMMUNICATION THROUGH MRS. ABBY T. HALL,

OF WEST ROXBURY.

Ask you why spirits, relieved of all earthly care, will disturb the calm serenity of their peaceful life by again mingling with earth or earthly things? How could they resist the strong claim of suffering humanity, when with their own souls bathed in the all-powerful, all-pervading spirit of God's love they feel, they *know*, they can do good to the dwellers on the shores of time? His love, which animates all, is breathed upon them. He is the great source and spring of this, as of all other blessings, and he allows us to participate in the rich treasure of bringing it to man. The great stream of his bounty encircles all. The winged seraph is glowing with praise to do *His* bidding, who has crowned him with glory and immortality; and if one note is new strung to Jehovah's praise by his brother man—afar off from truth and happiness by reason of transgression—angelic hosts repeat the long amen—"We do our Father's will, and not our own." And are we not breaking down the partition walls that have so long separated, not only man from man, but from God also? are we not building a highway for the nations, even to the presence of God himself? The surging stream of death is yielding to the power of spirit-truth, and man shall soon realize and feel himself a traveler to a better country, a more joyful inheritance. Time he shall view, not as the all-absorbing theme of his immortal mind, but as a sphere in which to develop and elevate himself; and by wisely improving it, make it a grand starting-point for the heavenly journey marked out for all. The good bestowed upon him are *talents* lent, not only for his own good, but that *others* may be benefited, and he shall be emulated to copy the bright examples of benevolence and wisdom everywhere proclaimed by the law of love. The angel of devotion shall clothe herself with the garb of affection, and the sweet charities that make heaven a paradise shall take up their abode in the heart of man, and the smile of love succeed the look of care, for love is of God.

THROUGH THE SAME MEDIUM.

By the holiness of the desires of the immortalized spirit, by the promptings of the love of God as the Father, and of man as the child

of God, I come to communicate at this time, that I too may add the mite of my influence to this treasury of the Lord's free-will offering. His almighty purpose needed not the aid either of angel or mortal, but the wisdom of his government is made manifest by the means he establishes to carry on his great scheme of redemption. The act that ennobles man also elevates the spiritualized friend of man; the enlarging of the field of action for spirits also increases their powers. All heaven is alive and active in this cause; every triumph over mind and matter in this tributary sphere is heralded with a shout of joy; and as its echo reaches the far realms of space, the pure, the advanced, and the powerful come to learn of this new thing, and for them to know is to act; myriads before engaged in their own improvement and happiness, now press forward in this great movement, and many pure hearts are made purer by their devotion to their brother man; as he advances they progress. If, then, it can add to happiness as perfect as that in spirit-land, what can it not do for you, a child of mortality? It shall redeem and save thee, it shall bring thee into the holy Canaan of the Lord's free-born children; if children, then heirs, and joint-heirs with Christ. His mission fulfilled, behold him encouraging his brother man to pursue the way of salvation marked out for him, that he may also come into the blessedness of belief; that he may also enjoy the blissful reunion of spirit-life with mortal joy; that the heavy cloud of despondency, now brooding over all created intelligences, may be absorbed by the divine rays of immortal love; that the cold suspicions of earth, may be consumed by the heartfelt warmth of that parental affection ever glowing in the bosom of Omnipotence.

A CONVERSION.—There was a time in my life when I could not feel it possible for me to *see a spirit*.

I lost, by death, a young relative whom I devotedly loved, partly from natural affection, partly that she was of wonderful beauty, but mostly that she had a pure heart.

She came back from the grave and conversed with me, and promised I should see her.

At night I was awakened out of a sound sleep, and found my room light as day. She whom I had lost was beside me, natural as when on earth, but more beautiful.

This made on my mind the strongest impression it ever received. I was converted to Spiritualism, and never doubted again.

EVILS OF AUTHORITY.

To the truly progressive mind one feature in the present aspect of society affords great satisfaction, as indicating a better appreciation of what belongs to man as an individual, and a broader and a more comprehensive idea of the influence which should be attached to what is called Authority.

The human mind in its advancing efforts has plunged boldly into those regions where there are no landmarks established by man to guide its investigations, nothing but those signs, significant and unerring, to direct its progress, which the soul recognizes in every thing God has created.

Restrained by no law from a proper examination of every question or subject which will increase its happiness or add to its knowledge, the mind of man is beginning to awake to the importance of understanding how much real benefit it has received by its blind adherence to authority, and how much it has lost, by being prevented from investigating those subjects which have been sealed by its dicta from being examined or understood. In this effort man is manifesting an individuality which is mightier than the world, and which emphatically distinguishes the origin from whence he sprung. Disregarding every attempt to confine the imperious demands of the soul for knowledge—refusing to follow longer the lead of error and ignorance, the spirit has broken away from earth, spread its pinions, and has soared away off into those regions which it has felt was and is its home. It requires but little proof to convince the candid mind, that under the restraints of what are called the laws of the Puritans, society made but small progress in those departments which increase its true moral dignity and greatness. These laws developed sectarianism it is true, and bound community as one man to follow the stern leaders of their sects, in whatever they might direct in the name of God or his Son Jesus Christ.

How much of man's reason was here permitted its proper exercise! How little regarded were the intuitive impulses and aspirations of the soul! How few opportunities were afforded to escape from errors, the effects of which have been transmitted to this generation, and are manifest in those persecutions against truth and reform which is sometimes called conservatism! Revolutions do not alone regenerate man's social or politi-

cal condition. There are revolutions, which are the result of secret and silent changes, going on in the mind, molding and fashioning the character, adjusting all antagonistical attributes, describing new and important properties in man's nature and action, and elaborating the clearest principles of the nature of God and the design of his creation, and the proper part which man is to perform here and hereafter.

Revolutions of this kind depend for their success on no arbitrary arrangement of plans or designs, they move onward, sustained and perfected by the spirit's intuitive desires for good. Thus it is, that without any aid from combinations of men, or, indeed, without any concert of purpose or action, they silently and surely move onward, gathering up at every advance the evidences of their power and progress in the redeemed and disenthralled, whom they have set free from this mental slavery of authority.

As one of the most powerful causes at the present day which is contributing to liberate mind from its blind attachment to authority, "Spiritualism" stands preëminent. Claiming an origin outside those influences which control men here, it brings as proofs of its truths those sentiments which govern mind in another existence, which clearly establish the existence of that *secret inward energy* which impels man from earth, moves onward ever through eternity, seeking in those developments which are continually opening to the mind new impulses, new desires, and new incentives to progress. That the human mind is testing the relative strength of its own powers, with the ideas by which it has been governed for so many ages, in reference to its condition hereafter, few will pretend to deny. There are open and candid admissions of this truth from those whose lives have been passed in inculcating unhesitating obedience to authority—implicit confidence in the doctrine of the churches. How mighty indeed must be that silent force, ever working upward, which compels regard and respect from those who would willingly crush it had they the power! How irresistible must be that secret energy which moves the spirit everywhere as if with one purpose and object, which presents new aspects and conditions—as the result of the mind's progress within itself—thus reflected on others! And how glorious indeed is the sight of that mind, having cast off all shackles of thought and action, conscious of its own strength, confident of success in whatever it attempts, beginning the race as an individuality—*independent—free!*

Do we ask, what greater good will result from this unlimited freedom? What will be the effect of thus rejecting the advice, the counsel, and the authority by which mind has been guided and directed? The answer is easy and comprehensive.

There exists in every true man's heart a strong opposition to every influence which would control his reason or limit its exercise. This is apparent, not only in man's resistance to mere physical oppression, but in his firm and uncompromising hostility to every cause which claims the direction of those attributes of his nature which his Creator conferred upon him, as the distinguishing marks of his individuality.

History is full of evidences that in all ages and in all countries this feeling has excited man to the severest struggles for the free and legitimate use of his own reason. But history is also full of the proof that man's struggles to obtain what to him was the dearest right has not always resulted in forcing the boon from his oppressors. But perhaps this condition of mental slavery was necessary, as one of the great means by which every new step taken in the advance would be more properly prized and more firmly maintained. It is true, whether in reference to nations or man as an individual, that there is a moral necessity felt and recognized, which, while it compels all to an experience of evil, makes this very experience the cause of every advance in that which is good. This system of freedom is founded on the knowledge which is derived from a proper understanding of that which is true and that which is false. It requires an examination of both these principles, that the reason may decide by the legitimate exercise of its own powers and attributes. What, then, should be the result of a just comprehension of truth based on the appreciation of man's reason? Suppose this appreciation free—suppose it uninfluenced by any sect or idea—will it direct the mind to truth and holiness, or will it force it to evil because it has refused the aid of authority? That authority which requires obedience to itself, without any reference to the effect, but because in *itself* is embodied all that can be presumed to be true, which denies investigation, but compels reception by the denunciation of the most fearful consequences if refused, can not, does not, aid or assist the spirit in its search for truth, but fashions out of man who yields to these demands, a compliant tool to perpetuate its evils and its injuries to the whole human race.

It is with nations as with individuals, that when they are free to act, their intuitive impulses are always turned toward truth and right. Bound by no restraint except what his reason always imposes, the independent man requires no direction, because the unbiased spirit seeks out for itself, in every law of nature, those causes and effects which best satisfy its judgment. The soul becomes imbued with the idea of its own depravity when continually charged with being evil, and feels that it is less a sin to do that which it can not help, than that which is repugnant to its own

nature. Thus the man who is every day in association with presumed wrong, loses that sensitiveness which made him at first shrink from the thought of sin, and soon commits that which is evil because the authority which he respects makes it impossible he should exist without he is depraved. The question is answered. Freedom to act in all matters which concerns man's moral and mental action emphatically prevents evil and compels good. Hence it is that when the mind is led into one channel of thought and action, and is there confined by its reliance on those causes which thus directed it, it will not develop the nobler properties which belong to it, will not view its obligations toward the race as a whole, and can not comprehend that any duty is required of it, except that which will add to the influence and power of those principles by which it is guided, that authority which it recognizes as the alpha and omega of all that is good and true.

But freedom in the most unrestricted sense of the word, in all that belongs to man's thought and its utterance, is ever prompting the mind to greater efforts for its own good and the progress of the whole human race. A just appreciation of what belongs to the individual is oftentimes the criterion by which its own rights and its duties to the world are measured and executed.

The man who learns to test his own powers of mind, his own truth, learns that kind of self-examination which arraigns every principle and cause of action, who regards himself as responsible, not because he has been told so by his teachers, but because he feels that every duty required of him in relation to himself and others, every struggle to overcome evil and understand truth, is carrying out the design of God and is the means of his own elevation and the progress of the world, can not curb the mighty struggles of his spirit by the petty rules and dogmas of sect or authority. No; there is as much sin arising out of the *restraint* of good as in the unlicensed action of evil itself. For 1800 years the civilized world has received and believed the great truths inculcated by our Saviour. It will not be irrelevant to ask why it is that this religion, so consonant to the feelings and condition of man, has failed to accomplish his moral regeneration? It is the received religion of the civilized world, and yet the civilized world repudiates openly, by its acts, the pure principles which he gave his life to establish. Do the tenets, the doctrines, and the dogmas taught as religion, differing so much in form and substance, resemble the simple injunctions and sayings of Jesus Christ? But there is still a graver question to ask. If the teachings of our Saviour have failed to establish one common religion throughout the world, does this arise from

the insufficiency of the truths he taught to accomplish this effect, or from the fact that all the efforts that have been made, all the means, moral and physical, which have been used, have tended more to the confirmation of sectarianism than religion, the establishment of authority rather than truth? Has not another evil resulted from this cause, if true, that man, confused, perplexed with the *uncertainty* of revealed religion, as taught under so many different phases and attributes, has rejected all restraints, and refused to regard that which is true, to follow that which is false? And, *perhaps*, even in this, man has been governed by the thought, that there could be no truth in that religion whose simple requirements were forgotten in the universal effort to establish sect and to perpetuate its dogmas.

Man is a compound being—body, life, spirit. The body and life are designed for special and distinct purposes. The spirit is destined not only to live and act in connection with the other two parts of his being, but destined to live forever, when it shall have been separated from this association. We can improve our physical nature only just so far as will add to its strength, its health, its durability.

But the spirit can be sanctified, developed into all that is good, pure and holy, into all that is great, noble, God-like, and this progression will continue as long as eternity lasts, as long as God himself shall exist.

If, then, our spirit, with the aid of its physical instrumentalities, can be cultivated, does not this cultivation of its faculties become a moral necessity? And will the spirit remain satisfied when it has obtained one taste of the joys which are bestowed on them who *dare* to seek? No.

Is it not evident that those opinions which have influenced the world at one period, yield to the progressive manifestation of other ideas, thus displaying the little reliance which can be placed on those sentiments which do not answer the claims of the human soul?

Will the spirit remain satisfied with what it can obtain of truth and of knowledge in this world? Were it the ultimate destiny of the soul to remain on this earth, and to develop only in proportion as the material conditions by which it was surrounded develop, then indeed it might be content to receive only as it was given. But the spirit has an independent claim to a connection separate and distinct from what this earth can offer. A claim founded on laws, which renders it indisputable, and which promises entire satisfaction to all the demands of the spirit—preferred on earth—in the spheres—through eternity.

It is not at all singular or strange that receiving and believing that the spirit has legitimate rights of itself—which should and ought to have

free exercise without contest, and that these claims are being answered now as of old, by the association of spirit with spirit, out of the form and in the form—that at this day there are so many persons in all sections of this country, and in Europe, of all sexes, ages, and conditions of life, who feel they have the right to think and act for themselves in all that concerns their present and their future happiness. It is this feeling which has prompted many to investigate the truth of spirit-revelations. And it is this feeling—*just as distinctly manifest in spirit-nature after it has left the body—which has drawn them back to earth*, that they might confirm to the spirits in the form the great and immutable truths on which this sentiment is founded.

Who can doubt for a moment, that when the undefined ideas of the spirit, the inner, deeper struggles for knowledge are shaped and fashioned into a distinct reality by those responses which come from the spirit-world—giving to man's moral nature higher sanction, and opening before him a more glorious destiny, within the reach and scope of his own attributes and efforts—who can doubt that that man will reject the authority of opinion, when he is convinced of its incapacity by the truths which are revealed to his own reason? Hence it is not singular that almost every sincere inquirer into the principles of Spiritualism becomes convinced of their truth as soon as his own spirit realizes the kindred sympathies and affinities of the spirit out of the form,—as soon as his own undefined longings for truth are met by the positive and distinct reality which is preferred to every one of his material senses. Of what use, then, the stern denunciations of authority? of what use, then, the opinions and dogmas by which his whole previous life has been directed? He feels, he realizes, he knows that truth has been offered which he can compare, analyze, and understand; there is nothing demanded of his credulity, nothing asked of his prejudice; freely has the boon been offered, and to the free choice is left its reception or rejection. If, then, a blind obedience to authority limits the powers of mind; generates selfishness; prejudices opinion; circumscribes action, except for *one* object and purpose; promotes uncharitableness, and because it forces man to labor and toil for sect instead of his race, separates him from all those means of good which free association of unbiased minds always produces, what is the effect on the nature and action of man when, independent of these influences, he thinks, purposes, and disposes as his own convictions of truth and right direct? Can this question be fairly answered? Is the mind yet so independent of all sectarian influences, that it has demonstrated what it is capable of accomplishing when free,

and what the power of truth, when it is received without any authority, but that which satisfies our reason? Yes, fairly it may be answered; for even now the truth has convinced the spirit, that true knowledge, that which enlarges not only the intellect, but the hearts, sympathies, and charities, is and must be divine; and that because we are capable of receiving and understanding the great and glorious principles it unfolds, we too are of the Divinity. The test of this is in our own action, for he who would know whether he is obtaining that knowledge which unlocks the dark mysteries of death and the grave, which opens to him his duties to himself, his God, and his fellow, can ascertain whether his own intellect is expanded, his desires for good increased—by self-examination.

Does this knowledge, this freedom, make him more earnest, more self-denying? Does it increase his affections, and increase the range of their influence? Has he a more exalted desire to labor for himself, for the whole? Is he placed in more harmonious association with the great and good on earth, and in a more intimate companionship with those who have gone before him? Does he feel his nature, stern and selfish, yielding to the gentle impulses which nature imparts; and does he, looking from man to God, from earth to heaven, feel that he is responsible for every talent, attribute, and power to him who bestowed them? Thus viewing his responsibility, does he feel the moving of this soul-tide of affection surging from his heart to his God, carrying on its waves the hopes of his spirit—an offering of promise, of praise, of love? If so, then indeed has the truth been vouchsafed to his reason; then indeed can he look up to heaven, and claim an interest in its beautiful and eternal home; for then indeed does he know that he is of God, and in his father's house there are many mansions. Earth to him is arrayed in attributes of far more beauty than once impressed his senses. The heavens are more blue; the stars more brilliant; man is his brother; God his father. Death has no terrors, nor the grave any bitterness; the world beyond is opened to his gaze, and in the daily intercourse with those who have gone there in advance of him, he learns how much depends on himself for happiness here and happiness there. But that every self-sacrifice, every victory over self, brings him nearer to God and brings to him the society of those good spirits who are the messengers of his love and peace.

And is this so? Does not every manifestation in this age and period—in its inventions, its discoveries, its enterprise, and its progress—speak in tones that can not be misunderstood, that the spirit is going forward?

And if the progress of those generations which have preceded us has been reflected on us, what must be the light which will beam from us in the paths of those who come after—a light whose rays shine from the depths of eternity, chasing away the gloomy clouds of error, ignorance, and authority, revealing a glorious day, whose light is truth, whose sun is God!

D.

FEAR OF DEATH.

NOTHING is so universal as the instinct that prompts to the preservation of life, or that fears for its loss. So deep seated is this feeling, that all others are secondary to it. Men will make their greatest exertions and tax their mental powers to the utmost to preserve their existence here a few more days, though it should be in a state of the greatest suffering. This feeling is so common to all the animal nature, that it is above and beyond philosophy. No one attempts to explain it. If a man commit suicide, thus showing a willingness to die, he is pronounced insane, it being supposed that it is unnatural not to desire to live.

But "self-preservation," the first law of nature as it is called, can be materially modified by circumstances. The strong instinctive desire to live, felt so generally by human beings, grows partly out of the dread of an uncertain future. Death is, to almost all, a leap in the dark. They know not where they shall land. The education of all civilized nations, and of most of those which are unenlightened, has a direct tendency to fill the departing soul with dread. If not one word were ever said to a human being on the subject of a future state, his dread of death would then be purely instinctive. It would be a dread of pain, or of the loss of existence. It would be felt only at the approach of death. But educated as enlightened nations now are, there is superadded to this instinctive dread the terrible horror of a dark future.

There is an antidote for this. Let him who dreads death, look it in the face and understand it. Let him learn the change he is to undergo, and he will be ready and willing. The true *spiritualist* has no dread of death.

Editorial.

LEST the purpose of this magazine be misunderstood, we would remark that we do not intend to set about the conversion of skeptics to Spiritualism, or to any of the progressive doctrines of the day (though we should be glad to do so), for we are fully aware that no one will believe in these new doctrines upon hearsay. We hope to aid those who have by actual experience proved this truth, in the enlargement of their ideas upon the subject, and harmonize, as far as may be, the conflicting statements upon which are founded some shades of difference in the faith of Spiritualists.

It is not to be wondered at that there should be shades of difference, since the truths to be gleaned from spirit-intercourse emanate from tens of thousands of different minds in the spirit-world, and are often transmitted through as many diverse individualities here. And it is well known that few things are more difficult than to convey an entirely new idea to common intelligences. There are minds already accustomed to progressive ideas who will receive and understand new facts; but with the great mass of people entirely new ideas can not be received at once, even though they should be willing, which often they are not.

New words are necessary for a new science, and these words do not reach the common comprehension, and therefore the idea is perverted or but vaguely understood. With us, long experience has made us familiar with the various modes of communication and the multifold manifestations of spirits; and we have some means of judging of them which are not accessible to all. It is therefore our purpose to offer suggestions in elucidation of the matters of controversy, as opportunities offer, and if we throw light upon that which was doubtful, or aid to harmonize differences, we shall have done much.

It is also among our sanguine expectations to induce some persons now skeptical, or, what is worse, indifferent, to examine a matter which we think of vital importance; and we fearlessly assert that no person ever entered into the investigation of this subject with a sincere desire to find truth, and with sufficient interest in such discovery to persevere a

reasonable length of time, who did not prove to his own satisfaction that the friends he had lost by death could again communicate with him, and in that conviction become better and happier.

Though it is not our special purpose to record the multitude of facts constantly occurring to prove the reality of spiritual intercourse, there being several weekly papers better adapted to that purpose, we shall insert well-authenticated accounts, briefly detailed, of circumstances which tend to throw light upon the subject, paying more attention to the *proof* of the facts than to the marvelousness of the stories. Many persons have a sincere love of truth, and hail with pleasure the acquisition of a new idea. They would seek truth earnestly, if they thought there was a truth to be found. They fear to look upon that which may prove to be an error. They fear ridicule, and knowing that conservatism is respectable, hold aloof from new doctrines, quite content to wait till the truth is proved, and then they mean to adopt it. Where would be the world's advancement if all thus waited? Fortunate it is, that there are men who *think*, else would the world stand still.

It is asked, and with good reason, by the truth-loving portion of the community—(who would be *truth seeking* if it would cost them no time, nor money, nor trouble)—“How shall we learn about these things?” The answer is easy—*Investigate*. If it were asserted, on reliable authority, that there was a placer in Westchester County richer in gold than any discovered in California, how long would our citizens be inquiring about it? Not an hour. They would hurry to the region, and explore and investigate with an intense interest, with a sleepless vigilance, and an untiring perseverance. But the eternal happiness and progress of the soul is a small matter in comparison with that of scraping up a few lumps of gold. Many have said to us, kindly and patronizingly, “Come here some evening, and I’ll go with you to see some of these things; and if you can convince me that there is any thing in it, I will believe.” These kind offers are generally declined. He who cares no more for truth than such a proposition indicates, would not be much the better for it when attained. Such converts to Spiritualism are not wanted.

But some may ask our advice in this matter, sincerely intending to take the trouble to inform themselves. To such we say that they will not find the investigation difficult, so far as it will be required to prove the fact that spirits *do communicate with us*. Beyond this, difficulties will be encountered and perseverance will be needed

An investigation of this kind requires, first, a satisfactory proof to one's-self of spiritual communication. A sitting with a rapping medium may accomplish this at once, or it may take many sittings. First, the skeptic must be satisfied that the medium is not a deceiver; next, that his own or the medium's will does not produce the raps; next, that they are not made by electricity; next, that it is not some new phase of magnetism; and lastly, that it is not the devil. All this can be settled by any of the ordinary means, if persevered in. A tipping medium, with one of *Pease's Dial Alphabets*, would do the matter at once, or a writing medium, or a personating medium, or a clairvoyant. But when the investigator has advanced thus far, there is yet all to do for the forming his faith, and enjoying communion with his spirit-friends. This can best be done in his own family, or among his intimate friends. At least, he must himself be in the investigation. It can not be done for him by others.

In every family there is some person susceptible of being some sort of a medium—experiment only will demonstrate what sort. A circle must be formed of as many as feel interested—sufficiently interested to sit patient and silent some two hours at a time, two or more evenings in the week. It is best in the commencement of each session to sit round a table and join hands. This produces an equilibrium of the magnetic forces or nervous fluid, and enables spirits to influence the members of the circle. A circle can not go wrong if they sincerely desire to obtain spiritual communion, and will meet often enough, and be attentive. They may sit at a table, or not—they may join hands, or not—they may sing, or read, or be silent; whatever they do, exertions will be made by spirits to influence them, and generally with success. Of course there is a *best way*. This we think is for some half a dozen men and women, who are *all* deeply interested, to meet often; sit around a table in almost darkness (that they may be the more passive), join hands, and sing a few songs or hymns at first, then continue the circle in silence at least an hour, if necessary. This would soon produce mediums; and it would not be long before some of the party would be able to see and describe the spirits present, or be so influenced that spirits could speak through them or write through them. Some development would certainly take place.

To do this will, we confess, be some trouble, and those who can not afford that, would better not annoy themselves with the matter.

W. F.

DISCREPANCIES.

It is often urged by the disbelievers in spiritual intercourse, and by those who oppose and ridicule the subject, that in seeking for communications from spirits they have obtained false or erroneous statements; and this is supposed to be a good argument that the whole matter is a fallacy, even though the means by which the manifestations are made have baffled the most astute investigators to explain. Those who advance this objection lose sight of the fact that it requires *intelligence* to tell a falsehood. All that is told on any particular occasion by the mysterious manifestations may be utterly false; yet, if done without collusion of the medium, the whole matter is proved in favor of spiritual communication. For though there are, besides mankind, some beings who possess a degree of intelligence, it is generally considered that such entities can not hold intelligent communication with us—certainly not as spirits. If therefore it requires intelligence up to the human standard to converse with us, it is reasonable to assume that the ones who come to us are *human*, the more especially as we know of no other beings, except the Myths of past ages, who could talk with us.

Falschhood is a blot upon the face of humanity. It mars the beauty of God's image wherever it appears. It is the dark background in the picture of human society. It is the cloud before the sun. It is that which mars and defiles. It is the Antichrist in the Church. It is the evil amid the good of life. But falsehood is not forever. It is but the temporary obstruction to the light—a vail that will be rent—an excrescence that will be removed. The fair figure of Humanity is in the hands of the Almighty Sculptor. The rough stone of the outer block will in due time be removed, and the divine form be revealed in its full perfection in the brightness of the Godhead.

Because that imperfection which is incident to an undeveloped world is seen to intermingle with the teachings of spirits, it is no reason for condemning all. Who that has had intercourse with the world has failed to find much of it false and wicked? Does the farmer gather his wheat from the threshing-floor clean? Is there no chaff to be winnowed away? Who in this age of the world need be so credulous and so weak as to believe all that is said to him? That falsehood intrudes into human society does not prove that it destroys entirely its beauty or its use. We expect falsehood, and we are on our guard against it, and its baneful effect is in a measure neutralized.

There are very many errors, falsehoods, and discrepant statements

made in the communications given by spirits. It is a sad truth that error and imperfection reach even unto the next stage of human existence. As we did not make the world, we must take it as we find it. The earth is one of God's worlds. It is made in accordance with his wisdom, and the time will come to all men when they will see and acknowledge it. To rail at the imperfections of humanity is to pronounce creation a failure. God intended that man should aid in his work—that he should develop the germ which was given him—and at this moment, if the intelligent portion of mankind had done their duty, there would be no sin or misery in the world.

Men enter into the state of spirit-existence unchanged from their earthly nature. As the tree falls so it lies. Of the thousand millions of beings who in every thirty years die and vanish from this earth, entering upon the second stage of human progress, how many are truthful and good? Is the proportion as much as one tenth? When it is remembered that persons recently deceased are the ones most likely to return to earth and communicate with us, and that in the brief time they have had in the spirit-world they could not make much progress from their former conditions, we should anticipate imperfections, and not be offended because the humble and undeveloped of our brothers are the ones who come to visit us. Sin and error should excite only compassion, not anger. The man who is hopelessly wicked is more to be pitied than he who is only in error. It is the great error of the charitable world to suppose that the good and well-behaved unfortunates more deserve their pity than the perverse and willfully wicked. The good may better be neglected than the bad. But in this undeveloped stage of the world it is natural that people should err in that particular. Many sincerely charitable people cherish an intense hatred for sin, and allow the feeling to extend to the sinner. This is pharisaical, and grows out of an undue worship of self. They make themselves the standard of all excellence, and think they do God's will in uttering or *acting* their anathemas upon their uncultivated and undeveloped brethren.

If persons seeking communication with the departed would expect discrepancies, just as they would expect erroneous or discordant statements on a philosophical question if propounded to the ignorant or wicked of earth, they would receive the unsatisfactory responses in a different feeling. Let the answers of spirits be taken for examination. Gather them as the farmer gathers his wheat from the threshing-floor, not to be used in its impurity, but to be winnowed and the chaff separated from the clean wheat.

Human reason is a God-like quality, for it is of God. It is the delegated God that in the microcosm of the soul sits supreme and gives laws to all its action. This is the monitor which the great God has placed over us to guide and to guard. Few persons err widely who sincerely and prayerfully consult their reason and obey its dictates. Bring reason, then, to aid in the search of truth. There is a truth underlying every phenomenon of natural and spiritual life. If a false and intentionally deceptive statement be made us by a spirit, the great truth is told us that some human being in his sojourn upon earth or in the spiritual state has been neglected and abandoned to sin and error, and that those who hold themselves as his betters have upon their souls the fearful responsibility of his sin. Thus from every flower, however repulsive, the earnest seeker will find the honey of truth.

When statements by alleged spirits are found to be discrepant or untrue, it must be understood that there may be causes for such error, which do not touch the veracity of the spirit communicating. Persons ask mental questions and are incorrectly answered, and they forthwith pronounce the whole matter a humbug. The fault generally lies in themselves. It is not every man whose ordinary thoughts can be read by a spirit. Some persons can not so think that the operations of their minds can be seen at all. It is from a want of distinctness in the mental impression. Some persons' thoughts are vague and indeterminate, and so shadowy that they themselves can hardly tell what they are. Of course spirits can not understand them, or they think they do, and thus make error. But the more common source of error is found in the fact that most communications through mediums are got at second-hand. For instance, one seeks to communicate through a writing medium with a spirit-friend. The spirit is a stranger to the medium, and is unable to write without time and opportunity to gain a magnetic ascendancy over him. But if even that time could be had, still the spirit, a stranger, would not be permitted to make the attempt. There is generally some guardian who stands by and who alone uses the hand to write. By long practice he gains complete or partial control. If a stranger spirit wishes to write a message through the hand of the medium to his friend, he can not do it, but the one who can do it may be unwilling to serve so many, or may misunderstand the question. And this is likely to occur, for there are often many, very many spirits who are anxious to convey a word to those of their friends who remain upon earth, and these crowd around the medium and naturally make confusion. Could the skeptic who fails to be convinced in such a case but see the difficulty the spirits have to commu-

nicate at all, they would wonder that there were not more errors and more discrepancies, rather than consider it all a humbug because the spirits could not do impossibilities.

It will not be long before the improved modes of communicating with spirits will so facilitate the operations that these difficulties will vanish. Already machines have been invented by which they can make rapid communications; and the time is not far distant when it will be as easy to have reliable communication with a spirit as with an earthly friend.

W.

A SUGGESTION.

It is incomprehensible to many how they can possibly be made to *see a spirit*, it being supposed or assumed that it is an *immaterial* thing, and therefore necessarily intangible and invisible. Perhaps, strictly speaking, there is no entity unassociated with matter, more or less sublimated; but for all practical purposes with us, the body of a spirit is immaterial. But as spirits must see each other, we can see them whenever we can assimilate ourselves to their nature or condition. One becomes a spirit in the common acceptation of the term, by the death of the body—the death serving only the purpose of separation. If, therefore, we could separate the spirit from the body without death, the same purpose would be subserved. *Magnetization* will serve to effect the object, by producing upon the physical system a paralysis equivalent to death. To see a spirit, therefore, it is necessary that the material visual organs should be paralyzed either by death or by some other equally effective agency. If magnetism will do this, as it is believed, the mystery is solved.

Persons in the trance state (that is, magnetized) often speak of seeing spirits, hearing their voices, smelling the odors of flowers, or tasting fruits offered to them by spirits. Oftener the entranced medium only hears the voice of the spirit, or has the *impression* of the words. By many experiments seen by the writer of this, the eyes of a person may be magnetized without much affecting the rest of his material system; and when so magnetized, he can see a spirit just as clearly as he could with his natural eyes see a material object. The proof of this is found in the description of spirits seen; this, in numberless instances, having been done to the satisfaction of very skeptical persons.

It is no unusual thing for mediums to hear music, unheard by the natural ear. Many thousands of persons have heard their names called in the dead watches of the night, when it was difficult to account for the

circumstances. Many persons become conscious of the *touch* of a spirit. This occurs oftenest when near a powerful medium. The writer of this has a thousand times felt spirit-hands laid upon him, and felt the entire impress of the fingers. Is it not, then, clear that the magnetizing any portion of the body to paralysis, as the eyes, the ears, or the surface of the body, will liberate the *spiritual sense* or *perception*, and place the individual in the same relative position as a spirit would be placed in? If the eye be magnetically paralyzed, the sublimated substance of a spiritual body becomes visible to its finer sense; if the nerves of smell be magnetized, that inner sense is liberated; so of the hearing, the taste, and the touch. If the whole body be magnetized to rigid paralysis, as in the deepest state of clairvoyance, the spirit seems to be as free as if liberated by the paralysis of death.

It is suggested, therefore, that some scientific persons (physicians, perhaps) should institute a series of experiments to demonstrate the truth or falsity of this position. If the affirmative can be proved, it would not take long to reduce the operation to a systematic procedure—perfectly intelligible upon scientific principles—and remove from it all mystery. Is there no medical man in this city who is ready and willing to take the lead in such an investigation? It seems a fair subject of inquiry, and proper to the department of medicine. It needs no seer to tell that such a thing established to the satisfaction of scientific men would be of the highest importance to the profession. Have we among us a surgeon or physician who has the moral courage to undertake this investigation?

QUESTIONING SPIRITS.

WE have noticed among the believers in spiritual manifestations a certain *want of progress*, which is to be regretted. They do not, in a majority of instances, gather any new ideas. It seems not to occur to them that there is any thing to learn. They ask very few questions, and these generally limited to names of relatives and friends, etc. Some ask a few questions in theology, as for instance, "Is there a hell?" "Was Christ the same as God?" "Is there eternal punishment for sin?" etc., etc., and as each question of this kind will be answered much according to the faith in which the spirit lived on earth, if he be recently deceased, no important result is obtained, but on the other hand great contradictions are made.

It is true, the spirits of whom questions can be asked are in many

instances quite incapable of giving information of a high order, being very often uneducated, and not progressed in any knowledge, especially appertaining to the spiritual spheres, for near relatives are apt to claim exclusive right to influence and control a medium, however unfit to convey instruction. Still, if questions of the right sort were put, and a willingness felt to hear the truth, answers would be obtained giving the information required.

Many spiritualists manifest a lofty disdain of every thing appertaining to the common sense of the matter. It is enough for them to know that their friends and relatives *live* and are near them; that they still love them and come to see them, if not constantly watch over them. Of the minuter matters of spirit-life they ask nothing, and are content with high-sounding generalities. This feeling arises from a mistaken idea of the importance really attached to the knowledge in question. The spiritualist who is in the habit of thinking the friend he converses with is a bodiless spirit, dwelling in space, coming at call, knowing no obstacles, unnoting time, and having nothing to do but be happy, cares not, perhaps, to ask if that spirit wears a suit of clothes, or ever eats his dinner, or requires shelter or sleep. But there are important matters underlying this very information. The only way the world can be made to understand and believe in the doctrines and phenomena of Spiritualism is by explaining in a common-sense way the every-day life of spirits. This their spirit-friends would be glad to do, and could easily do, if minute questions were asked them, on occasions when it was possible to convey their answers. Whenever raps can be obtained, a table moved, or the dial alphabet used, all questions, however minute, could be answered, and thus would be obtained a clear idea of a future life.

There are cases in which information would not be obtained, however good the means used. For instance, there are mediums who in their intercourse with spirits have prescribed to them what kind of doctrines they shall rap out, and who say they will have nothing to do with any who deny this or that dogma of their faith. They are *sure* they are right in their religious belief, and they will not suffer a word contradicting what they have been taught in the Bible or from the pulpit. These people can not progress while on earth. They are filled to the brim with knowledge, and can receive no more. Spirits, however sincere, can not tell them a simple truth without incurring the risk of being called *demons*. They therefore waive the question, or give a doubtful answer, or give one in accordance with the belief of the questioner.

We counsel our friends to make inquiries of well-identified spirits as

to the nature of life in the spiritual spheres, the occupations, the conditions of art, science, and literature, the government, density of population, geography, etc., etc., and get the truth, so far as it can be told by the intelligence which responds. It is also desirable to have established in the minds of all the *location* of the spheres, whether in or out of the solar system. If the abodes of departed spirits be in this system, and consist of globes of sublimated matter that revolve round the sun in obedience to natural laws, then it becomes a legitimate inquiry as to their number, size, time of rotation—indicating the length of their day—and time of revolution round the sun—marking their year.

Let questions of this kind be asked through all mediums, and the answers, if brief and common-sense like, sent to us, and we will give the result in our next number. Each one will probably at first put faith in his own spirit-friend, or in his own preconceived notions, and distrust all others; but ultimately the truth must prevail. A large majority of the answers will agree in all the important points, or *ought to*.

Our friends will oblige us by giving this matter some attention, and forwarding to us the results as soon as possible, so that we may give the results in the next number of the SACRED CIRCLE. W.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—It will be obvious to all, that the narrow limits of our space will render it difficult to insert *long* articles. We shall endeavor to give the greatest variety possible, preferring short pieces, from many different minds, to longer and more elaborate ones from a few.

Persons who differ in opinion from us will be quite as likely to obtain a hearing as those who accord with us, provided always they express their views with the required brevity.

Communications purporting to be from departed spirits will, of course, receive their share of attention; but no article will be published from such a source merely because it is spiritual, its merits will be as closely scrutinized as though it were by a mortal.

Our thanks are tendered to those who have aided or promised to aid us with their contributions. Their articles, if now omitted, will appear as space shall permit.

MAJOR RAINES' INVESTIGATIONS.

NUMBER ONE.

[In my letter to the public, of August last, and also in my introduction to "Spiritualism," I spoke of a gentleman who had made a scientific investigation of the phenomena of spiritual intercourse. I did not then feel myself at liberty to give his name, though I found afterward that I could have done so without giving offense. It was Major George W. Raines, U. S. Army, to whom I was then indebted, and who has added to the obligation by giving me the result of his investigations which follow, and which will appear in our next number. As a graduate at West Point Academy, as at one period an assistant professor in that institution, and as having won rank and distinction in the Mexican war, he is eminently entitled to the confidence of our readers.]

B.

MACKINAW, Feb. 6, 1864.

MY DEAR JUDGE—I have at last an opportunity of sending by mail a portion of my researches as promised, and will as early as practicable send the balance, which may again be some weeks, since we have had but two mails this winter. You will perceive I have written them so that they may be published, should you think it advantageous; that matter is left, however, entirely at your own disposition. I have but one object, and that is to assist you, if possible, to advance the cause of truth and human progression. I would be pleased that — and lady, as also —, and the other members of our former circle, should have the privilege of reading and copying these papers, since they contain matter derived in part from our course of experiments.

To all of us who know these things to be most certainly true, we see in their success the hand of God—not incarnate—but acting agreeably to the great laws of the universe, through ministering subordinate agents, who have the charge of terrestrial affairs.

Accept my thanks for your favor of the 17th ult., which reached me but a few days since.

Truly yours,

GEO. W. RAINES.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, New York.

MY DEAR SIR—Agreeably to my promise, I shall commence in this letter a condensed statement of the results of my investigations of the peculiar physical phenomena called spiritual manifestations, including, of course, those in which we were with others mutually engaged.

It may be well to state as prefatory remarks, that a scientific examination of this matter is involved in peculiar difficulties arising from its nature, requiring more than an ordinary share of patience and perseverance on the part of the experimenter to arrive at satisfactory results.

In the physical sciences generally, the inquirer proceeds by successive steps from the known to the unknown, and feels himself firmly established in his premises, since he has to do with forces whose general nature has been well established, and whose action can in most cases be rigidly determined. But in the matter now under consideration—dealing so largely in the unknown—he finds his course has to be pursued many times without the aid of his former guide, and constantly subjected to new and unforeseen influences. The forces thus brought into action—some of them new, or unknown, and of singular and remarkable power—seem to be in intimate connection with the superior power of volition, which frequently overrules their action, and thus modifies greatly, or entirely, the anticipated results. Volition possesses the power—by making use of the imponderable agents of the body—of producing a certain amount of force, as evinced by the voluntary movements of the body, demonstrating the fact, that it is a superior force in itself, and hence capable of controlling, in many cases, the subordinate forces of nature.

Thus it may well be conceived, that if a new, or, rather, previously unknown imponderable agent should be discovered in the body, it would be more or less controlled in its action by the intelligence, and the resulting force might be peculiar in its nature, and of greater power than those previously employed. My investigations have clearly pointed at such new agent as being elaborated by the human system, differing, as shown in its action, from all known agents of nature.

In the deductions from my experiments, which follow, it will be seen that this hypothetical new imponderable approaches nearer in its nature to the Odyle of Reichenbach than to other known agents, though it would seem to differ from it in several important respects, as will be seen in numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 11, 13, 14, and 18. Whether further experiments by others shall establish such suggested new agent or not, it will be convenient for me in this paper to apply a name to the supposed imponderable, to avoid circumlocution in description. If Odyle, or Od, shall ultimately be used to designate, not a single agent merely, but combining all those—for there may be several—which are developed in the vital processes of the animal functions, independently of those before recognized as heat, electricity, etc., then I should presume the name of *Spirit-od*,* or simply *Spirod*, would be the proper term, since, although such species of the Odyle, or Od, as the one suggested, may perhaps be elaborated by all animal life, if not also by inanimate nature, still, as it seems

* Spirit in the sense meaning intelligence connected, or not, with ordinary matter.

to be used by intelligence as its executive agent, such name for it seems to be an appropriate designation. I shall, then, for the present, use the terms *Spirod* and *Spirod force*, as designating a peculiar agent and force, assumed to be evolved under certain circumstances from the body of a human being, and directly under the control, when of a suitable tension, of the force of volition accompanying intelligence or spirit.

It may be proper to state, that my experiments were conducted with great care, and generally under favorable circumstances, avoiding sources of error as far as was practicable in so difficult a matter of research. It was soon discovered, however, the force, or forces, under investigation, being constantly more or less under the influence or control of the force of volition of intelligence, that to expect the same certainty of results as attends the action of other forces under known circumstances was absolutely out of the question, nor is it probable that such will ever be practicable. The most that can be expected, is to determine under what circumstances the spirod force is evolved, of the proper tension to be used by the force of volition to the best advantage, and to investigate the unconscious use of this agent by the mind, as well as its employment by disembodied intelligences. (Note A.) This divides the subject into two parts: the one appertaining to physical science, and the other to the mental. I propose, in a summary manner, to refer to both in their order.

I shall now give the deductions from the series of experiments, accompanied by explanatory notes, without detailing the experiments themselves, since this would be impracticable in many cases, for reasons formerly explained; and because, where it might be done, the labor of their arrangement and transcription would be a useless operation, since it is not assumed that they are of further importance, than as offering suggestions for research to others of more leisure and ability (B). For this end the deductions and notes are considered sufficient.

DEDUCTIONS FROM EXPERIMENTS.

PART FIRST, OR PHYSICAL.

1. When some persons (C) place their hands on an object (D) easily movable, with their attention concentrated on the same with a desire (E) that motion shall take place after a period (F), the said object will be disturbed (G), and commence a slow rotary movement to the right or left (H), or a motion of translation, or such motions combined, these movements being sometimes equable, and sometimes by impulses. Or

the object may rise alternately on one of its sides or parts, or may occasionally rise entirely in the air.

In all these cases the person may be required only to touch the object with the extremity of a finger to cause the phenomena. The movements are in their nature entirely independent of all muscular action on the part of the person, voluntary or involuntary (I).

2. Such phenomena are frequently greatly facilitated by a number of individuals placing themselves around the object to be moved, with their hands thereon, having a calm desire for its accomplishment. Their adjacent hands may be connected, or not (J).

3. In some cases after the movements have commenced, they will continue without touch or contact by any one, the party or parties removing to a distance from the same. In such instances the movements are occasionally as powerful as when touched; sometimes more so (K).

4. It occasionally happens that articles not touched or thought of commence moving in the vicinity of such persons as those mentioned in No. 1, with considerable force; these movements are frequently rapid and extend several yards, the articles rising in the air, in some instances, in their progress (L).

5. Instead of a decided movement of the object, as in the preceding cases, it may happen that a molecular disturbance takes place in its substance sufficiently intense to cause sounds or concussions of varying force (M).

6. The feet are as effective as the hands, in many instances, and frequently more so, in producing the proper conditions—evolving the assumed spirod force of the requisite tension—for the occurrence of the foregoing phenomena.

7. The forehead and mouth also radiate the requisite spirod force.

8. The spirod force in some persons is of an opposite nature or polarity to that required for the phenomena, in which case the effects are more or less neutralized by the counter action (N).

9. This radiant force frequently proceeds in currents from left to right, or right to left; should these counter currents happen in the same assembly of persons, the effects may be entirely modified or neutralized (O).

10. The spirod force is radiated by all persons, though in the majority of cases too feebly to be recognized individually (P).

11. The spirod force, like electricity, appears susceptible of induction (Q).

12. Fatigue, or an exhaustion of the vital forces, diminishes its amount.

13. It is independent of magnetical, electrical, or thermal influence; hence differs from all (R).

14. Light has at times a marked influence (S).

15. Spirod is probably conducted by all matter, though solid and continuous substances are the best recipients (T).

16. It is susceptible of being accumulated in matter.

17. Certain states of the atmosphere are unfavorable for the development of spirod (U).

18. The spirod force seems to be evolved more favorably in certain localities. (V).

19. It is capable of producing shocks in the animal system (W).

20. It controls the subordinate forces of nature (X).

21. It is generally controlled by intelligence, though not at all times (Y).

22. The phenomena produced by such control are very numerous (Z).

NOTE A.—That such intelligences do actually exist, and frequently in near proximity to ourselves, is one of those startling facts which, though existing necessarily from the earliest time, has but within a very recent period been sufficiently tangible to the mind to be recognized by the reasoning faculties in the same manner as other facts of human science and knowledge. That they do exist as stated, is a conclusion which, it seems to me, the mind will unavoidably arrive at by a proper examination of the matter. Probably the only possible doubt that can present itself, is whether the phenomena may not be caused by an unconscious action of the mind, availing itself of unknown forces of nature. That such is in part the fact, I am convinced; but this very admission confesses to such an expansion and independence of the inner mental powers as transcends previously received ideas, and perhaps requires but little additional examination on the part of the investigator to satisfy him of the asserted fact of communicating spiritual existences. (See the further discussion of this subject in Number Two.)

NOTE B.—Unless the scientific investigator pursue his researches with the aid of mediums of undoubted power and favorably circumstanced, his labors will be greatly extended, if not in general fruitless in results. It may be an easy matter to recognize the reality of the peculiar phenomena, but to examine into its nature and laws satisfactorily, will require the assistance of the most favorable circumstances. Hence no such investigation would be recommended unless the above essential conditions be complied with.

NOTE C.—Such persons are called *mediums*. They appear to elaborate in their systems the imponderable agent, spirod, in sufficient quantity and of the requisite tension to be used by the force of volition (see notes F and M) for the control of the subordinate forces of nature in the production of the phenomena. This seems to be merely an

idiosyncrasy of constitution which frequently varies with a change in the normal actions of the various functions of the body, so that the same medium will at times evolve the spirod force with greater facility than at other periods. Probably it is impracticable to designate who are, or who will be mediums until tested, since they appear not to vary in many cases from the usual appearance of sound, healthy individuals. Though the majority of them are probably of a nervous temperament, it does not follow that a nervous person is, or will be, a medium; the chances are that they will become so should they place themselves under the proper circumstances sufficiently often. Indeed, such might eventually happen to all individuals perhaps, as many persons apparently not at all susceptible at first have proved to be so after a frequent attendance at circles.

The spirod force seems to exhibit different modes of action with different classes of mediums, depending probably on its particular tension, so that sounds take place more easily in the presence of some than with others; the same may be said of the moving of objects, etc. There are many kinds of mediums, such as *rapping*, *ticking* (slight sounds), *moving* (articles), *writing*, *dotting* (letters), *speaking*, *slapping* (on table), *stamping*, *tipping* (tables, etc.), *seeing* (spiritual beings and odic lights), *feeling* (touches, etc.), *hearing* (spiritual voices), *impressible* (ideas), *pantomimic*, *clairvoyant*, and *obsessed*.

There are also *mediums for visions*, and clairvoyant mediums, who combine two or more modes of action. The two classes last mentioned are probably the highest in order, though the most available are those who write and speak. The *rapping* and *moving* mediums are the most interesting to many persons, since the phenomena produced in their presence appeal so strongly to the senses; they are mainly the ones to be employed in a scientific investigation.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

INDIAN MEDIUMS.

Mediums are, and have been, known from the earliest traditions to many, if not all, of the Indian tribes, under the name of medicine men, doctors, and jugglers.

The matter seems to be well understood by them in many respects, since they but seldom fail in their efforts to obtain "physical manifestations" as well as "communications." They proceed as follows: The "medicine man" fasts for some days, or puts himself on a very spare diet, taking copious sweats and uttering incantations. A peculiar lodge is then constructed under his directions, consisting of eight green saplings, from three to four inches or more in diameter, placed securely some two feet in the earth in a circle, inclining toward each other in a conical form, with an opening of a foot or more in the top, and elevated some twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. These poles are firmly secured by interlacing withes in their conical form, and then covered over by matting. In this lodge the "medicine man" seats himself on the ground, there being just room enough for this purpose, with his hands and feet secured, if desired. Then soon commences heavy concussions from the lodge, shaking the earth for many yards around, accompanied by various sounds, and followed by a powerful action in the lodge itself, which sways to and fro with great force, until its top bends far toward the earth, on either side, far surpassing the power of its occupant even if unfettered. These "physical manifestations" are followed by audible and

clairvoyant communications with good and bad spirits—as they assert—who correctly answer questions, foretell events, etc., etc.

They state that they are visited by many spirits which they see and converse with, and that they thus are informed of the future state of existence, which, as they describe it, remarkably coincides with our spiritual communications on the same matter.

These facts are well known to the old inhabitants of this region, who vouch to me for their truth, as being repeatedly witnessed by themselves, and from their honesty and respectability I feel assured of the correctness of their statements.

NOTE D.—The object may be a table, chair, hat, or, indeed, any movable substance; the nature of the material seems to be of little moment in general, though metals and crystalline substances, particularly iron, steel, and glass, should be avoided on account of the peculiar nervous perturbations caused in some mediums by their proximity. The phenomena desired may occur, however, without increase or diminution, when not only the medium, but all the members of the circle may have their hands or feet in contact with large and powerful magnets. In such instances the raps or concussions will at times take place on, or between, the steel plates of the magnet itself, as if caused by slight detonations of fulminating powder.

Generally a light table, without a cover, is the most convenient article to be employed, though the spirid force may be of sufficient tension and quantity to move a large and heavy one with equal facility. The power exhibited under favorable circumstances is astonishingly great; indeed, so remarkable seems to be the force in operation, as contrasted with its apparently inert source of emanation, that the observer can not but entertain exalted ideas of its availability in practical life, should its production and control be reduced to known conditions.

If the idea be entertained that the ancients possibly understood the direction of this force, then the management of the prodigious masses of rock used in some of their constructions might be satisfactorily comprehended.

NOTE E.—The desire must be of a passive nature, for any over-anxiety or excess of excitement will deteriorate, if not entirely prevent, the occurrence of the phenomena. Any active exertion of will by the parties engaged is, in general, inoperative or detrimental in its influence, nevertheless, in some cases, the volition of the medium or circle evidently controls the action of the spirid force, though it would appear to be a rare occurrence. (See Note B, Number Two.)

NOTE F.—The time required will vary with the conditions; a few minutes will suffice, frequently, in presence of a suitable medium assisted by a proper "circle," while in other cases it may take hours to have the desired results produced, if attained at all. The same individuals joining in the circle at the same hour repeatedly will, in many cases, succeed, where they have entirely failed in the first instance. This fact seems to arise from a combination of causes:

First.—The spirid force is radiated, like the rays of light from a luminous object, probably at all times from the bodies of all persons, but requires collection or concentration on the object to sufficiently increase its amount and tension.

This concentrating power seems to reside in the automatic system, and, like other automatic phenomena, may not be directly under the control of the conscious mind,

though readily influenced to a limited extent by the idea-motor power. Hence the marked influence of suggestions in diminishing the force as seen in Note T., and the advantage to be derived from continued and confident expectation.

As soon as the spirod has been accumulated in sufficient quantity and of the proper tension, it is ready to pass from the automatic control to that of the volition force of intelligence; this may be that of the inner mind or spirit, or of a spiritual being, hence will be termed, in the future, *spiritual intelligence*, to distinguish it from the ordinary mind, which possesses but little of any such power.

Second.—The currents of spirod in the different members of the "circle" may be opposed to each other (8, 9), and time will be required to harmonize or arrange them all in one direction.

Third.—The spirod may be of too low a tension, and require the inductive excitement (11) to be repeated to sufficiently intensify its nature that it may be susceptible of control by the volition force, or that it may be able to influence the subordinate polar forces (20).

NOTE G.—This disturbance may be either in the article as a unit, or it may be a molecular movement in its substance, plainly perceptible by the touch, giving the sensation of life or vitality to its matter.

NOTE H.—These movements, when produced by a simple evolution or discharge of the spirod into the substance of the object, are irregular in their action, and unaccompanied by intelligence.

NOTE I.—Of this fact the investigator will at once satisfy himself when in presence of a proper medium; the article sometimes rising in the air when touched by the extremity of a finger is in itself altogether conclusive; indeed, the object may move, and even rise in the air, without being in contact with any one.

The movements of a table when persons are seated around it with no medium present, having their hands placed thereon, are in many cases produced by a "reflex" action of the cerebrum, causing an automatic action of the muscles of the hands and arms. What are called *tipping* mediums are sometimes under this unconscious self-influence.

In all such cases there is either no intelligence communicated, or ideas—of an ordinary nature—are given which had previously been formed and lingered in the mind, evincing its true "reflex" or automatic action; as an individual may unconsciously hum a tune or read a page. Test questions requiring activity and versatility of ideas or clairvoyant perception can not be answered of necessity by this "reflex" action. (See Number Two.)

NOTE J.—This bears some analogy to a thermo-electric battery, the individuals answering to so many pairs or elements, the current, when existing, gathering both quantity and intensity in its course. Also, should the action be feeble, or reversed in any one member, the entire current will be affected.

This shows the necessity of care in the composition of the "circle," rejecting such persons as shall be found on trial detrimental by their influence; indeed, should the spirod evolved by them be of the opposite polarity to that of the "circle" (8), it were better that they should not remain in its vicinity.

A medium who evolves freely the spirod force, assisted by a proper "circle," will in most cases overpower the detrimental effect of such individual as far as the movements and sounds are concerned, but their influence will be experienced in the effort to obtain communications.

In many cases there seems to be no current in any direction, but simply a radiation or evolution of the force into the substance of the article; when this is the case there is no advantage gained by touching or joining hands. It is probable that the currents, whenever they occur, are produced through the action of the automatic system under the impression that they do exist, or are necessary.

That currents do occur at times, is familiar to all who have had experience at "circles," the sensation being quite distinct in the arms, as if entering one and passing out at the other.

NOTE K.—This indicates that the spirod can be accumulated in matter, analogous to the infusing of a liquid into a porous substance, *where it remains for a period*, and can be used by the volition force of any spiritual intelligence for producing the phenomena of sounds and movements.

NOTE L.—Such articles are probably charged with spirod emanating from the persons present and passing to them through the floor, etc. In such cases, probably, every article in the vicinity is in the same condition. This peculiar species of phenomena is generally under the direction of spiritual intelligence, as evinced by the character of the movements themselves, even when to a casual observer they might appear to exhibit no such connection. Thus a chair may be moved with considerable velocity about a room, but no person present will be injured, or even touched by it. The movements in general indicate the action of a powerful force, under the controlling influence of spiritual beings.

The reason why the movements evince in general much greater power when controlled by a disembodied spirit, than when under the direction of the interior or embodied spirit, may perhaps be explained as follows. The force of a magnet is apparently quite weak while in connection with the attracting matter of its armature, thus the volition force of the inner intelligence may be to a considerable degree absorbed or neutralized by the attractive forces of the matter of the body, and so exhibit but feeble, if any, control over the spirod phenomena.

NOTE M.—This relates to the phenomena of knocks, raps, and sounds of certain mediums, and appears to be caused by a molecular disturbance in the substance of the object on which they occur, produced by the action of the spirod force on the polar forces of the particles of matter. This may hence take place even in the air, which, however, is a rare circumstance. In order to give some conception of its supposed mode of action, a short discussion on the nature of forces in general will be requisite.

The forces of nature, as far as known, are to be found in the reciprocal action of what are known as imponderable agents, such as light, heat, electricity, etc. These seem to be generally admitted to consist of extremely minute and excessively rapid undulations of an ethereal medium, or ocean of fluid, which permeates all matter, and extends continuously throughout the boundless realms of infinitude. This universal medium is, in one sense, matter, since it exists and acts like matter in an ex-

ceedingly rare state, by resisting the motions of the heavenly bodies. In calling this ocean of fluid matter, it must be understood, however, only in the sense as an existence which becomes tangible to immensely extended surfaces moving with the highest velocities; for it may be unparticled, and hence widely different from what is known as matter, the particles of which are essentially connected with polar forces.

Indeed, matter may itself be composed of associated points of action, or foci of undulations, of this same medium.

We only know matter by its properties, hence what are termed its molecules or ultimate particles may be nothing more than an indefinite number of congregated points or foci of motion.

If forces be all of the same nature, as electricity, light, and heat, then if matter be but accumulated foci of forces, it follows that such points of action are foci of ethereal undulations.

Hence it would follow, that the boundless ethereal ocean, with its infinitely varying undulations, compose the entire universe, and each point or particle of which would be an epitome of the whole. If it be supposed that from each point of action there evolve several kinds of undulations differing in intensity of motion, there would result ordinary matter with all its associated forces. (See Supplemental Notes.)

The molecules of matter being acted upon by polar forces have mainly two resultants, one when they are nearly approximated called cohesion, which holds them united in forms, and the other operating at all tangible distances called gravitation, uniting the material universe in its higher forms of separated parts. The properties of all forces seem to resolve themselves in the ultimate to simple attraction and repulsion, or polarity, which hence constitutes the primary cause of all motion.

The motions of the human system are either voluntary or involuntary; the former seem to arise as follows. The mind first recognises what it desires should be done, or the idea is formed of the wished-for action. Volition becomes thus excited, and executes the desire by putting in action the nervous force; this, by stimulating the the necessary polar forces, as electricity, etc., produces a disturbance in the intensity of the attraction and repulsion of the molecules of muscular matter, which hence approach or recede from each other, resulting in physical movement. If force be defined that which, directly or indirectly, can produce molecular action, then the phenomena have arisen from a series of descending forces ultimating on matter, viz., first, the force of intelligence; second, the volition force; third, the nervous force; and fourth, the polar forces immediately acting on the particles or points of matter. Thus the volition force can indirectly act on the subordinate forces of matter and produce molecular action, and if this action be sufficiently intense, sound is the result. Should heat impinge on some surfaces,* it will cause an action among the particles of its matter by disturbing their cohesive forces, and this may cause sounds, raps, or concussions.

Thus the spirod which passes into the object from the medium or "circle" is the connecting link between the will and polar forces of matter; hence when an intelligence desires to produce sounds on or movements of an object, it puts in operation the volition force or will, which acts on the spirod force, which in its turn controls the polar forces of the particles of matter, causing a disturbance among them resulting in sound, or a combined movement of the whole. (See Note X.)

*As a sheet-iron fire-blower, for instance.

NOTE N.—If a proper “circle” of persons meet for the purpose of witnessing spiritual-physical phenomena, and the party be joined by an individual of a decided force of will, who is firmly of the opinion that the entire matter is an imposition, and hence feels hostile to its development, the spirod force of his automatic system will act in an antagonistic manner to that of the “circle,” being under the control of his belief, desire, or volition, and so modify, or more or less neutralize, its action. A similar detrimental action will manifestly occur, though in an inferior degree, should an individual of strong volition desire to witness the phenomena, at the same time being doubtful in his mind as to its actual occurrence. (See Note J.)

NOTE O.—(See Note J.) The spirod is probably radiated from all parts of the system, but very unequally, the polar parts, as the head, hands, feet, and stomach, having much the greatest action in its evolution.

NOTE P.—Experience seems to show that all *believing* persons (see Note J), who meet sufficiently often to develop the proper evolution of the spirod and harmonize its action (See Note F), are beneficial in procuring the desired phenomena, hence all assist in its evolution.

NOTE Q.—If the members of a “circle” shall singly enter a room and place their hands on a table or other object with a desire for the phenomena, and after a stated time shall leave the apartment and be replaced by another, and so on, until each one shall have been so engaged alone, it will generally happen that no marked result will be produced. Should the entire party now be assembled for the same period, the desired action will, as usual, be obtained. Hence their mutual approximation has produced what each one singly could not, and as by hypothesis the party by previous meetings has harmonized and developed the evolution of the spirod in each individual case, it follows that an inductive influence has heightened its action.

NOTE R.—Numerous experiments were made relative to these facts, such as the employment of powerful magnets, placed in contact with the hands and feet of the medium and members of the “circle,” with various other arrangements of them. In such cases, although the medium or mediums were in some instances considerably affected by their proximity, as also members of the “circle,” nevertheless the phenomena of concussions, etc., continued, and in some cases took place even on and between the steel plates of the magnets themselves on which the hands or feet of the medium rested, as if their presence was wholly inoperative in influencing the phenomena. Statical and galvanic electricity were also employed in various ways, such as insulating the medium, table, etc.; charging them with positive and negative forces; passing shocks and currents in different directions through the medium and “circle,” as well as through the medium alone; electrifying the immediate atmosphere by numerous points; taking sparks from the surface of the table; placing the hands of the medium in contact with delicate electroscopes, also in contact with an exceedingly sensitive galvanometer, etc., etc., all of which seemed to influence, or be influenced by, the phenomena in no appreciable degree.

Different temperatures were tried, but as long as the mediums and “circle” were comfortable in their own persons, it seemed to be of but little consequence as regards the particular temperature of the articles or of the air of the apartment; a warm,

debilitating atmosphere seems detrimental by weakening the elaboration of the vital forces. It is not impossible that the constituents of the spirod are imbibed from the air in breathing, and afterward elaborated by the nervous system to the proper tension.* The muscular forces probably have their origin in the food assimilated by the digestive functions, but the control of these forces by forces intermediate to volition may be derived from the atmosphere, hence may be exhausted by over action, for want of breath, and the corresponding control over the former lost long before the polar forces themselves have become deficient in quantity; a fresh supply of air thus reinvigorates the system.

NOTE S.—The influence of light on the phenomena is singularly marked at times;† while the movements of objects may be but slight, or not at all, in a well-lighted apartment, on decreasing its amount, in many cases, the disturbance increases, and arrives at a maximum in total darkness. Red light appears to be less detrimental than flame of other colors. Darkness, by concentrating the attention, by lessening the number of causes that draw off the mind, must be, in general, highly beneficial for the evolution of the spirod. In many cases light seems to have no effect, either in assisting or counteracting the movements; it would thence appear that either there is a particular tension of the spirod at which the rays of light can neutralize its action, or that the lessened effect results from the influence of the automatic system from an entertained impression that it is injurious; this entertained idea probably more frequently influences the volition of the controlling intelligence.

NOTE T.—Spirod appears to be slowly conducted by matter, like heat, and its accumulation in a substance resembles the absorption of a liquid by a porous material, remaining infused for a considerable (undetermined) period. This causes the same table or object to be used again with advantage.

If the members of a "circle" hold in their hands short rods of metal, or other substance, touching the table, the effect will be nearly the same as if the hands were employed alone; with ribbons or strings, instead of rods, the effect would be much less. It is very difficult to make such experiments satisfactorily, on account of the overruling action of the unconscious volition. For example, should the object be moving, and the experimenter touch it with a wire, asserting to the "circle" that it will conduct off the force and thus stop the movement, it generally will happen that the motion suddenly ceases. Now, should he secretly substitute a string, or any thing else that resembles a wire, in the experiment, the same result follows. Had he asserted, and been believed, in the first instance that the wire would not affect the phenomena, then no interference would have taken place.

The inferior conducting power of loose material for the spirod is shown likewise by the increased difficulty rapping mediums have in procuring concussions on the floor, or other object, when standing on a thick cushion. This experiment must be made, however, before the floor becomes charged with spirod, otherwise the result

* One is thus reminded of the experiment of lifting an individual by the extremities of the fingers by all inhaling and exhaling their breath at the same time.

† The influence of light on this imponderable (spirod) reminds the electrician of the detrimental action of flame on bodies charged with electricity, which, when sufficiently near, entirely neutralizes or draws off this agent.

might not so clearly be perceived. Such mediums will procure sounds more readily on an article by touching it with a hand or foot than when not so connected.

NOTE U.—Those changes in the atmosphere which affect injuriously the vital forces of the medium and “circle,” affect in a more or less degree the evolution of the spirod; and conversely, those states of the weather which increase those forces seem to increase likewise this force. The subject, however, is a complex matter, on account of the different constitutions of the members of the “circle,” the same state of atmosphere producing, in many cases, different effects on the different persons.

NOTE V.—All the phenomena of the spirod force occur at times in particular localities, independently of the presence of any particular persons or persons, hence the spirod employed in its production must have been evolved from the locality itself, in the ordinary composition and evolution of the forces of nature, this particular one differing from the others probably only in its higher character, and hence controlling power. In all such cases, as far as known, the phenomenon is accompanied with and directed by intelligence, necessarily it is believed, under the circumstances, other than that of embodied humanity.

NOTE W.—It happens at times that one or more persons of a “circle” feel electrical shocks or spasms, which closely resemble in feeling the effects produced by a discharge of a large Leyden jar weakly charged; this is not caused by electricity, however, since in other respects it exhibits none of its properties, but seems to be an unconscious discharge of the spirod, which, in its passage, disturbs the muscular polar forces. Mediums appear to be subject to such disturbances oftener than other persons, and not unfrequently the spasms are coincident with the occurrence of the phenomena of sounds, etc. This force resembles that of the electrical fishes in its capability of being projected from the system instead of following the shortest line of conducting substances in the circuit of the discharge.

It is quite probable that the spirod is projected from the system of all persons at times, and that such discharges are, occasionally, sufficiently intense to cause sounds in solid adjacent substances. This molecular disturbance may be known to take place by the aid of a stethoscope, or the disturbed surface of a capsule of mercury placed on the article, when not otherwise recognizable.

Notwithstanding the power of projection of the spirod through solid conductors, it seems to have considerable difficulty in passing through loose substances, such as a ribbon or string; hence if an object be suspended from the ceiling, or other support, by any loose material, it will be found impracticable in the general case to obtain on it raps, sounds, or movements.* Notwithstanding the above, the dress of the mediums, as also of some of the “circle,” becomes at times highly charged with spirod, so as to rustle and move quite distinctly, and even the raps may occur on it visibly, as if filleted by the fingers.

NOTE X.—This is evident from its attendant phenomena of molecular disturbance

* It would follow from the above that where the force is weak, a carpet should not be on the floor where the sounds take place, or a table-cover used.

and physical motion. Its probable mode of action in producing sounds and concussions has been alluded to in Note M, and a suggestion will be made here as to its possible operation in the movements of objects.

There is a remarkable fact attending the movement of matter through this agent, viz., that the forces in action do not seem to be reciprocal, i. e., to be mutually attractive or repulsive. For example, a table or other object will at times be repelled with such force from the medium as to resist the utmost efforts of one person to counteract such tendency, while the medium appears not in the least affected thereby, or experiencing any sensation of reactive force; a similar phenomenon attends attraction.

Now, if the medium be the focus of emanation of such forces, here seems to be a startling paradox in the laws of nature, for action and reaction are held to be universal.

This may be explained, perhaps, by supposing the spirod to act on the polar forces of the object moved, with reference to all surrounding matter, so as to intensify their mutual action in one direction only, thus a corresponding resultant of force would move the object accordingly, without reacting on the medium.

The most simple part of the phenomena is where the object only rises in the air, for in fact it is no more wonderful to see a table rise under the influence of an undetermined force without visible support, than it is to see masses of iron rise in the atmosphere and remain intangibly supported, under the influence of helical currents of electricity, the only difference being, that the laws which govern the latter have been to a certain extent investigated and determined.

The mystery, then, is not in the physical phenomena *per se*, but in its intelligent controlling agents.

NOTE Y.—Although it generally happens that the phenomena attending the evolution of spirod are attended by intelligence, such is not always the case, the movements, etc., evincing at times no such evidence, but apparently being merely the results of a natural or accidental disturbance of the forces engaged.

NOTE Z.—Such as moving of articles and persons; ringing of bells; writing with pen or pencil; opening and shutting doors; pulling off bedclothes; playing on musical instruments; knocks; jarring; creaking; sawing; planing; nailing; rustling; cracking; sound of a gale at sea; dashing of the waves; hauling of ropes; sighs; panting; groans; scratching; footsteps; beating of time to music; beating a drum; distant reports of artillery and small-arms; touching different parts of the body; answering questions; answering mental questions; giving account of events passing at a distance; foretelling things in the future, etc., etc. Much of the above, though not all, has been experienced personally.

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF LOVE.

THROUGH J. W. EDMONDS, MEDIUM.

THAT remote light approaches, and amid it, is seen a spirit sitting on a throne surrounded by great numbers, coming through space. A lovely voice comes from that spirit saying :

"Your grossness repelled, your increasing purity attracts us. The holy light of God's love in which we dwell begins to surround you, and while it draws us down, it lifts you up.

'It raises a mortal to the skies,
And brings an angel down.' "

The scene approaches quite near to me, so that I can recognize some of those who are standing near the throne. What a beautiful lesson it is !

"We come," says that spirit, "from the far distant realms of the blest, to aid in the divine work of the redemption of man. We come, because the tidings have reached us in our bright abodes that man may be redeemed, and we come by His divine command as your redeemer ; and standing here by my side is the messenger who has triumphed over death and the grave, who has brought to us the glad tidings that the hour of your redemption is nigh. She comes, borne on the wings of that love which is of God, buoyed up by that purity which here is power, and in humble adoration of the great Creator ; in the child-like confidence, in the ever-enduring affection of the heavenly Father she has come, invoking to the task the power of the bright and the pure who have long since passed from your sphere. It is the voice of God which speaks from her heart, and we obey it. It is the appeal of that affection which pervades all His creation, which is the atmosphere in which we live, and which finds in our hearts a ready response. We come, then, in the might and love of our heavenly Father to dispel the darkness which ages of ignorance have cast around your footsteps, to overthrow that infidelity which has had its birth in the struggle between the ignorance which has mistaught and the knowledge which has confuted. We come to teach man that the great qualities which mark his existence, the attributes which he derives from

the Great First Cause, and the exercise of which can alone bear him back to the source whence he springs, are knowledge and love—knowledge, in which alone is to be found the power to perform the great duty before you, and love, which attracts you to others and others to you, and can alone give you strength to perform it. That love slumbers ever in the deepest recesses of your hearts. It is planted there by the hand of the Almighty. Bury it deep as you may beneath the mountain load of your material propensities, it must, it will yet spring forth to answer to the voice of God when it speaks to it.

“That knowledge, whence shall you derive it? From the voice of man? Oh, how vain the hope! See how many centuries have rolled into eternity while such has been the source whence you have drawn your knowledge, and see how far, in consequence of it, you are lagging behind your immortal destiny. Will you seek for it in the teachings of those whose whole material existence is enveloped in the selfish desire of building up sects? Will you seek it in the lessons which conflict with what you know and see and feel to be true in God's works around you? Will you seek it in the teachings which deaden the affections, which blight the divine love that is planted within you, and which forbid you to exercise your reason? Will you seek it in the teachings that war, day by day and hour by hour, with the divine attributes of knowledge and love which are a part of your nature? Do you hope to find it in the awful struggle to which the human heart has been so long subjected, to receive a faith against which the instincts of your heart revolts, and which your God-like reason can not comprehend? Will you grope thus darkly amid the crumbling ruins which the past ages of ignorance have left in your path? With your God above you, will you still keep your eyes cast downward? Such has been the progress of the past—has it made man happy? Has it advanced him in the destiny that is before him? Has it not, on the other hand, filled your earth with strife, bloodshed, and misery? Can no lesson be drawn from the unhappy past? Will you still grope along, dead to the lessons which experience teaches? Will you still choose darkness rather than light that your deeds may still be evil? And think you that the great Creator has not revealed His laws so that you may understand them? Indeed, indeed He has. Through mortals and through nature, in His words and in His works, alike has He spoken to man. Read, learn, and be wise, but think not that in the great volume of nature which He spreads out for your view He has omitted to write His eternal and immutable laws, and has designed to give them only through the lips of weak and erring mortals like yourselves. What are the countless worlds

that sparkle in this star-lit dome but pages in the great book of His revelation? What are the immeasurable hosts of sentient beings, destined like you to inherit immortality, who inhabit those countless worlds, but parts of the great lesson He is ever teaching?

"The grass that springs beneath your feet, the pebble on which you tread, the brook with its gentle murmur, the cataract with its hoarser roar, the ocean in its boundless majesty, the humble flower that blooms unseen amid the depths of the forest, the lofty mountain towering high toward heaven, the cattle on a thousand hills, the forest redolent of life and joyous song, the soft and balmy air, the storm that rages, the noonday sun and the darkness of midnight, the aspirations of your own hearts, the operations of the omnipotent thought that is placed within you, the child nestling fondly in its mother's arms and old age tottering on the verge of the grave, all are parts of the great lesson He is teaching of His will and His love. They are His revelations, and unlike those which man gives man, to the honest inquirer they can not falsify or deceive.

"Read then His word which He has thus written with His own almighty hand in the book thus open before you, and see if there you can find one precept that conflicts with the instincts of your immortal nature, which are ever, amid all your corruptions and darkness, teaching the ever-abiding truth that God is love, and that to be with Him and of Him, love must be the breath of your nostrils, the life-blood of your heart, the very spirit of your existence.

"This lesson we come to teach to weak and erring man, to lift him from the degradation into which his material propensities have sunk him and draw him nigher unto God.

"In that love, and in man's capacity to understand and appreciate it, he will find at once his Redeemer and his Saviour. Whether it be spoken through mortal lips, or through His vast creation, it is still full mighty to triumph over sin and death, all powerful to save, all conquering for man.

"This is the lesson which the bright hosts of heaven are pouring in such glorious streams of light on benighted man. The hour has come. The day of his redemption is nigh, and against its advent the power of darkness can no longer prevail. Heaven, through its mighty mansions, rejoices in songs of praise to Him. Already has its joy visited your hearts, and soon shall it spread abroad, infusing into the hearts of mankind the knowledge of His love, that man aiming at His purity may bask in its glorious light forever and ever."

THE ORGAN BOY.

THROUGH MRS. SWEET, MEDIUM.

How chilly it is to-night ! I'm so hungry. I wonder if that fine lady wouldn't give me a piece of bread ! How cold it is, and how the wind blows ! If I could get into a corner somewhere. If I only was at home. This heavy old organ tires me so, dragging it about the streets all day. When I get home, I'm so tired I want to lay down and die. I don't know as I need play any longer. No one notices me. They hav'n't given me a penny. I've traveled the streets since early dawn, and not a penny to buy a meal. I must go to my miserable home, to my dark hovel and bed of rags, with nothing but my organ for a pillow. It is very cheerless to lead such a life, and yet I love that old organ. When my father died, it was all the inheritance he left for his lonely son, his poor neglected boy, as he called me ; and he prayed that the light of prosperity might shine on my head to light up my path, his had been so dark and gloomy. And when he passed from earth he spoke of the prospect beyond the grave as a happy relief from all his sufferings and sorrow, his wants and wretchedness. Poor, dear father ! What a kind, affectionate heart he had ! He loved me, and besides me loved only one thing—this poor old organ.

Ever since I've been wandering, striving to catch the attention of lovers of sweet sounds by the tones of the dear old organ. Sometimes they laugh at me, and sometimes they cuff me. Happy little children ! there are so few of them that notice me. I love it too, for it's the only companion I've had since he left. Its tones grow faint at times, as if it was holding communion with me when troubles grow thick upon me, when want stares me in the face, when I've not even a crust of bread to keep me from starving. It seemed as if its old tones pealed out in sympathy with my sorrows.

What a curious world this is ! See that splendid carriage roll along ! Its occupants seem very happy, regardless of the sufferings of others, and intent only on their own enjoyment. And when I look at them I think it may be right. I love all beautiful things. I love many things, so many I dare not tell what, but above all, good music. Sometimes when the church doors are open for the gay throng, I creep in and listen to the

glorious notes pealed forth from that grand organ. I hide in a dark corner, and drink in the sweet sounds, and forget I am hungry and ragged, poor and forsaken. Then my soul seems so large, so tall, so straight. It goes up, up, forgetting every thing beneath, and carried far away by that sweet music.

Then, by and by, the sexton finds me, and kicks me and cuffs me and turns me out, and I feel so wretched. It's a curious world. I love music as much as those grand people, though I am so ignorant and coarse; yet I love many beautiful things, and love them so much.

But I've such a shocking pain in my side, and a sharp and hollow cough. Sometimes I raise blood, and I'm too poor to employ a doctor. What shall I do when no longer able to walk the streets or creep into that grand building to hear that sweet music? I grow daily weaker and more feeble.

[Here there was a pause, during which Mrs. S. went through the death scene. When she began again to speak it was in a whisper.]

It's very dark. Is it night? I've been dreaming. I thought I heard father's voice calling me. There 'tis again. Now it's getting a little lighter. But my father can't be here!

What a curious-looking place is this! How strange! I see some one yonder that looks like my father. That pain is all gone, and I don't cough any more. Where's the old organ? That's gone too. Where am I? Oh, father! He says I've been dying, and am alive again in another world. It begins to look light. How well you do look! They use you here better, don't they! You are not a bit ragged. Do you get enough to eat? Do they kick and cuff you about here? Do they play on organs here? Yes, he says, as much as I like. It all looks so strange. I don't know which way to go. I should soon lose my way. Why, you look so different! I stand up straight, my lungs are sound; then you look so well, father, so clean and healthy. He is laughing at me, to think I am so surprised.

This is a curious-looking spirit-world. He is going to take me away up, to strip me of every thing not in keeping with this place. He is going to give me new garments, and place me in a beautiful house where there is a grand organ to play on. I'm so happy; I'm glad I died. I'm so glad, I feel so well. The people all look so well, more alike than they did on earth; they look pleasant, and don't kick me and cuff me. Well, I am going with you, dear father! I am so glad he is so well situated. I don't see into it. I don't understand it. I've heard of Heaven, but this a'nt it; but it's a very good place. He says, I've got to begin to

learn what I ought to have learned on earth. He says my native talent for music being great, it never had sufficient unfolding while on earth, but now I shall be introduced to the society of the great musicians who have long since passed away, and I may become as accomplished as they, and in time become one of those harmonious spirits who shall wield a great power through the hearts of angels and men.



THE MISSION OF KINDNESS

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

Go to the sick man's chamber; low and soft
Falls on the listening ear a sweet-toned voice;
A hand as gentle as the summer breeze,
Ever inclined to offices of good,
Smooths o'er the sick man's pillow, and then turns
To trim the midnight lamp, moisten the lips,
And passing over sooth the fevered brow.
Thus charity finds place in woman's heart;
And woman kind, and beautiful, and good,
Doth thus administer to every want,
Nor wearies in her task, but labors on
And finds her joy in that which she imparts.

Go to the prisoner's cell; to-morrow's light
Shall be the last on earth he e'er shall see.
He mutters hate 'gainst all, and threatens ill
To every semblance of the human form.
Deep in his soul remorse, despair, and hate
Dwell unilluminated by one ray of light,
And sway his spirit as the waves are swayed
By wind and storm. He may have cause to hold
His fellow-men as foes, for at the first
Of his departure from an upright course
They scorned and shunned and cursed him.
They sinned thus, and he, in spite for them,
Kept on his sullen way from wrong to wrong.
Which is the greatest sinner? He shall say
Who of the hearts of men alone is judge.

Now, in his cell condemned, he waits the hour,
The last sad hour of mortal life to him.
His oaths and blasphemies he sudden stays!
He thinks he hears upon his prison door
A gentle tap. Oh, to his hardened heart
That gentle sound a sweet remembrance brings
Of better days—two-score of years gone by,
Days when his mother, rapping softly thus,
Called him to morning prayer. Again 'tis heard.
Is it a dream? Asleep! He can not sleep
With chains around and shameful death before him!
Is it the false allurements of some foe
Who would with such enticement draw him forth
To meet destruction ere th' appointed time.

Softened and calmed, each angry passion lulled,
By a soft voice, "Come in," he trembling calls.
Slow on its hinges turns the ponderous door.
And "Friend" the word that falls from stranger lips.
As dew on flowers, as rain on parched ground,
So came the word unto the prisoner's ear.
He speaks not—moves not. Oh, his heart is full,
Too full for utterance; and as floods of tears
Flow from his eyes, so all unused to weep,
He bows down low e'en at the stranger's feet.

He had not known what 'twas to have a friend.
The word came to him like a voice from heaven,
A voice of love to one who'd heard but hate.
"Friend?" Mysterious word to him who'd known no friend.
Oh, what a power that simple word hath o'er him!
As now he holds the stranger's hand in his,
And bows his head upon it, he doth seem
Gentle and kind, and docile as a child.
Repentance comes with kindness, goodness rears
Its cross on Calvary's height, inspiring hope
Which triumphs over evil and its guilt.

Oh, how much changed! and all by simple words
Spoken in love and kindness from the heart.
Oh, love and kindness! matchless power have ye
To mould the human heart; where'er ye dwell
There is no sorrow, but a living joy.
There is no man whom God hath placed on earth
That hath not some humanity within,
And is not moved with kindness joined with love.
The wildest savage from whose firelit eye
Flashes the lightning passions of his soul,

Who stands, and feeling he hath been wronged,
 That he hath trusted and been basely used,
 And that to him revenge were doubly sweet,
 Dares all the world to combat and to death,
 Even *he* hath dwelling in his inmost heart
 A chord that quick will vibrate to kind words.
 Go unto such with kindness, not with wrath,
 Let your eye look love and 'twill disarm him
 Of all the evil passions with which he
 Hath mailed his soul in terrible array.

Think not to tame the wild by brutal force.
 As well attempt to stay devouring flames
 By heaping fagots on the blazing pile.
 Go, do man good, and the deep-hidden spark
 Of true divinity concealed within
 Will brighten up, and thou shalt see its glow,
 And feel its cheering warmth. Oh, we lose much
 By calling passion's aid to vanquish wrong.
 We should stand within love's holy temple,
 And with persuasive kindness call men in,
 Rather than leaving it use other means,
 Unblest of God, and therefore weak and vain,
 To force them on before us into bliss.

There is a luxury in doing good,
 Which none but by experience e'er can know.
 He's blest who doeth good. Sleep comes to him
 On wings of sweetest peace; and angels meet
 In joyous convoys ever round his couch;
 They watch and guard, protect and pray for him.
 All mothers bend the knee, and children, too,
 Clasp their fair hands and raise their undimmed eyes
 As if to pierce the shadowy veil that hangs
 Between themselves and God—then pray that he
 Will bless with Heaven's best gifts the friend of man.

There's none ungrateful quite; there's none who've lost
 Each ray of holy light, each hope that made
 Man's first great bliss, and Eden's fold a heaven.

CHELSEA, MASS.

DIALOGUES.

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER II.

SKEPTIC.—I understand that you believe in the *spiritual* origin of all these table-movings, knockings, etc. Is it so?

SPIRITUALIST.—Yes. I have examined the subject with the utmost care, and have devoted to it three or four years of diligent investigation; and I have proved to my own satisfaction that upon no other theory can the phenomena be explained.

SKEP.—I should perhaps be willing to accede to this view of the subject if I did not perceive that the information claimed to be obtained from tipping tables, raps, etc., denied the authority of the Bible.

SP.—Each one of us understands the Bible differently. There are in the great Church of Christ many sects, among whom there are great differences of doctrine. Some believe in eternal damnation for sin—others in eternal salvation for all. Could any doctrines be more widely separated? Some believe that *infants* are damned. Some believe that no one's salvation can be complete without the ceremony of baptism. Some must be confessed and shrived, and some must have a change of heart to be saved. All these doctrines are drawn from the same Bible. Spiritualism does not differ so much from orthodoxy as some of these faiths from each other.

SKEP.—But you Spiritualists have no punishment for sin. You claim that all are saved alike. This seems very unlike the doctrines taught by our Saviour.

SP.—It is a usual thing for a new faith to be misunderstood and misrepresented. It is the orthodox faith which professes to save people from their sins, even at the last moment of a life of the greatest iniquity.

SKEP.—Yes, but it is through the merits of the atoning blood of Christ.

SP.—That is the great point in which we differ from you. We are taught to believe that no one can escape from the consequences of his own act. That every sin committed, whether of thought, word, or deed,

fastens upon the sinner, and can never be removed but by repentance. We do not believe in atonement, and we believe that no such doctrine was ever taught by Christ. We believe that every man will have to atone for himself, and that it is folly to suppose that one may be as wicked as the most depraved heart could be, and then, at the last moment, when there was no more time for sin, throw himself on the merits of the Redeemer and be saved, with a salvation as perfect as that awarded to the sincerely good man.

SKEP.—But that is the word of God, and we must not reject the doctrine because we can not understand it.

SP.—It is the word of God *as you understand it*. I see it differently. I can see that every one is the child of his own acts, or, more correctly speaking, the creature of his own acts and of the circumstances around him. A man may be born with a peculiar organization. This is the fault of his ancestors. He may have had bad training in his youth. That is the fault of his teachers. He may be tempted to indulgence in vices of drinking, etc. That is the crime of society. But amid all these, it is his *own fault* if he does not act conscientiously. In every case he is the result of preëxisting causes. It is his misfortune to be so. But he can not be *saved* (using the term in the popular sense, and meaning by it made perfectly happy hereafter) without self-regeneration. He must purify his own heart, reform his life and conduct, and grow to be good. No miracle can be wrought to make him so. It must be his own act.

SKEP.—Are not all things possible with God? and may he not, if he see fit, change the heart of a sinner, even at the eleventh hour?

SP.—The question is not so much what God could do, as what he does. There are no miracles. A man's nature can not be suddenly changed. Habit clings long and closely to all. We may wish to reform, and we may *will* to reform, but the result is a work of time. No one ever found the task easy. Thousands think they have reformed, when it is only their outside behavior that is changed.

SKEP.—I have seen very wicked people who in the hour of death found a hope of salvation through the merits of Christ. They could not at that time have wished to deceive us; they could not themselves have been deceived.

SP.—And as those men died, so would they enter into the place of departed spirits—called, in the New Testament, Paradise. Any man is saved who wishes to do right, and any man is lost (for a time at least) who has a bad or a selfish heart. Such as they were on earth, they will be in the spirit-world, except that they will be *known* for what they truly

are, while here they might, through hypocrisy, have seemed better than they were.

It is a great salvation to a sinner, believing in the orthodox faith, to find he is not sent to the hell which he has pictured to himself as the abode of devils and unrepentant sinners. He finds himself among friends, and in the same condition of heart as on earth, and he thus is comparatively happy.

SKEP.—What I most dislike in the spiritual theory is the doing away with the merits of Christ as our Redeemer.

SP.—That is an error on your part. We claim that Christ offered a redemption to the world. He led a life of holiness, and he taught mankind by precept and example how to obtain salvation. He taught the immortality of the soul, until his time but imperfectly understood by the world. Even the Old Testament of the Jews has scarcely an allusion to it, and what there is said of it is so blind, that the Jews naturally divided into the two great sects of Pharisees and Sadducees in consequence.

SKEP.—Do you mean to say that the Old Testament does not teach the immortality of the soul?

SP.—Many theologians, who have studied it carefully, assert that there are more texts which deny it than assert it. Read, for instance, the book of Ecclesiastes. When people claim for that book, or compilation of books (the Bible), an authority equal to that of Christ, they overlook the important fact, that if God had directly inspired it, he would not have omitted to teach in it, clearly and to the humblest comprehension, and so that there could have been no misunderstanding about it, so important a truth to the world, as that man had a spirit destined to eternal existence.

SKEP.—I can not think you are right in this matter, for I have always considered that book as sacred; and though I could not always understand it, I believed it was not intended to be fully understood. But I feel that your Spiritualism teaches a want of respect for it, which will have a bad effect on the community.

SP.—It teaches respect for the precepts of Christ, and holds him up as the great exemplar for all mankind.

SKEP.—What avails it while you deny his claim to be equal with God.

SP.—Christ does not himself claim such equality. Others have claimed it, and they might be in error, or their account may have been misunderstood. Christ was the Son of God, but God is the Father of all. It is a contradiction in terms to make the creature equal to the Creator. If he held to God the relation of son, then he could not have been coeval

with him, and therefore not equal. God could not create his equal. If Christ was coeval with him, then he was not his son.

SKEP.—Then I understand you to deny the whole Trinity, which is the base of the structure of Christianity.

SP.—Yes, I deny the Trinity, and I deny also that Christianity is based upon it. I believe in God, as you do, who created us and sustains us. I believe in Christ most fully, and accord to him all reverence short of the worship due to the Almighty. I believe the term Holy Spirit means God. If it has any other signification I can not understand it. It may mean any good spirit who watches over us, and endeavors to inspire us with purity and truth.

SKEP.—Does not Spiritualism encourage self-righteousness, by teaching us not to trust to the atonement of Christ?

SP.—Yes, it undoubtedly does. I like self-righteousness in some degree. Men that believe themselves to be righteous must be at least well behaved. It is better to have too good an opinion of one's self than to know one's self to be very wicked. Those who imagine themselves to be pious and devoted Christians are apt to behave in accordance with the prescribed duties of their religion. This is a great restraint upon them. They can not be very bad while believing themselves to be very good.

SKEP.—That was the sin of the Pharisee.

SP.—Yes—and it is a sin to be too proud of one's own goodness. But it is a small sin in comparison with being willing to throw all sins upon the innocent. He who knows himself to be bad can not be very good; and he must be bad indeed if he intends getting rid of his sins by throwing them upon another to be atoned for. I consider that sinner in a fair way of redemption who sets about atoning for his own sins.

SKEP.—Was not the Publican who smote his breast and cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner," justified rather than the Pharisee?

SP.—Certainly. His act and word indicated repentance, and a desire to atone for sin. The Pharisee there described was a cold-hearted hypocrite. He had no self-righteousness—it was pride. It is possible you use the term self-righteousness in a different sense—I mean by it, the being convinced of our own goodness. This is the sense in which I use it.

SKEP.—You said, I think, that you did not believe in everlasting punishment for sin. Is there, then, no hell?

SP.—Yes, there is a hell for every one. And there is a heaven for all. Hell is a condition of the mind, it may be. Hell is in the hearts of men while on earth, if they choose to make a hell there, and the same

hearts will carry that hell into the spirit-state of existence. Any man can know what his state of mind will be in another life by knowing what it is here. He will not change by change of place. The exception to this rule is found in the cases of the hypocrite and the dishonest or criminal man, whose true motives and acts being no longer concealed, he is subject to scorn and contempt, and he can no longer hold the station he did on earth. He sinks to his true level, and in this state he becomes unhappier than when on earth.

Those, too, who witness from the spirit-world the evil consequences of their earthly acts, are unhappier than when on earth.

But, on the other hand, many are happier there from seeing the blessings they have left behind them. This of course alludes only to the state in which one *arrives* in the spirit-world. He may progress or retrograde after he has been there for a time. Each carries in like manner his heaven in his own breast; and he can thus be sure of heaven by making it for himself. No one can expect a heaven in the breast which is tortured with evil passions, envy, hatred, and malice, or which is defiled with impurity.

SKEP.—Then you would make your own heaven, and not thank God for it.

SP.—God made the human heart, and destined it to be a heaven. Men oftener make a hell of it.

People too often overlook this important fact, that hell is a state of feeling, and not a place. They are prone to believe in a place of everlasting torment, because they have somebody to *put there*. All think some of their neighbors deserve to go hell, and there should be one for that purpose, they think. The place, hell, is the creation of men's bad passions. God has not made a place expressly intended to render his children eternally miserable. He has given to each one a portion of himself. To some a larger, to some a smaller, portion. The physical conditions precede the mental. Whatever those physical conditions, the mental must be in accordance with them. Each human being is *filled* by the Spirit of God to his utmost capacity. If by the sin of the parents the organization of the child be feeble and coarse, and its brain small, he will receive only so much mental power or moral development as his organization is fitted to receive. The sin lies with his progenitors, who have not produced an exalted human being. But the measure of this being's happiness may be *full*, though that measure may be small. There may be a heaven in his breast, or a hell, just as his own conduct will make it. God has done his part—the man must do the rest.

SKEP.—I find it difficult to explain my repugnance to these things. Your theory strikes at the root of all I have been taught to hold sacred. It seeks to invalidate the sacred Scriptures—at least the Old Testament, making it of no more credit than any other history of the past. You set up, in opposition to the Bible (which is the sheet-anchor of the Christian in the great storm of life when the ship is driving on the shore of death), a theory taught by irresponsible rappings, tippings, or writings of people who seem to be possessed. You discard a faith which has stood the test of ages and the attacks of all kinds of enemies, and yet has never been shaken, and you supply its place with a new and strange doctrine, unheard of before since the creation of the world. Something within tells me to hold fast that which I have proved, and not trust to untried things.

SP.—All this is natural. Habits of thought are not easily changed. These ideas have grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength until they are part of us, and we can not put them off. But shall we abide in error because error is of ancient date? Shall there be no advance in knowledge? and shall science stand where the ancient philosophers left it?

You say this theory of spirit-life has not been heard of before since the beginning of the world, you infer, therefore, that it must be erroneous. It is a poor reason to say that its novelty proves it an error. It should be judged upon its merits, like any other new thing. If it is good, receive it; if bad, reject it.

Your instinctive feeling that you must hold on to that which you have proved is also natural. People like to hold on to this life which they have proved, but they have to loose their grasp. People cling to their errors with the same tenacity that a lioness has for her whelps. The errors having become part of themselves, it is an instinct of self-preservation that fights for them.

SKEP.—Do not mistake me—I have no especial love for my faith because it is my faith, but I believe that I am right. Your theory—which I must adopt if I believe in spiritual manifestations—*vulgarizes* the world beyond the grave. What is there in your matter-of-fact life of the spirits that could for a moment compare with that glorious heaven of which Scriptures have said—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard—neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for those who love him." I see nothing in the heaven of the Spiritualists like that which the Bible has given us.

SP.—I have often heard the objection to our faith, that it vulgarized

heaven. It is certainly very unlike the heaven of the orthodox faith, which, as I was taught it, was a scene of indescribable happiness—a place where, in the presence of God, of Christ and the angels, all that were saved would be congregated, and allowed the happy privilege of singing praises to God and the Lamb forever. Probably every one imagined a heaven to suit himself—certainly no two persons could have imagined the same kind of a place or condition, as all description of it in the Bible is vague and shadowy.

I have said before, that, in my belief, heaven is a *condition*, not a place. I see no reason why the good and the bad may not live in the same world of spirits as they do here. It is surely more benevolent to allow the wicked the good example of the righteous to aid them in their efforts to rise than to discard them, and shut them from all hope. But that is not the question before us. We are not to discuss what would be best, or what is most reasonable, but what *is*. If we can ascertain what the next world is, we shall all be likely to admit that it is *right*. We can not doubt the wisdom or goodness of God. He has surely done all for the best.

SEK.—But how can you call that a heaven where people are occupied in no better pursuits than they are here?

SP.—I repeat that heaven is found in a good heart. The *place* has little to do with it. Respecting the vulgar occupation of spirits, as you call it, you will remember that here on earth the children of God are occupied in laborious, painful, menial, vulgar labors, and it is well. God knew, it is probable, what sort of a world he was making, and meant to make such a world as we see. If he did not, then he failed to accomplish his purpose—and that is not supposable. If this state of existence is suitable for human beings, why should not a similar state be found in other worlds? In the absence of any proof of the nature of the spirit-world, it would be safest to reason from analogy and say that the next would be like this. If you think that world must be different, why not join me in the investigation which has for its end the proving the condition of human beings after death?

SEK.—What can be learned of the matter? Every thing is a mystery. Every thing is intangible. I require something more substantial to convince me of so doubtful a theory.

SP.—I wish it were possible for departed beings to return to earth clothed in a form tangible to all and visible to all, that they might declare the great truths they have learned upon the other side of the grave. It

seems, however, that this is impossible for them to do, else we need not doubt it would have been done millions of times.

SKEP.—Is not that circumstance, then, a proof that there is no possibility of a spirit's returning to us after death?

SP.—It proves only that we do not generally see them or feel their presence. But the Spiritualism we teach would enable you to put yourself in condition to see and feel them. Spirits can not easily do that without your coöperation. If you desire to prove that they do come to earth, and are often near you, it will not be a difficult matter. You have only to be willing and passive, and put yourself in the way of it.

SKEP.—I find that all your proofs, as you call them, are what I consider imaginary. You can not tell whom you talk with, even supposing it were a spirit.

SP.—You would find it otherwise if you should investigate. And why should you not look into a matter that has grown to be of so much importance?

SKEP.—I dislike the whole subject. I consider it sacrilege—it is trifling with holy things. God never intended such mysteries to be explained, and we ought not to pry into them.

SP.—We shall not be able to contravene the laws of God. If he has intended that man while on earth should never know any thing of his future destiny, then be assured that man will not be able to get at such knowledge. We think, however, that no such prohibition exists. We think, rather, that it is our duty to gain all knowledge that is attainable, and make a good use of it. We have seen and conversed with spirits—this we know better than we know any other events of our lives—and they have described to us their homes and their condition. Shall we receive their statement, or not?

SKEP.—It may be the arch-fiend, who was to be let loose upon the earth for a season.

SP.—Upon that subject I will talk with you another time. W.

MENTAL PROOFS OF SPIRIT INTERCOURSE.

HITHERTO the mind has been directed chiefly to the physical and material evidence of an intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed, and it seems to us that the time has arrived when some attention may profitably be bestowed on its mental or internal proofs. These latter are far more important and numerous than the superficial observer would imagine, and to the educated and enlightened mind will be far more interesting. Actuated by this idea, we are preparing a small volume on that topic, and are receiving in the task the aid of an intelligence far superior to our own.

Our attention was called directly to it a few days ago by a communication through the Doctor, from which we learned that such a work was desired, and that such aid should be rendered. We set ourselves down to the task, and we received first through him and myself the introduction to it. Afterward the outline of the work was given through myself. It was divided into two parts, and each part into ten chapters. The subject of each chapter was given, and thus was made a brief statement of the argument, beautifully clear in its order, and just and natural in its conclusions. The first chapter and part of the second have been written, and it will progress to completion as rapidly as circumstances will permit.

In the mean time it will not be inappropriate to show the deep interest which our spirit friends take in the project, and their hopes of the good that may flow from it. We therefore insert here, not merely for that purpose, but for its intrinsic merit, the following communication received through the Doctor since the work began.

J. W. E.

Wednesday, May 11, 1854.

This evening, while sitting in my library at work, the family came in from the parlor with Dr. Dexter, and Mr. Allen of Boston.

The Doctor was soon thrown into the trance state, and interrupted my work by saying :

Once a spirit, almost from the throne of God himself, dissatisfied with the apparent unavailability of his toils, and desiring to test his powers, came to earth. Living and abiding in the very effulgence of the light from God himself, he was clothed with attributes and beauty almost incomprehensible ; but he yearned to do something for the race of beings of which he himself was a part. He left that home, that radiant home, gorgeous in the lustrous brightness of its ever-living beauty ; but when he left, there came to him a voice, saying, " Bring back the proof of thy labor in the undiminished brightness of thy person."

As he crossed the boundaries of his sphere he looked back on its calm and

gentle, and yet almost terrible, beauty, and his resolution nearly faltered. As he gazed on space before him, bright though it was, yet so dull and dim it seemed, contrasted with what he had left, that he sighed, and almost repented that his desires had sent him so far from home; but onward he went, leaving behind him a trail of light, and heralding his coming by the brightness and beauty which radiated before him.

He came to earth and mingled among its inhabitants, seeking some opportunity to do good.

He visited the king on his throne, and as he looked down into the depths of his heart, he turned away shuddering at the aspect he there beheld; and as he dropped into his soul the seeds of contrition and repentance, he sighed again to think that they who ruled God's spirit in man, were least of all fit to exercise such power.

He visited the statesman, and turned away again disappointed, for the seeds he dropped there, too, were those of contrition and repentance.

He visited the princely merchant, presiding over his vast estates, his ships, his store-houses, his treasuries of money. He looked at the motives which prompted that man to give in the name of charity, and he found that few of those who were God's stewards on earth gave for the alleviation of human misery, unless for every gift they received a consideration.

How his brightness paled before such degradation of the human soul! The seeds he dropped there, too, were those of contrition and repentance.

He visited the artisan and the laborer, and found that every effort they made to relieve their own condition and raise themselves in the scale of society was tainted with innate selfishness, bringing all benefits to one; each acting for himself, few for their brother.

He went to the poor, the outcast, the beggar, laying in their rags and festering in very misery. Cursed though their hearts were by the very vices which had brought them to that condition, degraded as they were in the eyes of man, of spirits, and of God, alone though they were, without one human accent of commiseration, he saw that beggar rise from his rags, dip his last crust into the stagnant and stinking water at his side, and put it into the mouth of a half-starved child, who had wandered from God knows where, into that den of misery and begged for bread.

Then did that mighty spirit stand up, raising his hand to God, and look on earth with its teeming millions, its kings, its prelates, its men of wealth and power, its vast territories from which looked up palaces, and treasuries, and court-houses, and humble homes, and merchants' shops, and ships, and mints, and all that there existed; the poor and the rich,

the good and the bad ; and the brightness of that spirit increased ten-fold in its effulgence. His soul quivered with emotion, and he asked of his Father, wherein consisted the wrong, where existed the right ? For with means unlimited, with opportunities numberless, man, blessed by God with every thing to make himself and others happy, has turned away and worshiped not his God, but himself.

And that spirit caught that beggar's motive in the bud, and springing from earth upward, cleaving through the spheres like a ball of living fire, he laid it before the throne of God himself.

Oh ! that spirit is he who is teaching you, my friend, the truths which are to come into that book. His brightness can not be conceived. He has come to earth to teach man that the most acceptable offering to God is the desire to relieve human suffering.

What is mind ? what education ? what power, wealth, position ? All are weighed in the balance and found wanting.

Look at your institutions, ostensibly founded for progress, improvement, and the amelioration of the condition of man, and see how far they answer that purpose. How, think you, when the motive is laid at the footstool of our Father, will it compare with the motive which prompts one human being to minister to the suffering soul in its need ?

No, Judge ; there are duties which you need perform, and it is not singular that I should say what I have, that I might offer your mind one great reason why what has been said to you has been said. Let that spirit come again to earth, and think you that among all the great ones on its surface, one among the number would give him a cup of cold water to relieve the wants of his brother ? Yet selfishness is not confined to that class more than to those below.

Is there no need, then, no pressing need, why the purposes to be accomplished should be opened to you ? Why ! even Heaven's arch-angels feel the necessity, and when they come to earth, think you they will return satisfied with those who thus rule the destinies of man ? What think you ?

I replied : Even a child can answer, for a child, with its intellect only in the bud, could not be satisfied.

Then it was said :

See the needs of society, of government, of reformation.

I added : I do not doubt the necessity nor the wisdom of the measure, but the bare contemplation of the task imposed upon me, of the scenes before me, awakens in me emotions which I can not utter. There is but one word that approaches them, and that is devotion.

It was then said :

Yes, my friend, how little your feelings resemble those of them who have devoted themselves to some mighty object for the good of themselves ! Yours is a feeling that can not be analyzed, save by Him who knows your soul as his own, feels its vibrations, its sentiments, its echoes to sentiments which come from the spirit land, receives through itself impressions from earth, feels its own nature leaping forward, pressing onward, at the sacrifice of every thing of its own individuality, save its reason, for the accomplishment of an object great and true, because good, and which, girding it with immortal strength, makes the man invincible.

How small to him seem the petty obstacles of life ! Why ! he feels as if he had indeed put on the armor of God and wielded in his own right arm the sword of his immortal justice, devotion ! He looks back and the part is blotted out forever in view of that holy, glorious, ever-opening, ever-beautiful future before him. He holds communion with every part of God's creation, feels the responses distinctly spoken to his soul, rules by and through God the whole universe, for he has the whole universe of spirits at his command. No wonder you can not express the feeling. The impulses of your soul are scarcely to be restrained even while you write.

And yet, my friend, with all this open to you, with the world's destinies balanced on the issue, you will not forget that spirit's heavenly beauties received tenfold effulgence and brightness, because he aided suffering humanity in its necessity.

Oh ! is it not a beautiful thought that we can thus move man onward and upward forever ? that with one hand we can grasp the north, and stretching forth the other grasp the south, and bring the east and the west together ; checker earth's surface with plans and projects, penetrate its depths, level its loftiest mountains, fill its lowest valleys, revolutionize continents, transpose nations, people the desert, and make earth's fair surface blossom, and yet send up to our Father the brightest jewel in our crown, our regard and sympathy for others.

NEEDED REFORMS.

REFORM is needed in every department of the economy of human life ; but progression is generally of so slow a growth that patience will be required of all who have the welfare of mankind at heart. It is something to feel that we do progress a little, that we are not retrograding. We propose to draw attention to a few particulars on this subject, not intending to discuss the matter fully, but rather to elicit more elaborate articles from others who may be specially qualified for the task.

VAGRANCY.—Reform is needed in that department of our municipal government which has for its duty the preventing vagrancy and mendicancy—almost synonymous terms in large cities. We see the streets filled upon occasions with crowds of boys, generally in rags, hatless and shoeless, and filthy in the extreme. The external too often indicates the internal. Their minds and their moral characters are very likely to be as debased as their habits of living. There is no necessity that these thousands of incipient men should be trained to vicious indulgences, made familiar with crime, and taught theft and obscenity. There is a way in which every one of them may be put on the road to industry and to wealth. *Occupation* is the first great want, for an idle brain is the devil's workshop. Since the publication of what are known as penny papers, which began in this city about eighteen years ago, employment has been given to a very large number of boys, who make a good living if frugal, and in any case rarely suffer from want. But it is not certain that the command of money which the selling of papers gives them is beneficial to their morals. They are improvident, often intemperate, and soon learn the most vicious courses. This is a much needed reform, and a little well-directed philanthropy would accomplish it.

A still worse vagrancy is that of *girls*. The city swarms with petty thieves, who carry little baskets under the pretense of selling fruit or nuts, and thus penetrate into every office and store, and not rarely find opportunity to pilfer. There is a still worse result. They offer a ready temptation to vice in its worst form—initiating and training boys to a career of vicious indulgence and crime. Few know the extent of this evil. In this city, to which the depraved of every nation come in swarms,

it is deplorably great. It is a wide field for the efforts of the philanthropist, and it is to be hoped that laborers will not long be wanting.

PUBLIC BATHS.—Among the best means of reforming the community is that of washing them. External and internal impurity are apt to go together. If the vagrants of both sexes who swarm in our streets could be made to wash themselves daily, it would be but a short step for them to begin to think of wearing clean clothing, and then it would naturally follow that they should think of putting on good behavior. No vagrant, however vicious or filthy, could resist the effect of a change in his wearing apparel. Let him bathe, dress cleanly and well, and eat a comfortable meal, and he will assume a pride that will lift him above vagrancy, and turn his face toward a better course of life.

We have no public baths in this country, or so few that it amounts to nothing. There are low-priced baths, but it is only a small number of the poor who can be induced to wash themselves, even if baths were free, and the number is necessarily much smaller when they must pay for the privilege out of their small earnings.

Should the city proceed to build extensive bath-houses and make them free to all, the cost of them would be more than saved out of the expenses of the Alms House department. It would save the health of thousands *per annum*, and hundreds of lives, and in many ways promote the sanitary and moral condition of the city.

MENDICANCY.—It must have been observed by all who walk the streets, that beggars are multiplying in a rapid ratio. Every arrival of immigrants adds to the numbers, and in consequence this city is growing more and more European in its appearance and character.

What it would be best to do with them is a subject for consideration. The humanitarian side of the question would urge that they should be cared for, so that they should have an opportunity to grow up in usefulness and morality. The police side of the question generally urges that they shall either be let alone to infest the streets and grow up to thieves and vagabonds, or be huddled together in a fit place where they can school each other in vice and concoct future villainy.

The duty of the city in this case is clearly to arrest every beggar, ascertain his or her home or parents, and deliver to them the beggar, with a suitable admonition, and when arrested a second time, take them to some house of correction, where they may be taught a trade and made to pay their way.

EDUCATION.—The education of the paupers and vagrants to any purpose is probably too much to require of this generation. The *prevention* of pauperism and crime is an idea not yet fully grown in the heads of the present race of law-makers. The promoting vice and then punishing it is more in their line.

This subject would seem to be of too great importance to have received so little attention. Much has been done to furnish public schools for the poor; nothing has been done to urge their attendance. The very ones for whom the schools are maintained at great expense are those who will not go. It is the idle, the vicious, and depraved who need the schooling, and they will not go to school if they can help it. They become vagrants or thieves, and no efficient system is devised to save them from the gallows, and the public from the nuisance.

It would be an immense step in the reformation of the world if all the vagrants could be taken, and washed, and clothed, set to work, and properly educated. They would soon grow up to be the most useful class of our citizens. Is there no wealthy philanthropist who will win an immortality of fame, and, what is better, the approval of his own heart, by devising a plan to rescue from destruction so large a number of the rising generation?

LODGING-HOUSES.—If the community can not afford to rescue vagrants from their course of life, and make them good and useful citizens, capitalists might find it profitable to build lodging-houses for the *poorest* class of the community. They would thus make their philanthropy a pecuniary benefit to themselves. It has been satisfactorily demonstrated that twenty per cent. per annum can be obtained from an investment in first-class lodging-houses, and yet rent rooms at a price below the average.

With a proper construction of the building, and a due regard to sanitary arrangements, the condition of the extremely poor would be much meliorated. This leads us directly to the consideration of the important subject of

VENTILATION.—If lodgings were properly ventilated, any number of persons might sleep in them without injury to their health. If one slept in a barrel or a coffin, and there were plenty of fresh air all the time passing through it, he would not find it close or oppressive, nor would the air become impure. If one person sleeps in a middling-sized room all night without ventilation, the air of the room will become impure and unhealthy; and a long course of such breathing of putrid air will result

in disease, and a consequent shortening of life. Persons who breathe bad air, whether that of a marsh or that of a bedroom, will suffer in consequence. *Malaria* kills many thousands *per annum*, but the foul air of unventilated bedrooms kills many millions every year. Those who thus expose themselves do not die at once. They rise in the morning with pale cheeks and a debilitated body—they are not refreshed, and they have no appetite. If there be small-pox in the vicinity, they are in condition to take it. If it be typhus fever or cholera, they are ready to take it. If there be influenza about, they will certainly have it. If they wet their feet or sit in a draught, they will certainly take cold and have a cough. If they take disease, they are likely to die, because they have prepared their system to sink under the first attack.

The time when one is sleeping is the time nature takes to recuperate. The exhausted vital energy is restored, the oxygenated blood carries vigor to every part of the system, and the sleeper should awake prepared to withstand whatever may befall him through the day. If he breathe a pure air during the night this will be the case. He will then rise with an appetite, with renewed strength, and he may defy the attack of an epidemic.

In lodgings intended to be low priced, the rooms should be small. If ventilated, no matter how small. Our ideas of the sizes appropriate to rooms are modeled upon old ideas, when the amount of air shut into a room at going to bed must serve to supply the occupants till they choose to rise and let in more. The largest room in that case would not be so healthy as the smallest room that would hold a cot bed, if *ventilated* on Smolinski's system. Therefore make rooms small, so that they can be rented at a very low price, and give them a continual change of air brought from above the roof, and the building will pay twice as much interest on the investment as a house for the rich would pay.

But people say they will not build tenement houses, for they are a nuisance. Some very philanthropic capitalists refuse to build houses for the poor because they fear they will have to *oppress* them to get their rent, or lose it. They prefer to oppress them by compelling them to lodge in the streets; or, by not making enough houses for them, they create an undue demand for them, and thus keep up their rents. It is true that it is necessary to be rigorous in exacting rent of the very poor, else perhaps they would not pay. It is therefore demanded in advance, and is the prime necessity; for if the rent be not paid, the tenant must go into the street. We know of a block of some two hundred tenements, built in a substantial style under one roof, that have been occupied

three or four years. They are always occupied, and the rent always paid in advance. Not a dollar has been lost in the whole time. The system is rigorous. They pay down, or they go out. This property pays twenty per cent. on the investment over insurance, taxes, assessments, repairs, water rents, and commissions for collection.

It is hard to oppress the poor; it is sinful, but it should not be considered an oppression to make them pay rent. Were the tenements we have described to be destroyed, some two hundred families would have to seek rooms; and if they got them, would have to pay higher rent for them. The conclusion is evident, that the duty of the philanthropist would be to provide as many tenements as could be occupied, and charge a remunerating rent for them, and, we would add, make the tenants pay it. If any other course be pursued, then the industrious and frugal would have their burdens increased to make up for losses from the non-paying class.

The difficulty has always been, that tenants could not get little enough room for their means. Rooms are made so large that the price must be high, and yet being without ventilation, they are not half large enough. A complete ventilation, on Smolinski's system (the only way we have ever seen that is effectual), for every room, and a compact arrangement, would make half the room better for the tenant, and he would not be obliged to pay all his earnings for a shelter.

This is a much needed reform. Let philanthropic capitalists (and there are such people) think how they can serve the cause of humanity, and make a perfectly safe and profitable investment of their money, by building model lodging-houses. If they say they shrink from having any thing to do with so many small tenants, let them remember that there are house-agents who for a small commission will take the whole business off their hands, and on the first of every month bring them their rent in advance, and not a tenant need ever to know who is the proprietor.

INTEMPERANCE.—The evils of drinking intoxicating liquors we need not enlarge upon here. The free license which our municipal authorities give to dram-drinking is the most fruitful source of beggary and crime. In the hope that something may yet be done to redeem the community from this all-pervading curse we pass to other matters, with which the public mind is not so familiar.

BREAD.—It is a well-known fact that the bread which the poor get out of the rum groceries is an inferior article, generally made from damaged

flour, chemically restored to its sweetness, and by excessive raising made to appear large.

This evil is one very difficult to reach, yet the board of health might, under their sanitary regulations, prohibit the sale of bread from damaged flour.

The size of loaves decreases as the price of flour rises, and does not always wait for that event. Let the news reach the city that flour is up in Europe and the next batch of bread will be of extra small-sized loaves (however small they may have been before), and when by the arrival of the next steamer it is found that flour is down again, the bakers are entirely oblivious of that circumstance, and the loaves continue for a long time of the smallest size, apparently waiting for another rise in bread-stuffs on the other side of the Atlantic. This difficulty admits of remedy. Let the corporation pass an ordinance, and enforce it, that every loaf shall have stamped upon it its *weight*, and be made of certain prescribed sizes, and the name or initials of the baker also upon the loaf, and all will be well. Flour may rise and the value of bread increase, but the public will then have some means of judging what profits they are paying. There will then be less inducement to take the life out of the bread by excessive expansion or raising. There will be competition in the cheapness of loaves, and bakers, when they are obliged to subscribe their names to their work, will be prompted by their pride to do it well.

We have little hopes of seeing this reform during our lifetime. It has been often proposed, but the interest of the bakers is too strongly represented in the government of the city to allow of their being curtailed of any of their fat privileges.

We have not completed the catalogue of the reforms which the condition of society loudly demands. We have endeavored only to call attention to a few matters which were pressed upon our minds, and we shall resume the subject at a convenient opportunity. Meantime there is work enough for reformers. They will not have to go far, nor to look long, for opportunity to benefit the social condition of those around them. All that is wanted is the heart to desire and the will to execute. The means are rarely wanting to those who ardently desire to meliorate the condition of those beneath them. Wealth it does not require, nor is every philanthropist expected to expend his money. If all who claim to be philanthropic were in earnest, the world would soon have all its needed reforms.

W.

SPIRITUAL PHYSIOLOGY.

L**** E*****, MEDIUM.

[The medium through whom the following was given, soon after she was developed as such, was reading some work on Physiognomy, and was interrupted in her reading and made to write as below. The lesson was not completed. It is hoped that it will be, for there is an admirable accuracy so far as it has gone.—Ems.]

"THE *hair under the arms* prevents insects from biting one of the most delicate membranes of the body, for immediately under the arm are centred nerves, blood-vessels, arteries, and muscles, and there is great animal heat there; and if inflammation or irritation were excited, there would be great pain caused, with difficulty of healing; and also the hairs are extremities of delicate nerves; and were they cut off, the arm would grow lax, and become trembling and useless, rendering acute pain. So also with the hair on other portions of the body.

The Eyebrows.—When they are exceedingly bushy and long, they denote an irritable, quick, nervous temperament, because there are many nerves centred on the brow which render the person very susceptible, and the brain is acted upon more frequently in a quick, impulsive manner. When they are thin and few, almost invisible, they denote a person who is wavering in disposition, very easily influenced, ever ready to turn with the crowd, and oftentimes angered, but soon cooled. In many persons are seen varieties of brows, all not being remarkably prominent.

In many men of gross nature can be seen hair growing in the ear, denoting that they are fond of animal food. Sometimes there are exceptions to this. Some persons are so constituted, that at a certain age the ear-wax becomes exhausted, and nature provides a remedy by substituting hair. It is mostly to be found with the male sex.

Hair on the hands indicates strength of muscle and ability to use the hands readily, and also a sensitiveness of feeling objects. Some, however, have this peculiarity after having had a long illness and having fully recovered; the nerves all busily at play create these delicate tendrils. Though uncomely, yet they are beneficial to the person.

The beard is of infinite service to man, for he is so constituted that there are a greater amount of nerves necessary to his existence, and the

hairs are tendrils, and the oftener they are cut the more vitality is consumed, and therefore it is better for the beard to grow.

The Lips.—If they are thin and the mouth small, the subject is of a quick temper, perceptive faculties large, energetic, yet true, in purpose. If they are thick and the mouth large, the person is of an animal nature, enjoying the fruits of the earth more than spiritual things; is addicted to vulgar thoughts, that is, when the lips are moist, and turned mostly outward; when the mouth is one-sided, you may depend upon it that the person is easily swayed and has little moral courage, and dreads the opinion of the world, and is one of its veriest slaves.

When it is large and opens easily, it indicates a frank disposition, with very little caution, and love of pleasure, with good-nature, but a stubborn will when aroused. When it has a small, fixed appearance, its owner has little mind of his own, but depends on his neighbor's wisdom, and borrows his ideas to raise his own character. You must bear in mind that some are formed with a mixture of these characteristics and have a compound temperament.

The chin, straight and somewhat pointed, denotes great firmness with intensity of feeling, self-reliance on the mind's powers, great energy with somewhat quick temperament, but the person has great self-control and quick perception, yet slow to conclude and cautious. A receding chin denotes want of character, easy tempered, yet violent at times, cautious, somewhat crafty, yet weak in purpose, ever planning but not looking far into the future; not able to reason from cause to effect.

A long, protruding chin indicates a selfish, obstinate disposition, with great ambition; restless, yet ever planning; cruel to animals and harsh to inferiors; proud, yet cringing. A round, child-like chin denotes an innocent nature, easily deceived, trusting, dependant, pure, yet energetic, but of a very amiable disposition, yet sullen and silent when aroused; great sympathy for others, easily brought to tears, easily restored to mirth, not very deep feelings. The square, broad chin denotes a proud, impulsive, fluctuating, fickle character, willful, easily aroused, industrious, not very deep feelings, yet imaginary, brooding over troubles, and excitable to great degree, warm-hearted and sympathizing.

Nose, straight and small, with small nostrils, indicates refinement of feeling without great character, lacking somewhat of ambition, proud of looks, and mind somewhat conceited, not fond of reading, but loves romance and light things.

The Roman nose, large and prominent, is a sure index of the mind's being active, comprehending many important ideas, great firmness, moral

courage and decision, obstinate, faithful, ambitious, and violent when excited. There are many species under this class, and therefore the characters are rather varied, no two being alike.

Sharp-pointed Nose.—Persons with this class of nose are apt to be cunning, far-sighted, temper sour, and look upon life gloomily, rather sarcastic, fond of the world's goods, not fond of children, not elevated in mind. Persons with

A long, crooked nose, large every way, with a prominent bridge, are nervous, gloomy, morbid, very sensitive, deep feeling, impulsive, great intentions seldom carried into execution, impatient, sometimes mirthful, uneven temperament, yet very fond of the beautiful, and easily brought to tears.

Ears.—Small and perfect in shape denote a character with no great peculiarities, musical talent, tastes refined, capable of improvement. The lobes of the ear being large and fleshy and red, denote grossness, epicurean tastes, cruel temper, fondness to torment, obtuse in feelings, quarrelsome, and yet often prompted to generous acts, self-conceited. The ear that is rather large, well-shaped, lobe thin and small, denotes purity of intention, a warm heart, firm purposes, perseverance, hope, and faith.



It can not be that earth is man's abiding place. It can not be that man's life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars "hold their festival around the midnight throne," and, set above the grasp of our limited faculties, are forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which here pass before us like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.

THE DESTINY OF MAN.

THROUGH J. W. EDMONDS, MEDIUM.

THE ultimate destiny of man! So far beyond any thing that the most extravagant imagination has ever conceived!

Measuring that destiny by the standard of the powers manifested by man when in the form and chained down by its material shackles, the mind has not imbibed even a distant conception of his future, either as to his happiness or his might. Happiness—compared with which the most joyous life on earth is dark despair; and Might—that approximates man nigh unto the Godhead, and clothes him with many of its divine attributes; the attribute of diffusing happiness and dispensing justice among the countless millions that people space—the attribute of executing his laws o'er all the vast universe of matter he has created, and the power to grasp and make his own that knowledge which has no bounds but illimitable space and no end but eternity.

The object of our material existence is to lay the foundation for this high destiny—not its only object, but a primary one—the progressive development from the womb to the grave being but means to this end. And as the ball falling from on high to the surface of the earth moves with constantly accelerating velocity, so the soul of man starting on its race of progression speeds in its progress with ever-increasing rapidity. And as the ball if arrested in its course loses a momentum it can never regain, so the soul having its progress arrested must feel to eternity the loss of that momentum which it can never recover. I mean, that the ball, though starting again after its fall has been arrested, may at a certain distance acquire the same momentum it had obtained when it was stopped, yet at that distance it can not have the augmented velocity it would have had if its passage had been unimpeded. So it is with the soul in its advance in knowledge—that knowledge, be it understood, whose foundation it was designed should be laid in the material existence.

No matter what the cause which arrests its flight, whether from the want of light, or the abuse of it when furnished, the effect is, more or less, the same. How vastly important it is then to man, that he should

not only understand his ultimate destiny, but the object of his primary or material existence! Important, I mean, not only in reference to his advance in knowledge, but in reference to his happiness also, for you must at once perceive that that law of his nature which demands of him that he progress in knowledge, can not be violated without causing him unhappiness, and that unhappiness is more or less, according as the violation of that law is willful or accidental. Is it not so with any law which applies to your material existence? If you thrust your hand into the flame, it causes you pain, and that pain will be aggravated by the consciousness that you have of your own accord produced it. The law applying to this simple act is that which governs our whole existence in all its various and minute parts as in its totality.

Then as to the effect on his progress in knowledge; first or last, he must know, earlier or later, he must achieve the knowledge which is to enable him to attain his high destiny and perform the sublime and mighty duties belonging to it—the duty of executing the will of the great Creator in marshaling countless worlds in their orbits—in gathering from the disjointed matter scattered throughout space, new worlds upon new worlds, and developing from that matter, when properly prepared, immortal spirits in their turn to people eternity.

As hour by hour countless numbers of immortal spirits are ushered into a life that is to be eternal, so hour by hour are new worlds evolved as fitting scenes on which to enact their part in the drama of existence, and to give play and scope to that germ from the Great First Cause which is speeding its way back to the source whence it emanated.

Briefly has this been said, but I pray you ponder on it well, for when your mind shall once have grasped the idea, a new field of existence will be opened to its view—new sources of happiness be unfolded, and its eternal progress be begun.



RIDICULE is the lamest of arguments, and yet it is the most effective with the unthinking part of mankind. With this weapon ignorant persons assail the phenomena of spiritual manifestations, and prevent many from examining the matter. It is difficult to say which is the more contemptible, he who ridicules a truth he does not understand, or he who is affected by such ridicule.

REMARKABLE SURGICAL CASE.

SOME time in October last I was called to see an engineer, whose middle and ring finger had been crushed off in the slide of a steam-engine. The middle finger had been separated at the first joint, and the ring finger was also cut off, but only about half as much of it. The patient was bleeding profusely, the stumps were ragged, and the ends of the bones protruded beyond the edges of the flesh.

When I first entered the room the separated portions of the fingers had not been brought in, but I suggested that they should be found. A gentleman present went to the shop and found them lying on the engine, and brought them to me. They were entirely cold, some forty minutes having elapsed since the accident occurred.

I was proceeding to dress the stumps, without supposing it possible that the separated portions could be made to grow again, when I felt the touch of an invisible hand upon my shoulder, and heard a voice distinctly whisper in my ear, "fit the larger portion on the stump, and dress the wound." I confess I doubted the correctness of this suggestion, and yet I could not resist the temptation to try the experiment. Accordingly I placed the larger portion in contact with the wound, though it was cold and seemed not to possess a spark of vitality, and then dressed both fingers. I dismissed the patient, telling him that I had ventured to try an experiment, to see if it were possible to make the finger grow on, though I feared it would not succeed.

I said nothing to any one of the suggestion of the spirit, determined to wait till the treatment was tested. The time I was attending to it was about six weeks. It is unnecessary to particularize here my precise mode of treatment; suffice it, that when I left the city in January to lecture in the West, the fingers were nearly healed. I have this day (April 24th) been waited on by the patient, and his fingers are well and as useful as ever.

The portion of finger cut off and which I had ventured to unite with it, had healed so nicely that it was difficult to see any scar, and one would have supposed, to examine the finger, that no accident had ever befallen it. It must be remembered that the piece had been off for forty minutes, and was cold and shriveled. But it had grown on, and the nail

was as perfect as ever. The finger was a little smaller, but that seemed a natural taper.

I relate this case to show the sagacity of that intelligence which surrounds us, and which acts to serve us wherever the conditions render it possible.

Frequently during my attendance on the case I inquired of the spirits whether the case would be successful, and the reply was always in the affirmative. At one time the separated portion looked as if it would slough off, but I was assured that it would not, and was directed to apply a certain wash, and I did as I was directed.

It may be regarded by many that the mental suggestion I received emanated from my own mind rather than from any spiritual source. Had I not felt certain that I was prompted by an unseen intelligence, I should hardly have thought of trying the experiment I did, as, ordinarily, there would be no hope of its success.

To those who are curious to examine this case I would say, that they can at any time see the patient, if they will come to my office and go with me to call upon him.

G. T. DEXTER, M. D.

THE SUICIDE.

MY DEAR SIR—In company with a friend I attended a circle this afternoon, at 553 Broadway, Mr. Concklin and a Miss Malcome being the mediums. Mr. C. informed us, that he had just received a communication from H. N. Dean, the party who committed suicide on Friday last, which was read to us, and it led to a discussion regarding the subject. One of the parties present partly advocated the cause, and I spoke my views freely in opposition theret; suddenly the hand of one of the *three visitors* there, a gentleman unknown as a medium to either Mr. Concklin or Miss Malcome, was influenced, and the following impressive communication given, addressed to the circle in reply to a passing remark regarding his condition now: "I did not at once realize the heinous nature of my offense, for I found myself released from many, I may say all, the evils that had surrounded me on earth, but now that I have had leisure to review my situation, and to realize how far I am from the state of happiness which I had always pictured to myself as the lot of departed spirits, and feel that I am shunned by pure and holy beings, I know that I have sinned grievously, and placed myself on a plane from whence it will be difficult to rise."

ELECTRICITY.

Among the many good results of investigation into matters heretofore deemed beyond the pale of science, will be a more intimate and reliable knowledge of Electricity, and its probable sublimates of vegetable and animal life or magnetism.

Whether, or not, vegetable life be a refinement of Electricity, and animal life a still farther advance in refinement of the same fluid, it is not necessary now to discuss; but it is certain that there is an intimate relationship existing between them, which will be understood and given to the world all the sooner now that higher intelligences are aiding in the investigation.

Reichenbach's "Dynamics of Magnetism" should be read by all. It is the first step in pneumatology. It proves that subtile fluids, like the magnetism of crystals, may be studied and reduced to the demonstrations of exact science. Under his investigations the divining rod ceased to be a fable. He proved that clairvoyance exists, and may be made the handmaid to scientific investigation. It wants but another such philosopher to demonstrate the pure *natural philosophy* of spiritual communication.

That Electricity has influence in vegetable life is a daily experience. It is well known that certain vegetables may be grown in a few hours by its aid. Full-sized, ripe tomatoes have been raised in ten days from the seed. A salad has been grown in time for dinner after the joint was put to the roast. Flower seeds, taken from the catacombs of Egypt, from beneath the head of a mummy, have, after a sleep of more than four thousand years, been made by it to grow and produce the common flowers of our gardens.

A proper investigation of this subject would perhaps demonstrate the nature of the affinity that exists between all the imponderable fluids. It would perhaps verify the statement, that a sublimite or refinement of Electricity produces vegetable life, and a further refinement animal life, and in such an investigation some light might be thrown on the means made use of by spirits to move grossly material objects.

Will Prof. Hare extend his investigations into this region?

W.

VISION.

J. W. EDMONDS, MEDIUM.

It was a heavenly calm that came over me; and while I lay enjoying it, there suddenly appeared a beautiful bronze-like star, or spot of light surrounded by several concentric circles of the same color, like a halo, which seemed to revolve around the star. The light was not brilliant and dazzling, but soft and gentle, and very grateful. It was only two or three feet from me, and seemed full of joy and affection. It remained a few moments, and then gently and slowly began to ascend diagonally from me, and mounted higher and higher till it faded from my view, telling me, in language too plain to be misunderstood, to fix my thoughts on high, and like one who had gone before, aim to mount to "mansions in the skies" and reminding me of lines once familiar to her and to me:

" Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again this voice I hear :
Rise ! may every grace attend thee !
Rise ! and seek to meet me there !"

I next perceived myself standing on a little grassy knoll, elevated a step or two above the surrounding ground. I perceived before me there was no grass, but only dry, barren sand, and that around me were a few stunted dwarf shrubs and bushes, but where I stood the grass was greener. I did not much observe the landscape, for my attention was drawn to a singular animal that lay just before me, alive, though partly buried in that barren sand. I did not see his hinder extremities. It seemed that they were dead and already buried, and thus his power of moving from his lair was entirely destroyed. I could not help thinking to myself, "How fortunate it is that you can not roam at large!" The part of him that was exposed to view was shaped like a dog, but a rude, wild fierce one. He was ravenous as a wolf, with the incessant raging fury of a mad dog, and had some of the features and groveling, beastly propensities of the hog. As he lay there, howling in his raging impotency, he was a loathsome, disgusting object. His mouth was wide open, his slaver rolling

from it, and his tongue lolled out, with a continued panting motion. Both mouth and tongue were blood-red, and his eyes seemed bursting from his head. Vile beast that he was! he seemed ever tormented by the goading of his vicious appetites and raving at his impotency to gratify them.

I readily perceived what it was that was before me. It was a representation of the evil propensities that had once dogged my footsteps as my constant companions. He was partially destroyed only. It would have been easy for me, by descending only a single step, to draw near to him and be again within his reach. With a little pains, I could even have restored vigor to his palsied limbs, and given him again a free range. So, too, it would have been easy for me, where I stood, to have slain him outright. Fearful option! And how important that the choice should be a wise one, and wisely executed, for even in slaying him, I might have been bitten by him and infected with his madness, which might have lived with me as fanaticism, even after the desire to sin had been slain!

That scene passed away, and I was in a landscape more genial and pleasant. I was seated on the soft grass, in the shade of the trees, when "a snow-white mountain lamb" was led up to me by some invisible hand. He was gentle, innocent, and playful; and as he laid his head upon my knees for me to pet him with my hand, the admonition to me was, "Be thou like him in these respects." Yet not in all respects, for instantly he was changed into another animal. His fur was even whiter and more beautiful, and while he had the same innocent, gentle look, I saw that across the ears he was broad, as if he feared nothing; that he had small, sparkling, penetrating eyes, and that his head was shaped like a mole, as if designed for penetration; and it was said to me, "Be this, too, thy model. Be wise as a serpent, but harmless as a dove, and cultivate the mind as well as the temper."

While I lay reflecting on the lessons thus graphically taught me, there suddenly appeared within a foot or two of my face, as if painted in the air, a most brilliant cross. Its beauty consisted chiefly in its color, which was of a bright golden hue with a slight tinge of bronze, and edged with the most brilliant crimson. I never saw any thing half so beautiful. It was surrounded by a halo extending out two or three feet, and formed of the same golden hue, here and there occasionally streaked with the same brilliant crimson light. The halo was not stationary, but the different particles of light of which it was formed were passing in and out and around the cross in different directions, as if they had been ten thousand ministering spirits, reveling joyously in and contrib-

uting to the formation of the lovely light of this emblem of our salvation.

This picture was not presented square to my view as the others were, but sideways.

Was this intended to admonish me that I am not yet prepared to view the cross fully and freely in front? Be that as it may, the whole scene remained only a moment, and then faded away, leaving on my mind the impression, *In hoc signo vinces*, and I was taught, as the Emperor Constantine taught his legions when he inscribed those words on his banners, "By this sign shall you conquer."

I next found myself standing at the entrance to a very beautiful garden. I exhaust my stock of epithets in vainly trying to convey an adequate idea of the beauties which are now being revealed to me. It would seem that I have so far progressed, that the spirits can now do, what at one time they regretted they could not, and that is, give me a view of the brighter features of the spirit-world. Every scene is more beautiful than the last, and the beauty far surpasses any thing I could ever conceive of. Any language which I can command is far too tame to give to others a just conception of that which, when it comes upon me, wraps my soul in a bliss which I never dreamed of, and which I never supposed man capable of enjoying on earth. The beauty consists not merely in the justness of the proportions displayed, or the colors, or the taste—though the latter is very exquisite, and the former has hues which I never saw before, and surpassing in softness and splendor—but also in the expression or emotion, if I may so call it, which is evinced by all inanimate nature around me. The pictures seem to feel and to impart to and receive feeling from me, as if they were living souls. This is a very remarkable feature of them, and of late has struck me with very great force. Thus the star which first appeared to me this evening, seemed to be overflowing with joy and affection, and the cross was filled with a holy calm, a dignified repose, a solemn awe. These emotions were not, in the first instance, a reflex of mine, for I was fully conscious that, on the other hand, I imbibed my feelings from thence, and during the scene I was fully aware of the sympathy that flowed backward and forward between us. I am too well acquainted with that, from my long experience as a public speaker, not fully to understand it and perceive it when it comes. All public speakers, who know what they are about, are ever on the look-out for it, as they know how much the success of their efforts depends upon it.

I make these general remarks to account for what I know and feel

must be the poverty of my description of the scenes presented to me. I would it were otherwise, and that I could present to others the pictures as they come to me! for then I might hope to impart some of the joyful and happy emotions which are awakened in my own bosom, and some, too, of the humility which so frequently presses itself upon me in the question, What have I done, or what can I do, to deserve so great a boon? and what am I that I am so blessed?

I return now to the scene which was before me, and which I was conscious I could not justly describe. It was, as I have said, the entrance to a beautiful garden. I ought rather to call it a country than a garden, it was so vast and spacious. Where I stood was the common landscape which we see on earth, but inside that entrance I caught glimpses which extended far in the distance. Oh, how different was the scene! How redolent of life and light and beauty! It was not only here and there that it was lovely, but every spot seemed filled to overflowing with loveliness, and I felt that "this is indeed a part of heaven! And, oh, how careful man ought to be, that he does not forfeit his inheritance in it!"

The entrance was large and massive, so that crowds might pass in, if they would; and it was built of a sort of *Free* stone, which seemed, as it were, alive, and sparkled with innumerable little spots of silver light. The order of architecture was unlike any thing I had ever seen, yet it was exceedingly rich and just in its proportions, and so exquisitely modeled that I did not perceive its vastness until I measured it by my own size, and then I saw how many thousands could pass along.

It will be observed that the light which I saw inside the entrance was golden or bronze, always, while outside it was either what we have every day in this sphere, or a bright silver.

The entrance was formed of several arches, one behind the other, and extending back some distance into the garden. The arches were supported by pillars, either round or square, and there were some of both. Running up the pillars, and between the several different sets of them, were vines and shrubbery and trees, very beautiful, and very carefully cultivated. They were of different hues of green, and bore flowers of every variety of color and form and fragrance. The arches spanned across a broad path, made very smooth, and carefully tended and kept clear of weeds. Pools and running streams and jetting fountains of the purest water were of frequent occurrence inside the garden, as were also walks and paths, and soft lawns and beds of flowers, and green seats and shady groves. The air was filled with the music of innumerable birds; soft breezes gently stirred the leaves and fanned the cheek, and on tall

rested a soft and mellow and bronze-colored light, not dazzling, but very grateful and pleasant. The atmosphere was mild, and a holy and gentle calm seemed ever resting there.

I did not observe all these things in reference to this garden at once, but at different times as I looked in through the archway; and every time I did look in I saw new beauties.

My attention was attracted at the first appearance of the entrance by a figure which I saw just within the outer arch of the entrance, not as if it had been stationed there as a sentry or guard, but as if it had come so far out of the garden to look for some one whose approach it had expected. There was no mistaking to me who that was. It was she, to whom I am so much indebted for my knowledge on this subject, and my consequent happiness.

She was clothed with white garments, which flowed to the ground and enveloped her feet like the ancient trail to female dresses. She was standing on a pedestal of white marble, of a tomb-like form and appearance, and in one hand she held a small white rod, which rested on the pedestal and extended above her head. She was stationed on one side of the entrance, but under the protection of the arch; and as she stood there, she looked at me with an earnest and affectionate look of entreaty for me to approach and enter. I was standing a little distance off, silent, motionless, and awe-struck. I was filled with the thought that I was unworthy to enter or to approach. She smiled upon me with a look that was intended to reassure me, and gently inclined her head toward me. It seemed that she was not permitted to come any farther, that the rest depended on myself, and that there was nothing, indeed, but my own will that withheld me from entering.

While I was thus standing gazing at her and at the beauties which were around and beyond her, there suddenly came a strong light as it were from heaven, and shed itself abroad upon her. It was of a dazzling silver brightness, and poured a strong stream, like the gleaming, shooting rays of the aurora borealis, directly upon her person. The effect produced was sublime. That part of her person which the light touched became brilliantly white, while other parts, which were in the shade, darkened, as if to show the contrast. The light passed beyond her, and rested upon the path under the arches, but no shadow was cast by her there. It seemed as if the light went through her, to illumine that path for me.

As the light struck her, she changed her attitude, from that of leaning toward me with affectionate entreaty, to an erect position. She drew herself up, and with lofty port and dignified mien stretched out her right

hand and pointed through the archway into the garden, and looking at me, seemed to say, "Wisdom from on high teaches you to enter, and Wisdom will teach you how you may enter. Oh! be wise in time, lest Eternity overtake you loitering by the wayside."

How or when this picture passed from my view I did not observe, for I was intently engaged in reflecting upon the lesson that was taught me. But ere long I found myself inside the garden and in the mansion which she and my children had prepared for me there. I did not notice very minutely the particulars of that mansion. I was conscious that I was living there with them, and while they all had their duties to attend to, their chief object seemed to be to attend on me and show me the beauties of the new home I was now to inhabit. To administer to my wants and to make me happy seemed to be their principal desire.

In looking around their mansion I found some places where the work had not been entirely finished, and others where the place and the grounds which surrounded it—for it was situated amid beautiful gardens and lawns—might be improved. There was something for me to do. It was not a life of idleness and indolence that I was to lead, and I thought of what I had once been taught by the spirits when on earth—"Work! work! work! Work is eternal, for it is the habit of God." I immediately set to work, and was aided by my children. My wife, in the mean time, sat upon the piazza outside the house near where I was employed. She also was occupied with work; and as she labored she sang as she used to, when on earth, snatches of song; and as her clear musical tones floated on that balmy air, it seemed as if all around her was lighted up with gladness and echoed back her song.

I paused occasionally to drink in the happiness which surrounded me, and in like manner she would from time to time arrest her work to call my attention to new beauties of the scene which I had not yet observed.

In the mean time our children were observing us with great solicitude, and rejoicing in the happiness which they saw us enjoy.

This scene was followed by others connected with my residence in that garden. Among others, it seemed that I was borne about from place to place that I might become acquainted with my new home. In one of my journeyings of this kind, as I made a pause to examine something, I discovered on the ground near me, and partly covered with the grass, a spotted snake, with his head toward me. I started back in alarm and disgust. But my invisible guide led me gently back near to the venomous reptile, and caused me to observe, what I had not at first noticed, namely, that the serpent was dead, and its head bruised and bloody.

And I felt the admonition: "Behold your sins and evil propensities! Thus must they be bruised and slain, ere you can roam at pleasure and with safety even through this blissful garden of purity and love."

I looked upon the festering reptile before me with unutterable loathing, and with a shudder lest it might come to life again; and as I did so I was borne backward by my friendly guide. My eyes were still bent on that dead snake—I seemed fascinated by its presence. But as I receded in the distance from it, I felt its influence diminish and give place to a lively thrill of joy and gratitude that I was at length beyond its reach; and as I so felt I observed that it became changed from its loathsome form into a bracelet, as it were, of sparkling and precious gems, each scale or spot becoming a bright, brilliant stone, of different hues and colors, and I heard a voice that said, "Thus do our sins, when sincerely repented of, and cast off, become gems of light and beauty."

As my mind was dwelling upon this lesson, and I was still receding, something fell from me to the ground. It was small and black as it descended; but as it touched the ground it became a small oblong stone, shining in the grass with a bright and silver light. It was one of my evil habits which I had thrown off from me, and it seemed to me that they could not exist in that hallowed place, but as they fell to the earth, were instantly changed by its holy influence into emblems of light and beauty.

On returning from my rambles I observed, as I approached my mansion, that a projecting window at one end of it had been, in my absence, carefully closed up, and the outside shutters cautiously fastened by my wife and children. I wondered at this, for I had been fond of gazing out of that window upon the landscape below: I had observed that the shrubbery had grown up rather wild just under it, and I had proposed to myself to prune it up and clear it out, as soon as I could find time.

Now, as I approached, I was startled to observe a wild-cat or black tiger stealthily crawl out of those bushes, and at a bound fasten itself against the outside shutters. There it clung, fiercely and tenaciously seeking an entrance into the house. Unable to effect one, after a while he fell back into the bushes, and vanished from my sight. Immediately afterward I saw a serpent's head protrude from the bushes, and slowly approach the window. It roamed all around the shutters, seeking an entrance at every crack and crevice. It found none, however, and so it ascended one of the trees which overshadowed that window, and there coiling its anaconda length along the branches, seemed to await the opening of those shutters to obtain an entrance into the house.

I saw here again an admonition as to the evil propensities that had tainted my earthly existence, and I was admonished that they were ever on the watch, with the fierceness of the tiger and the subtlety of the serpent, to obtain an entrance where I dwelt. I hurried from the scene with alarm, and approached the front of the house.

There I found my dear ones expecting me, and waiting to welcome me. I said nothing to them of what I had seen at the bow-window, for I was ashamed of the propensities which had required those precautions from them. But I was none the less grateful to them for guarding me against dangers to which I had already exposed myself, and might again expose myself.

They were standing on the piazza facing a setting sun. It seemed as if the toils of the day were over, and we at liberty to rest and enjoy ourselves. The general light which now rested on the scene had more of a silver tinge, and less of bronze in it. It seemed as if earthly taint was wearing away, and in the same degree heavenly wisdom was coming around me.

My house was situated upon a gentle eminence, which gave us a full view of a far distant country which was spread out before us, and diversified with mountains and rivers, and forests and beautiful gardens, making the whole landscape one of indescribable beauty.

Near the piazza where we stood, the grounds were laid out in walks and beds with exquisite taste, and were carefully cultivated, so as to produce infinite variety as well as great beauty in the scene. And both were greatly enhanced by the frequent changes that occurred in the hue and color of different parts of the landscape. Thus in one place I would observe some spot or tree or shrub would run, in a few moments, through every variety of green, and often end in a soft purple. In another, every hue of a blue color would appear, and sometimes all at the same instant, streaking the objects with various tints, yet ever bright and beautiful.

As thus I stood, gazing out upon the lovely scene, surrounded by those so dear to me, with my dear one leaning affectionately on my shoulder, and my children at my side, and recollecting the dangers which I had escaped, and from which I had been guarded by their care and affection, my heart was filled with silent adoration of Him, the Great First Cause, the Almighty and most merciful Father of all.

And so I fell asleep.

MAJOR RAINES' INVESTIGATIONS.

NUMBER TWO.

FORT MACKINAW, MICH., *March 15, 1854.*

MY DEAR JUDGE—I inclose the second part of my paper. You will perceive by the concluding remarks that I had intended at first to have made the matter more complete by an examination into the nature of mind as related to matter. The want of some explanation of the phenomena of clairvoyance, and other analogous mental actions, which can be grasped by the mind, is much needed by mathematical thinkers; for at present the subject resembles the inconceivable distance of a heavenly body, which although compelled to acknowledge by the force of overpowering facts, still, for want of assimilation from its incomprehensibility, does not fasten on to the feelings, and hence a continual recurrence to facts is requisite to feed the craving appetite. I shall from time to time, as opportunities offer, endeavor to assist in such explanations, in familiar letters, and thus contribute my mite toward the realization here of the wonders of our future home.

Having changed my original intention in manner, the reference in Note E (of Number One) to Note B of Number Two, should now be erased.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. W. RAINES.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, New York.

PART SECOND, OR PSYCHICAL.

FIRST.—THE ACTION OF PERSONS IN PRODUCING THE PHENOMENA.

This action is of two kinds: I. *Automatic.* II. *Controlled by Intelligence.*

I. *True Automatic Action.*

The phenomena are produced by a true automatic action under the following circumstances:

1. When there is a simple discharge of the spirod force into the substance of adjacent matter, producing sounds or concussions unaccompanied by evidences of intelligence.
2. When simple movements of objects occur through the agency of this force without being preceded, accompanied, or followed by evidences of intelligence.
3. When there is a simple spasmodic action of any part of the system under the same circumstances.

Secondary Automatic, or Reflex Action of the Cerebrum.

The phenomena result from the ideomotor power under the following conditions :

1. A suddenly raised emotion of the mind—perhaps accompanied with a spasm—producing an unconscious discharge of spirod, as in 1, 2 and 3.
2. A forcible impression or idea suddenly grafted on the mind, causing the spirod to be discharged in a corresponding answer indicating *Yes* or *No*.
3. An engrossing continued idea which, by being constantly present to the mind, gradually acquires power over the automatic system by such continued effort, resulting in a communicating reflex intelligence analogous to unconsciously humming a tune or repeating a quotation.
4. An exertion of the volition force—to a limited degree—in some persons, controlling the spirod through, to them, a natural power over the automatic system.

II. Spiritual Action of the Inner Intelligence.

The phenomena are directed by the controlling power of the interior spirit.

1. When the medium is in the mesmeric or somnambule trance, and communicates intelligence by speaking, writing, or otherwise, not purporting to emanate from disembodied spirits.
2. When the medium, as above, is under the influence of a suggested personality impressed on the sympathetic intelligence by the dominant idea of some individual *en rapport* (Note A).
3. When the inner feelings are intensely drawn toward, and yearns to communicate with some absent relative or friend (B).

SECOND.—THE ACTION OF DISEMBODIED SPIRITS.

The phenomena are assumed to be governed by spirits.

1. When intelligence is communicated not in the mind of the medium, or any individual present, and which from necessity had never been known to them at any previous period (C).
2. When a spirit is announced as being present entirely unknown—perhaps never heard of—by any person present, but who is afterward recognized by absent individuals who corroborate its statements (D).
3. When a communication is given, or other spirod phenomena occur, and coincidentally what has been done, is announced by the communicating intelligence to persons at a distance (E).

4. When varied communications are given in languages entirely unknown to the medium and those present (F).

5. When an unknown being indicates its presence by physical movements and sounds eminently indicative of its former vocation (G).

6. When the person of the medium is under the influence of, or oppressed by, an unknown being who assumes, as near as may be, its former appearance, voice, movements, and peculiarities with astonishing truthfulness (H).

7. When marked events are truthfully foretold (I).

8. When distant, unknown—perhaps unthought of—events are truthfully announced as then occurring, or having just transpired (K).

9. When the hands, feet, face, head, limbs, etc., are strongly grasped, pressed, touched, or shaken by an invisible intelligent power (L).

10. When strong or peculiar spirid phenomena occur—indicating an intelligent agent—such as the movements of articles, sounds, etc., when not in physical connection with any person (M).

11. When intelligent spirid phenomena take place at a certain locality, or in general, irrespective of the immediate presence or absence of any or all persons (N).

12. When highly intelligent communications are received through the agency of young children (O).

13. When communications are obtained which have some peculiarity in their mode of expression unknown or unthought of by those present, but recognized as characteristic of the assumed individual (P).

14. When calm moral communications are obtained when the medium is in an excited or passionate state of mind (Q).

15. When a being has once been identified, and states that its further visits will be known by some peculiarity of phenomena, then when such occurs, or is exhibited in connection with its asserted presence (R).

16. When a being is called for by name, and another—unthought of—one having the same name, indicates its presence in answer to the call, and who is at the time, or afterward, recognized (S).

NOTE A.—This is an important matter, constituting the principal difficulty in the belief that communications are actually had from spiritual beings.* The answers

* All doubtful sources of communication purporting to emanate from disembodied spirits can be brought to the test of spirituality by questions requiring clairvoyant answers. For such, no amount of automatic or volitional action will avail; they must be resolved by a spiritual intelligence either in or out of the body. Hence correct replies to such at once dispose of all "automatic," "reflex," or "ideo-motor," and "volitional" action, and narrow the subject down to the agency of a spiritual being in or out of the body.

thus obtained are in some cases so manifestly the reflection of the previously entertained ideas of the medium, or of one or more persons of the "circle," that it tends to produce a belief in many that the whole matter is but a new phase of thought-reading action, and hence to be referred to some unknown power of the mind. What renders the matter still more doubtful, is the well-ascertained fact that some individuals are clairvoyant in their ordinary waking condition, and hence may *possibly* be the source of the communications unconsciously to themselves. To determine and separate human agency in all cases, by drawing a distinct and marked boundary between its action and that of spiritual beings, can not be done, or expected. The extremes are easily separated, but the middle ground must of necessity remain undetermined, since the actors are of a common spiritual nature, and hence no difference in their operations can in such cases be anticipated. Indeed, it would be unfortunate for the belief in a state of continued spiritual life, if man's inner nature did not lap on to the sphere of his future existence. If in the interior recesses of his intelligence he is a spirit, then his spirit, being of the same nature as the disembodied spirits of former human beings, should be aware of their presence, commune with them, and to a limited extent possess their powers.

That its action should be inferior to theirs is to be expected when we reflect that it is attracted and attached to ordinary matter; a magnet exhibits but little of its power when attached to the matter of its armature.

It avails nothing to endeavor to draw a distinct line of separation between the two existences, nor could any benefit be derived if such were possible. The value of the emanations from the middle ground must be judged of by application to the guide, reason, given to man by his Creator to direct his course through the perplexities of his existence.

It is idle, in this enlightened age, to assert that we may not reason on spiritual matters; the intelligence of man can and will apply its light to all that he can conceive of, and that of which he can form no idea, for him does not exist.

The fundamental fact to be investigated is not whether this or that truthful communication emanated from a spirit with or without an earthly envelop, but whether there be such existences at all. Of this all-important fact each one must work out his own conviction; to the intuitive mind, the beautifully pure teachings of the Benefactor of mankind will be received as sufficient data, according with its own convictions, but for those less inherently fortunate, some more tangible evidence will be required to confirm so momentous a truth. Perhaps but little labor in the inquirer will be necessary should he, before commencing his researches, wash from the tablets of his mind the tints and colors of preconceived opinions, so as to allow reason and intuition to paint a truthful picture with the furnished materials. Such can be abundantly supplied, either by personal efforts, or relying on those so plentifully gathered by others.

It may be well to remark that whoever shall have arrived at a belief in the remarkable phenomena of clairvoyance as related to the subject-matter of this note, will be within view of the goal which he must sooner or later certainly reach. No phenomena of the spiritual manifestations are more mysteriously marvelous, or more incredible in their nature; its higher phases merge into the spiritual world, and reflect back the truth of the independence of man's inner spirit of its earthly form. When thus unfettered it is not an automatic machine which may be played on at will, nor does it exhibit that polarized condition of the mind of the brain whose action is in but one

plane of direction, but is a reasoning intelligence of a higher order possessed of almost unbounded powers of perception.

To whom could we so well look for information of that refined state of existence which eludes our bodily senses, as to those whose exquisite and extended sensibilities take cognizance of the odylie undulations, which vibrating in all matter and extending through illimitable space, unite the mental with the material universe.

NOTE B.—This refers to the spirod action of the inner intelligence or spirit of such persons at a distance from their bodies; such as exhibiting their appearance and actions to the individuals on whom the feelings and thoughts are concentrated.

Of all the phenomena of man's nature this seems the most incredible. That a human being should have an inner distinct and superior individuality, which perceives, reasons, and at times acts without, it may be, the knowledge of his outer mind—which can even separate itself in some cases from his body, and exhibit at a distance its powers and apparently tangible presence—seems most marvelous. Nevertheless, philosophically, it is no more mysterious than other recognized phenomena of his being, scarcely any one fact of which is better substantiated by credible testimony. From the earliest period of history this belief, more or less qualified, seems to have been entertained by the mass of mankind, including many of the most profound sages. In the reaction which followed the extravagantly blind superstition of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, this truth, with nearly all those which had tangibly connected man's earthly existence with his future sphere of action, fell into more or less discredit, and unwelcome doubts of the reality of another life began to pervade all grades and classes.

This struggle between excessive credulity and unreasonable doubt seems about to subside on the platform of reason, and with the lights of modern scientific research, the way appears opening to a philosophical appreciation of his connection with the surrounding material creation.

For instances relative to the subject-matter of this note, reference is made to the higher mesmeric phenomena in general, as also to the cases cited below.

"Night Side of Nature," pages 59, 108, 122, 124, 125, 182, 184 to 171, 201.

"Celestial Telegraph," pages 19, 49, 69, 70; Part Second, 18 to 21, 87, 119, 120, 168, 169, 170, 181.

"Pneumatology," pages 46, 47, 172, 240, 248.

"Seeress of Prevorst," pages 24, 35, 38, etc., etc., etc.

In the following notes, references will be made, as above, for corroborative instances to the following works:

a. "Spiritualism." Hon. J. W. Edmonds and Dr. Dexter.

b. "Supernal Theology." Owen G. Warren.

c. "Spirit Manifestations." Rev. Adin Ballou. 2d ed.

d. "Pneumatology." Jung Stilling.

e. "Celestial Telegraph." Alfred Cahagnet.

f. "Night Side of Nature." Catherine Crowe.

g. "Seeress of Prevorst." Justin Kerner, M. D.

h. "Mysterious Agents." E. C. Rogers, M. D.

k. "Spiritual Telegraph." Partridge & Brittan.

NOTE C.—For examples relative to the subject-matter of this note, see *a*, page 16; *c*, 238; *e*, 50; *f*, 95, 96, 97, 331; *k*, 79, "Conference." 61, "A Reliable Spirit." 51, "Another Fact." 43, "Spiritual Manifestations," etc.

NOTE D.—For examples see *c*, 169; *e*, 72 to 86; Second Part, 56, 57, 58, 66, 102, 103, 142, 143; *g*, 92; *k*, 86, "A Remarkable Test." 16, "Manifestations at Manchester," etc.

NOTE E.—For examples see *c*, 165; *k*, 90, "A Spirit Errand," etc.

NOTE F.—For examples see *a*, 35, 87; *c*, 241, 243, 244; *f*, 82; *k*, 7. "Spirits in Cleveland," etc.

NOTE G.—For examples see *c*, 180; *f*, 203, 278; *k*, 79, "Spirit Whistlings." 90, "Conference." 72, "Who Sounded the Horn?" 16, "Manifestations at Manchester," etc.

NOTE H.—For examples see *b*, 40, 45, 55; *k*, 90, "Conference." 8, "Conference." 8, "Spiritual Communications."

Being present at the "Conference" here alluded to, I was a witness to the facts recorded in the "Telegraph," which I find, by referring to my notes taken at the time, are not stated as strongly as might have been done. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to give a satisfactory description of such phenomena, which must be seen and heard to be properly appreciated. One important incident in relation to the above I will copy from my notes, showing the independence of the medium's mind—who was at the time entranced—from the communicating intelligence. " * * * Miss —, a high clairvoyant at times, though now in her normal condition, being seated next to me observed in a low tone: 'I feel my father is present,' and wrote something on a strip of paper which she passed to my neighbor. The medium observed (being about eight feet off), 'Here is a spirit who says his name is William.' The question was asked around the 'circle,' 'Who is William?' 'Has any one here a relative of that name?' The medium soon spoke again, saying, 'Eliza Noes' (Eliza knows). He was under the impression evidently at the moment, that this was the name of some individual, for turning his head around inquiringly—his eyes closed—he asked, 'Who is Eliza Noes?' Dr. H. remarked, 'He (the spirit) means that Eliza knows him.' Miss —, whose name was Eliza, and unacquainted with the medium, now remarked with some agitation, 'It is my father—his name was William.'"

Here the inner spirit of the medium (being entranced) was under the impression that the two words communicated through himself ("Eliza knows") was the name of an individual, not being aware there was a person present named Eliza who was a stranger to him. I regard this as a very valuable case, demonstrating that the *interior intelligence of the medium does not itself give such communications*; or, in other words, that it is not *psychologized into the adoption of the individuality of another being*.

NOTE I.—For examples see *a*, 32, 87; *b*, 40; *c*, 236, 238, 246, 248, 18 to 22, 194; *d*, 100 to 109, 175 to 179, 262, 263; *e*, 63; *f*, 87, 126, 127, 180, 181; *g*, 113; *k*, 85, "A Premonition." 83, "Pictorial Prophecies," etc.

NOTE K.—For examples see *a*, 30, 32, 75; *b*, 19, 21; *c*, 14, 41, 198, 199; *d*, 55, 169, 170; *e* (Second Part), 181; *g*, 75; *k*, 87, "Conclusive Tests." 87, "Another Strong Case." 83, "A Convincing Demonstration." 3, "Telegraphing from the Spirit World," etc.

NOTE L.—For examples see *a*, 19, 26, 32, 73, 91, 92, 428; *b*, 17, 47, 58, 65; *c*, 31, 181, 184; *g*, 73, 85; *k*, "Spirit Touches." 85, "Impressions on Wood." 84, "Tangible Manifestations." 81, "Conference." 7, "Spiritual Facts," etc.

NOTE M.—For examples see *a*, 16, 22, 23, 24, 26, 94, 95, 426 to 430, 446, 448; *c*, 34, 35, 36, 37, 40, 41, 166, 167, 175, 176, 185; *d*, 152, 157, 183, 192, 208, 211, 213, 275, 276, 278, 279; *f*, 340, 346 to 365, 388, 389, 406; *g*, 20, 21, 64, 65, 71, 72, 73, 74, 79, 80, 81, 85, 86, 87, 90, 91, 92, 93 to 102, 105, 109, 110, 111, 113; *k*, 86, "The Spirits in Athens County." 90, "Conference," Jan. 12th. 90, "Spirits in Louisville." 85, "Letter from Warren Chase." 83, "Spirit Music." 83, "Conference." 61, "Wonderful Occurrences." 43, "Spiritual Manifestations." 43, "Brittan and Richmond's Discussion." 16, "Manifestations at Manchester." 36, "Spiritual Manifestations." 43, "Spiritual Manifestations," etc.

NOTE N.—For examples see *b*, 18; *f*, 274; *g*, 114; *k*, 7, "Epistle from Dr. Richmond."

NOTE O.—For examples see *a*, 87; *b*, 16, 20, 89, etc.

NOTE P.—For examples see *a*, 83, 50, 420, 430; *b*, 19, 20, 45; *k*, 34, "What Manner of Spirit?" 7, "Spiritual Facts." 43, "Spiritual Manifestations," etc.

NOTE Q.—For an instance of this nature I find one recorded in my notes as being highly characteristic, not only the medium, but also all those present being quite excited against the conduct of a certain person present, whose language was strongly offensive to all, and particularly so to the medium. Nevertheless, a communication which had previously commenced, of a calm moral character, was continued without change of idea or diction. For obvious reasons the names are not given.

NOTE R.—This of necessity is a conclusion derived from experience. I am not aware, under such circumstances, that any imposition has ever occurred where the indicated phenomena have been of a peculiar and marked nature.

NOTE S.—For examples see *c*, 142; (Second Part), 30, etc.

I have thus in a condensed manner endeavored to present an outline of results of my investigations into the matter in question; its comprehensive nature, involving the general phenomena of the mind as well as that of the higher physical sciences, will prevent a continuance of the subject as originally intended in this paper, relative to the nature of mind in its relation to matter, and its mode of action in clairvoyance, etc. Should time serve, however, the subject will be considered at a future period as an appendix, in the form of familiar letters.

It would seem that the time has arrived when the different sciences, which for so long a period have diverged from the fundamental truth of a state of immortality, have commenced curving toward its ascending line and are now, in many branches, decidedly pointing in that direction. This furnishes a powerful inductive argument in its favor, which though unnecessary perhaps to a Spiritualist, is valuable to all those who may have a less firm conviction of a future life; it will be referred to at another period.

Very truly, yours,

GEO. W. RAINES.



WHAT IS A MIRACLE?—As Spiritualism denies that miracles are, or have been, wrought upon the earth, it may be well to inquire into their nature. In the common acceptance of the term, a miracle is a thing or an act which transcends or contravenes the laws of nature. If a miracle then be wrought, it must be by the Maker of those laws. We believe that He never nullifies or transgresses them, and consequently that whatever has been done on earth or elsewhere has been done through natural causes.

In the Old and New Testaments there are many miracles recorded. Some of them can be explained, and others not. A recent event offers a solution of one of them. Certain servants of the Lord were thrown into a fiery furnace heated to an extraordinary degree; but they were not burned; and there was not even the smell of fire upon them. Something of a similar nature has lately occurred. A medium had been ordered by a spirit to thrust his hand into the flame of a hot fire. He did so, at first with some natural hesitation; but finally held his hand in it for a considerable time without injury. This was many times repeated, and the hand was not burned in the least.

This miracle—and there have been several such—was explained by the spirits, as far as it could be explained. They alleged that they were able to envelop him in an atmosphere that would resist the action of fire.

Possibly the time will come when the same means may be understood by men and applied to useful purposes. Meantime, in our present ignorance of the laws of nature and their relation to the phenomena around us, we should hesitate to consider any thing as a miracle.

W.



THE PURPOSE OF SPIRIT VISITATION

MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

THOUGHTS far-reaching into the bosom of eternity are now emanating from spirit-minds. Commencing with the very birth of being, they traverse the varied scenes through which they have passed, until as now, they can assume a tangible form and expression, whose extended signification shall ultimately become an established fact, an axiom of moral conduct, and the full development of the heart of man. Taking him in his helplessness, his sin and depravity, its mission is to clothe him with wisdom ; to imbue his spirit with the cheering and elevating principles of its own life ; with a strong but gentle hand to eradicate the foul and poisonous weeds that rankle and consume it ; fill it with the fragrance of heavenly love, and bathe it with the dew of divine mercy ; so that instead of vailing itself in clouds and shadows, it shall bound in the free exercise of its own native and inherent beauty and purity, making the harmonious melodies of the spirit-climes vibrate even among the shattered chords of its earthly being. Instead of living a retrograde life, that the cycle of an eternity can scarce redeem, it may advance in progression toward the attainment of that elevation of which it is capable, and for which it was designed by its beneficent Creator.

Behold a new order established on the earth ! The spirit is here clothed with form ; its powers, all pure and fresh from the hands of the great Architect, like so many building materials fitted to each other, designed to erect a moral temple, in which it may dwell, to propagate and define the wisdom and love of the great creative First Cause. Not for fashion, form, or expediency is it here breathing the breath of life, but for the progressive development and improvement of the race. It comes with the beauty and the strength of its Maker fully enstamped upon it, so susceptible of its own powers, and understanding its high destiny, that its whole nature shrinks from evil as from a contaminating breath. It is pure, its affinities are with purity, and by the great law of congeniality it seeks the ways of truth and righteousness. The spirit intelligencies who are passing before it in the great scale of moral regenera-

tion, bend ever to its aspirations as easily and as naturally as the confident child is led by the law of love ; so shall man be led by their gentle suggestions. An harmonious sympathy of feeling and action shall pervade their being, its connecting cord grow stronger and brighter ; for the friction of love, so gentle and so true, shall keep in active circulation the great arteries of the moral links, and thoroughly purify them to all good and noble achievement.

Blended with this grand result are infinite sources of happiness opened to the realization of the soul. It has been pent and confined like the slumbering volcano, but it shall burst forth and reach the skies. Not with violence and fury, but gradually and slowly it shall awake out of its bondage ; not to desolate, but to elevate and refine its surroundings ; to radiate a sure and steady light upon the darkness of error, based upon the love of God and the divinity of man. Is not this sufficiently great and important to arouse man from the lethargy of sin, and excite him to all noble emulation ? If the soul does not now arise in its strength to lift itself up to God, it were not of God, or Godlike in its attributes. Did it for one moment count ease or luxury a substitute even for the toil necessary for its emancipation, it were renegade to the voice of God, pleading within for help. But this is stopping at the beginning. The work must be done, and man to be man must perform it ; and happy are they in whom the God in their nature is so developed that they can labor profitably and acceptably with God is this great unfolding of his plans. He only calls upon the intellect that he has created and blessed, that it may render unto him the tribute due ; that as his great treasury is supplied by its thousand tributary streams, it may pour forth more abundantly upon the whole family of man.

Sin must be met. In depravity and moral destitution lie the germinating seeds of those glorious attributes and affections God has given to his children. The strata of many generations entomb them, but truth, with a tremendous power, shall shatter their incrustations, and bring to the surface their many concealed gems, that they may glisten with the light of love to reflect the glory of Omnipotence. Buried beneath the prejudice and vice of ages it were an Herculean task to renovate the soul, were there not within it a living principle of life. 'Tis not a creative energy now exerted, but a restoring action of love, whose fulfillment will fill heaven with joy and clothe earth in gladness. A new heaven and a new earth shall arise out of the ashes of the past. God, not as the stern judge, but the beneficent Father, shall dwell with his children to encourage and to bless.

G. W.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

A MIGHTY mind! he stood up in the race,
Strong, proud, and beautiful—strong in hope,
Proud in honor, and beautiful in love!

A Bard—his soul-Eolian harp was tuned
To highest harmonies, and kindred minds
Foretold the gushing forth of some great hymn
To startle nations, and to vindicate
The long-lost empire of the God in man!

But, ah! that harp was tuned for brighter spheres;
Its voice was early hushed—its tender strings
Too soon untempered by the chilling frosts,
And dull, cold atmosphere of Earth.

At first,
The genial breeze of life's young spring awoke
The essences of sweetest harmonies:
Men stood entranced by such unearthly sounds;
But he, the great weird Minstrel, felt the while
'Twas but a prelude to the strain to come.

That strain was never sung; the cold, rude blasts
Of after-life snapped every string in twain!
And why should this have been? Go, question Fate:
It may be that the Monarch of the Dead,
Enraptured by his voice, had summoned off
The gifted Minstrel to his shadowy court,
To charm the silence of his gloomy realms.

Or else, it may be (if the fable taught
In old Theologies be true) he felt
His soul's affinities were linked with one
Not in the form of flesh—his angel-mate,
Who, grown impatient at the long delay,
Had gently wooed his soul from this dark orb
To deck it in the bridal robes of heaven.

Ah, me! he passed us in this dark estate
As meteor in the night; we never knew
How dim was Earth until that light had fled!

And yet, though brief his sojourn here, he left
 His glowing impress on the world of mind;
 His subtle brain, of finest texture wrought,
 Pierced boldly through the outer crust of things,
 And read the myst'ries of the Inner World.
 He sought out combinations most remote,
 And breathed a soul of beauty in the cold,
 Repulsive forms of philosophic thought.
 The mystic characters which baffled oft
 The sensous vision of his fellow-man,
 To him were merely alphabetic signs
 Which form the basis of that angel-tongue
 By which the souls of men converse in heaven.

Ah! sadly dowered was this gifted soul;
 Fame placed her tinsel laurel on his brow,
 But left the cruel thorn of *Envy* there.
 Men recked not of the light that they received,
 But gazed with envious eye upon its source;
 And murmured that his lamp should shine so bright,
 And asked "what bread this *Cæsar* fed upon,"
 That he should proudly lord it over them
 As monarch in the empire of the mind?
 Ah! little recked they that this spirit-lamp
 Was sapped and wasted by the light it gave:
 They deemed not, while enraptured by his voice,
 The Minstrel's heart was breaking in the strain!

He might have been a prophet 'mong his kind,
 To herald forth some mighty truth to earth;
 But then his composition lacked the force
 To raise men up to his high sphere of thought;
 The earth-life pressed too strong upon his soul,
 And shadowed out the angel-side—and thus
 He sank down to the level of his kind.

Without an audience he had sung for years,
 And when that audience came—it was too late
 The disappointment of his early hopes,
 The cold repulsion of his fellow-man,
 His want of all companionship in life,
 The breath of earthly passion on his soul,
 And causes which the world can never know,
 Had done their work upon his fragile frame!

The large humanities within his soul
 Had yearned for genial action in this cramped
 And selfish state, until, like smothered fires,

They burned in secret 'mid their peerless ruins,
 And laid the noble temple desolate!
 Oh, God! it was a piteous sight to see
 A soul so freighted with its wealth of thought
 Go down amid the dark, cold waves of death!

And yet, before his spirit passed from earth
 The prestige of his youth came back, and breathed
 A glory as of heaven on his brow!
 The sun-born visions of the olden time
 Arose in beauty from their grave of years,
 And prophesied unto his fainting soul
 Their bright fruition in the "better land!"
 He fell amid a wreck of splendid thoughts,
 As warrior dying on the battle-field—
 His banner wrapped around him for his shroud!

The life-disease had dwarfed his giant mind
 And parched the native freshness of his soul:
 But now at length he knew his hour was come;
 His ear had caught the music of the spheres,
 Which sounded to him like a song of home:
 He upward turned his yearning gaze, for *there*
 He knew his crushed and withered soul would rise
 To blossom out in more congenial climes;
 He knew the god within him would assert
 Its *royal lineage* from the KING DIVINE!
 And thus he passed into the Shadow Land,
 As when in early life he walked the earth—
 Strong, proud, and beautiful—strong in hope,
 Proud in honor, and beautiful in love!

EPITAPH.

Lo! the lamp that illumines the eye with its flame—
 It glows and it dies in its turn;
 Ah! pity the Poet—nor envy his fame—
 His fate is to *shine*, and to *burn*!

BLESSED is he who assuages a human pang, for he assimilates himself to his God. Blessed is he who has faith in the great Creator, for he draws himself nigher unto him. Blessed is he who devotes himself to the advancement of the happiness of his race, for then he becomes a very God indeed himself.

E.

WHY DID THEY NOT COME BEFORE ?

THIS question is often asked by the skeptic, and we propose to answer it by giving, from time to time, evidences from the history of the past, that spirit intercourse has existed in all ages of the world ; that in some form or other, it has been known and recognized among men from the beginning, and that the only difference now is, that it is becoming more general, more widely diffused, and more perfect in its manifestations.

In the execution of this purpose we shall occasionally give extracts from our readings, and begin in this paper with some extracts from the Introduction to Rollin's "Ancient History." The extracts are not all confined to this topic, but they are not without interest.

It is not, indeed, to be questioned but that God, before the Deluge, did manifest his will to mankind in different methods, as he has since done to his people, sometimes in his own person, and *viva voce*, sometimes by the ministry of angels, or of prophets inspired by himself, and at other times by apparitions and dreams.—Page 38.

Among the various marks which God has given us in the Scriptures to, distinguish his oracle from those of the devil, the fury or madness attributed by Virgil to the Pythia is one. It is I, says God, that show the falsehood of the diviner's predictions, and give to such as divine the motions of fury and madness ; or, according to Isaiah xlv. 25, "that frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and maketh diviners mad." Instead of which the prophets of the true God constantly gave the divine answers in an equal and calm tone of voice, and with a noble tranquillity of behavior. Another distinguishing mark is the demons giving their oracles in secret places, by-ways, and in the obscurity of caves ; whereas God gave his in open day, and before all the world. "I have not spoken in secret in a dark place of the earth."—*Isaiah* xlv. 19 "I have not spoken in secret from the beginning."—*Isaiah* xlviii. 16 So that God did not permit the devil to imitate his oracles without imposing such conditions upon him as might distinguish between the true and false inspiration.—Page 44, Note.

It must, however, be confessed, that sometimes the answer of the ora-

cle was clear and circumstantial. I have related, in the history of Croesus, the stratagem he made use of to assure himself of the veracity of the oracle, which was to demand of it, by his ambassador, what he was doing at a certain time prefixed. The oracle of Delphos replied, that he was causing a tortoise and a lamb to be dressed in a vessel of brass, which was really so. The Emperor Trajan made a like proof upon the god at Heliopolis, by sending him a letter sealed up, to which he demanded an answer. The oracle made no other return than to command a blank paper, well folded and sealed, to be delivered to him. Trajan, upon the receipt of it, was struck with amazement to see an answer so correspondent with his own letter, in which he knew he had wrote nothing.



New inventions have sprung up so rapidly within the last half century, and of such startling interest, that the most wonderful discovery now makes but little impression. It is the wonder of the day, and is forgot ten on the morrow in the newer interest of a still greater discovery.

It has often been asked, What would be the fate of the world in case of over population. The question is of little importance, since such an event is presumed to be impossible. The means of subsistence must always keep pace with the multiplication of the human species. Doubtless the earth would comfortably support a thousand times its present population, and its arable surface may yet be increased by drainage of lakes and upheaval of continents.

But the question recurs, What would be done to sustain life if the earth's surface were insufficient to produce the food required? In answer it may be said that such an event, if possible, must be far distant, and in the present progress of the art of invention, myriads of new discoveries will be made bearing upon this point. Perhaps it is not too much to assume, in such a contingency, that, by means of electricity in some form, a calf might be grown to an ox in one day—a lamb to a fat sheep, or a pig to a gigantic porker. There are enthusiasts in science who dream of such things, and the actual accomplishment of them would not startle and revolutionize the world so much as did the discovery of spiritual communication.

DIALOGUES.

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER III.

SPIRITUALIST.—When we were last conversing, you remarked that the intelligence manifested in the rappings and writings through mediums might be the work of the devil.

SKEPTIC.—Yes, and I am much inclined to believe that if there be in these doings any intelligence outside of the mediums, it is the work of the arch fiend, the fittest agent, as I think, for the business.

SP.—I would discuss that question with you now but that I think a more general objection to Spiritualism requires to be noticed. It is often asked, with a sneer, “What is the *use* of it?”

SKEP.—And I ask, though not with a sneer, but in all honesty of my unbelief, what is the use of the Spiritualism you teach?

SP.—Your question is pertinent and proper, and I am glad to have an opportunity to express my opinion of it.

Perhaps, preliminarily, I may be permitted to ask you, what is the use of Beauty, or of Truth, or of Love?

SKEP.—Your question is easily answered. Beauty gives happiness to the soul and elevates it above the earth. Truth in the abstract is the *right*. It seems the most useful thing on earth. That Love is useful needs no argument, since without it there could be no happiness in life.

SP.—You have given a very small number of the uses of Beauty, Truth, and Love; but your answer is part of mine to you. So far as Beauty, Truth, and Love are useful to the human soul, so far is Spiritualism of use.

SKEP.—I do not see how that can be. For instance, what is the use of learning through these mysterious raps how long ago your grandmother died, and that she is happy?

SP.—If such a communication were made to me—if there were spelled out to me the name of my beloved relative, and she were identified as present by the statement of the time, place, and circumstance of her death (and such communications are very frequent), I should be very happy, the intelligence would be beneficial to me. You will allow that I should

be the best judge of what would be of use to me. I should be happy to know that my relative still remembered me and loved me. The consciousness of being loved is the highest source of happiness. I think that no one will question the use of happiness. Perhaps you would not care to know that any relative departed still lived and loved you.

SKEP.—Indeed I should. But I look upon these communications as irresponsible and unreliable. I hear through mediums long discourses, whose burden is "love one another," which probably emanate entirely from the medium's own mind.

SP.—I would pick up a gem if I saw it lying in the gutter. An exhortation to be gentle, loving, forgiving, and charitable may not interest you from any source, but there is certainly no harm in it if there be no use. If the communications be sometimes irresponsible, that is the misfortune of human frailty. We can not always rely upon what is told us. What advance would the scholar make in science if he did not sift the chaff of error from the grains of truth. In receiving communications from spirits, one's reason must be exercised to judge of their reliability.

SKEP.—Then you admit that the communications are not always truthful.

SP.—Certainly I admit it. Statements made by spirits are about as reliable as statements made here among us by the people of earth. Is the half that is told you true?

SKEP.—No, I think not. But then a spirit should be more reliable.

SP.—Yes, of course. And probably the same spirit, that while here in the body would tell you a lie as willingly as the truth, would, after entering the next world, be likely to be more truthful. It is generally believed that the passing from the earth to the spheres works a favorable change in the majority of those who die. Yet the nature is not changed, though a reformation may be begun.

SKEP.—Tell me of the uses of Spiritualism as a religion—what does it do for the sincere believer?

SP.—That is a question which a Spiritualist would love to answer, since no one ever believed who was not in consequence of that belief both better and happier.

What is the use of it? Why, it wakens love in the heart. It warms the affections toward the departed, and keeps alive the memory that else might fade away and perish. It widens the sphere of love and duty. It points out a thousand ways to be good and useful to others, and to promote the happiness of those around us. Surely the time will come when we shall meet again those whom we have lost out of our love-circle.

Will it be of no use to us or to them to keep bright the chain of sympathy between us? Shall we not be happier to meet them after death, if we have often held converse with them, and proved our love and theirs to be still true?

What is the *use* of it? Is it nothing to have the society of those we love? To speak to them, to hear them speak, perhaps to *see* them, in the rare instances when the veil can be lifted which shrouds them from our sight? Will you measure the use of love, of truth, of beauty, or happiness?

SKEP.—If I could believe in your doctrines, I could better see the use of attending circles and listening to the pretended communications from spirits. But I do not believe that any spirits (unless perhaps Satan) has communicated through any of the mediums.

SP.—It would be an easy task to convince you if you would suffer yourself to be convinced. But there is no case in which we can so well apply the old adage:

“A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still.”

SKEP.—I am not unwilling to accept any new *truth*—only show that it is a truth.

SP.—That could not be done without your consent. You must seek the truth or you will never find it. You must be aware that the mountain will not come to Mohammed.

To recur to the uses of Spiritualism. You will readily admit that could you know that one whom you had truly loved on earth was near you in the spirit-form, you would be happier. You would be less lonely. You would be more hopeful of the future, and less likely to relapse into fits of gloom and despondency.

SKEP.—Most certainly I should be happier with such a knowledge.

SP.—You would in the consciousness of such a presence be more careful of your behavior. You would not do that which he or she would regret to see. You would be all that your friend could desire. Here would be a use of Spiritualism.

SKEP.—Yes, indeed. I can readily perceive that those who are laboring under this delusion may become both better and happier.

SP.—Would that all the world then could be in that delusion, for they sadly need to be made better and happier.

SKEP.—But I would not embrace an error for any result that could be offered.

SP.—That could hardly be an error which would bless and reform the world. We judge of trees by their fruits. Men do not gather grapes of thorns, nor figs of thistles.

There are some other uses of it to which I wish to call your attention. It is of use, all will admit, to *demonstrate* the truth of even that which we already believe. He who sees, hears, or talks in any way with the spirit of one departed, *knows* the immortality of the soul. It ceases to be with him merely a matter of *belief*. Of that, all speculation is at an end. But there are vast numbers of persons who are members of our churches, and who would shrink from the charge of infidelity lest it should hurt their business or interfere with their respectability, who are nevertheless in doubt as to the immortality of the soul. They are not exactly Atheists. It is not possible for a human being to doubt the existence of a Great First Cause. That is the name such skeptics give to God. They do not believe in a future existence of the soul, but suppose that the life which is in the body is the source of mind, and that at death this vital essence goes back into nature that gave it, and is distributed into new and various forms, such as the worms that feed upon the body.

There are many such skeptics, more than people generally suppose. Let one of these be convinced that a spirit has spoken with him, and he is converted at once from his unbelief, and is ready under the benign influences of the new faith to begin his life anew, with a complete regeneration of his soul. This is the only chance to convert infidels. If they listen to preaching they do not respect the preacher. Their minds are made up. They are sure he does not *know* any more of the matter than themselves, and his words fall to the ground. But to one risen from the dead they have no argument to use. Once convinced that a friend lost by death is speaking with them, there is an end of the argument. Is it of no use to work such a change in an infidel?

SKEP.—Of course it is. I would like to see such a change wrought, if even by an illusion. But you will have great difficulty in getting the skeptics of that kind to visit a medium.

SP.—Yes, it is difficult, but it is occasionally done, and the occasions are growing more and more frequent. Every such conversion helps to convert others, and thus the work proceeds in a geometrical progression.

SKEP.—With so many *uses* to your spirit-rapping, it is pity that it could not be practically demonstrated.

SP.—To us who pay a proper attention to the subject it is practically demonstrated. This is one of its greatest uses, that it is capable of practical demonstration. We see and know that it is a common-sense reli-

gion—as natural to the heart as a mother's love for her child. It is not illusory, liable to be believed one day and given up the next. Once believed on proper evidence, there is no possibility of change. It is not faith, but an absolute knowledge. It is as if the question of Spiritualism were, "Is there in the city of New York a Crystal Palace?" Those who would not go and see, might dispute and wrangle, sneer and ridicule, doubt or believe the reports of their friends, and rest of course in the peculiar uncertainty which attends all faith which is based on testimony. If one goes to the spot and sees the Crystal Palace, *he* is satisfied for himself, even if his friends will not take his word on the subject.

Spiritualism is just in this position. Those who will go and see, will *know* the truth of it. Those who will not go and see, may doubt and dispute, but they can not judge of the matter.

SKEP.—Do we not have to depend on the veracity of the mediums?

SP.—Not at all. I would advise no one to depend upon the veracity of another for the truth of a new doctrine. We have enough of *ipse dixit* in the old orthodoxy. Give us no more dogmas. The spirit of this age demands certainty. It wants a religion that is real and abiding, and not founded upon fallible testimony. Such a religion would unite the world in a common brotherhood.

SKEP.—You are using the language which I have always taken to describe my faith. I always supposed mine to be sure and abiding, and eternal as the Rock of Ages.

SP.—It is probable that all the important points of your belief may be mainly correct. Belief in facts is of no importance, except in so far as it may influence action. No man can make or unmake his belief, and therefore he is not to be rewarded or punished for it. If you should see and know that spirits could converse with you, you would be happy in that knowledge, and you would then perceive that you had built so important a structure as that of your faith upon *testimony*.

SKEP.—Yes; but the testimony of God, is not that sufficiently reliable?

SP.—The testimony of God at second-hand, and as you happen to have been taught to understand it. By your side have grown up thousands as intelligent and well educated as yourself, who with this same testimony of God before them have formed a faith the opposite of yours. Even if that testimony be infallible, it is liable to be misunderstood. The simple fact of the immortality of the soul, taught by these phenomena, is one of the facts not liable to be misunderstood. It is of much use to have a rock foundation to build upon. Facts of this kind are excellent to form the base of a faith.

When you have learned to know this much, it will be easy to learn more. The nature of life beyond the grave will next be learned on the only possible basis—the information of those who have been there. Then if you wish to know your own probable destiny, you can judge of it by seeing how your friends have fared.

SKEP.—Much as your doctrine is repugnant to my feelings, I will not deny that a belief in it would make people happier—many illusions in life would do that—and some think that where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. It will make a man happier to believe that his wife loves him, when perhaps she does not. One is calmer in mind, and much more comfortable for being fully assured that his religious faith is right, and that he is on the sure road to a blissful immortality. But I would not, therefore, wish to have an erroneous faith, however conducive it might be to my happiness, nor in any way to be blissfully ignorant where I might be wise. To me there is but little use in that.

SP.—Happiness is the aim of all. Many think only of this life, few ever think earnestly of any other. They first consult their present happiness, and occasionally think of its bearing on another life. But under the thick veil in which the conditions of the other life are hid, they see so little, that all is doubt and perplexity, and they turn back from such contemplation to that which is more tangible.

Few of the many millions on earth, if even any, are right in their ideas of a future life. Opinions are as diverse as the minds that entertain them. In the midst of all this uncertainty it is something to have a faith which possesses one positive good—that of making the believer happy. I can not imagine a greater folly than cherishing a religion (on the *ipse dixit* of somebody) that brings with it unhappiness. Such a religion can not be useful, even if true.

SKEP.—Truth is always useful. I will admit, however, that an unhappy belief should be *known* to be true before it be cherished. I believe in the pure orthodoxy of the Bible. It is not to me an unhappy religion, and I know it to be true. I would say, I am entirely satisfied that my belief is mainly right. Minute differences there are in the Church, but in all the essentials to salvation we agree. The discrepancies in the Bible that lead to differences of belief do not interfere with the great plan of salvation there laid down. The most useful thing, as I think, is to have a faith which the whole religious world have tried and found safe.

SP.—In what way found safe? Have any returned to tell you how their religion served them in another world?

SKP.—Of course not, but the dying Christian knows that heaven is his reward.

SP.—I agree with you that the moral evidence of a happy death-bed has great weight. I think no one who has died as the true Christian dies, ever found himself unblessed beyond the grave. All this, however, rests on our *belief*, if it were not for Spiritualism. The zealots of any faith die assured of a happy immortality. I need not adduce the savage Indian, or the Moslem. One is perfectly sure of his hunting-grounds, and the other is blessed in the promises of Mohammed, that the Houris shall make him happy. Have not the fanatics of every sect known in the history of the world been ready to die for their cause in the confident hope of their future reward. Thousands of years before Christ, men were crucified for their faith, and, if the laws permitted, they would now be hanged, drawn, and quartered for slight shades of difference of opinion. *It proves nothing* that a man is wedded to his opinion so closely that he would die to prove his faith in it. Few persons cherish a religious belief to which they are afraid to trust.

SKP.—You are doubtless right. A man's confidence in his own judgment is no proof that he does not err. Therefore you are as liable to be wrong as I. I have a rule of life laid down, and I endeavor to be right.

SP.—More you could not do, except that you might admit that a new doctrine was worthy of examination. You are as likely to be right as I on all matters which we have equally examined. I have looked into Spiritualism with the deepest and most careful attention and with but one purpose—the discovery of truth; but you have not examined it at all. Therefore we are not equal in this matter.

I, too, have a rule of life, and I endeavor to be right. I look within to the conscience which God gave me, and there I know I have an infallible guide. As to the facts which I think I have gathered in my investigations, they have a certain value as the foundation stones for the superstructure of my faith. But my religion is independent of those facts, and it will stand though they should fall.

In my experience of spiritual manifestations I have found teachers who may aid me in the right, but who can not lead me wrong in any matter that would govern my behavior, since I would not take the word of any spirit who counseled me against the dictates of my own conscience. In that I have an ever-present Guide and Guardian.

SKP.—Then you do not look to spirits as your guides?

SP.—Only when their teachings accord with my reason. All they

have thus far taught me is eminently practical. They have taught me to look into mine own heart and never doubt its promptings. They have taught me to consider death as no interruption to my career in progress—that it is an event which may happen at any time, and it matters little when. In death I leave an old and worn-out tenement for a better one, and leave my present associates to rejoin those from whom I had been awhile separated. They have thus taken from me all fear of death, and with that goes all other fear. They have taught me to look up, and not down—to be spiritual-minded, and not sensual—to be forgiving, and never to cherish resentments—to love, and not to hate—to do the right, and fear not.

SKEP.—All this is well ; but with it they have taught you to depend on your own goodness for your salvation. You care nothing for the sacrifice that Christ made for you, and therefore is your religion vain.

SP.—You have judged rightly that spirits teach me to depend for my salvation upon my own acts. You speak of the sacrifice made by Christ for me and all mankind and say I do not care for it. I believe that Spiritualists in general have a higher and truer appreciation of Christ's mission on earth than people of any other faith. But still I have my own destiny to prepare. As I sow I shall reap. My own conduct has made me what I am, and it will fix my fate in the next stage of existence. The coin does not better represent the dies that struck it than does my present mental and moral condition represent my past behavior. This is one of the uses of Spiritualism, that we see what our former associates of earth have become in the world above, and by their condition we are taught what ours will be.

There are more uses in this than I could tell you of—and I have not attempted to show them. But there are a few substantial benefits of spiritual intercourse which I will name. When spirits are invited by our love and sympathy to be near us, they render us many important services. The magnetic power over us possessed by them is great. If we suffer pain, they ever attempt to alleviate it. If our minds are despondent, they breathe hope into us. If we are inclined to stray from the right path, they use all the influence they possess to win us back. Doubt not they have our welfare at heart. Those who hover above us on the wings of love, who come to guard and to guide, who watch over us in the hours of our slumber, and to whom we are so precious that they leave their bright homes and come to this dark earth only in the hope to win us to heaven—they will not lead us wrong—they will not counsel us to our harm

SKEP.—I should welcome such influences. Indeed, I have no doubt

that angels watch over us to protect us—but I do not believe we can hold tangible communication with them. Guardian angels are not human beings. They are sent from heaven—if they be sent at all—to watch over the elect.

SP.—That is the Calvinist faith—or at least, that of many. As the existence of angels can not be denied, and as that of spirits present is denied, orthodox divines must give the angels sent to earth some office. But the faith even in guardian angels is a very rare one, and so vague and shadowy, where actually existing, that the believer is puzzled to explain it.

SKEP.—That is not the question before us. Angels, undoubtedly, there are, and they watch over us—but they are not the spirits of departed human beings.

SP.—That is something you can only guess, you can not be sure of it. In Spiritualism we have something to be *sure* of. We know that those who love us are the angels that visit us and watch over us. For myself, personally, I will say that their influence upon me has been so good and so useful, that it has saved me from many sins, and I feel that I shall have cause to be grateful through eternity.

I will not urge the use that spiritual communication may have, when better understood, to bring us messages from another hemisphere, to inform us of the fate of our friends, long gone or supposed to be lost, nor the discovering of criminals, or valuable papers, or useful improvements in the arts, but I rest the *use of Spiritualism* upon the power it has to reform and bless mankind.

SKEP.—I should welcome such an effect of it as much as yourself. Upon the whole, I will admit that, if you can convince me that these things are *true*, you have made out a clear case of their usefulness. But my conviction is yet to come.

SP.—We will talk of these matters again, and I shall then be able to discuss with you some of your other objections.

W.

SPIRIT-INFLUENCE.

WHEN under the laws which govern all nature a new revelation has been offered to man, it must submit to ordinary and human means for its preservation and promulgation.

If the human mind were satisfied with following implicitly the guides and landmarks which sufficed for the earliest period of society, and the ruder and more uncultivated races of men, the present age would not have been characterized by any advance in the scale of existence, and neither should we at this day be capable of appreciating and enjoying those vast and grand developments which the progress of society has established, and which have contributed so much to man's physical, moral, and political elevation and happiness. The evidence which the history of the world affords us is proof that when a new law—or a new action under an old law—is presented to man, it alters no existing principles recognized by him, but is left for its development to the conduct of that people or society in which it is planted—to be handed down by their care to posterity ; and the same evidence affords us proof, that the discoveries and inventions or the revelations of one period of society, having reference to the physical or moral condition of man, may indeed be transmitted from one age to another ; but this mere transmission does not interdict any improvement which the succeeding race may graft on that which may be transferred to it ; on the contrary, they become subject to the same laws which gave them birth, and may thus, as the germ of higher and more important truths, expand and grow under this law of progression, until men, transformed into holy and wise beings, may realize the true purpose of life here, and their eternal destiny hereafter.

The religion of our Saviour gave a new character to the minds of thousands ; it elevated and spiritualized those who were before sensual and worldly. It gave them ideas of happiness superior to all other felicity. How was this accomplished ? Was it by pampering the perverted tastes of gross and material man ? Was it by tempting his appetite or his desires with the prospect of sensual enjoyment ? The answer is emphatically, No. It commanded man to deny the depraved demands which his education and his acts had created. But in thus doing, does the religion

of Christ limit the progress of the soul or the body, or deny to one age or to any race of man, the full influence and effects of those laws under which he professed to act, and which he proclaimed free to all? Those acts of Christ himself, or the apostles after him, which were considered as the most remarkable, are represented as taking place under the control of spirit-direction. And it is certainly not a less remarkable aspect, in reference to the whole phenomena of spirit-communion with the ancient prophets and apostles, that they were made to understand that the spirit who was teaching them was of their *own race, and had been a man like themselves, at one time living on this same earth.* To the reflective mind, one common intention or effect seems to be the result of any new discovery or dispensation. It prepares man for whatever may succeed it, and not only fits him to receive what has already been offered him, but it excites in him a desire for still greater manifestation and a more intense effort to place himself on a level with those truths which are adapted to the capacity, the progress, and the eternal destiny of his spirit.

It is this desire which has opened the way for the revelations and the intercourse which we believe to exist between the spirits of the departed and man. It is this common effect and intention which has been manifest in the progressive advance of the race for eighteen hundred years, that has prepared men's minds not only to receive, but to expect that some more definitive and satisfactory revelation would be made, by the absolute and positive intercourse of spirit with man, of what were the true purposes of existence here, what was the life after death, and what was the ultimate destiny of the human soul.

Few persons will deny that all creatures, animate and intelligent, are continued in existence by certain laws, and furnished also under the multiplied relations and action of certain laws with the means to continue that existence. Few will deny, that under the first and natural effects of law, man was rude, barbarous, and uncivilized, and that, tracing society step by step from its earlier and primitive condition to the present time, great changes, both in man's history and progress, as well as in the history of the world's surface, and the animals which live upon it, have taken place. Look at the vast administrative power exercised by man, and then ask, is he not manifesting the powers and attributes of a God? In reference to the animal part of creation, he has provided almost the station which they occupy, modified their characteristics, and has determined their whole existence by the uses and purposes to which he has appropriated them. And then, when the effects which his progress has produced on the surface of the earth are considered, who can wonder that

he claims kindred with God, when these wonderful changes have modified the action of the fundamental laws of nature itself. The will of man subordinates every agency of the material world with which it comes in contact, and thus, while every advance which he makes in his material association generates some new application of immutable principles, his discoveries and inventions invest him with attributes by which nothing else fashioned by the hand of his Father is characterized. They dissipate the clouds of obscurity which hang over his divine origin, and they plainly indicate the point toward which he is progressing. But in this view we claim for the soul of man far greater privileges than have been granted it. His inventions and discoveries are the matter-of-fact evidences that his spirit is impressed by the influences from the spirit-world, or else they rival God in his own dominions, and generates as he generates, creates as he creates.

Do you ask us whence we draw these conclusions? We answer, from the very nature of what we understand God to be from his works. We acknowledge him to be a spirit; but what is our idea of a spirit—is it not something unsubstantial, incorporeal, and yet intelligent? Grant these to be the characteristics of the great First Cause, can you imagine an intellectual force universally diffused through creation, which is for a moment idle or unemployed? Well, then, would that spirit, which is continually employed in animating, moving, and operating on matter, delegate to its own creation abilities equal to its own, thus constituting the work of its own hands an antagonistical power capable of operating against the laws it has established?

How much more reasonable and consonant to our views of God and his manifestation is the idea, that spirit everywhere, either in the spheres or on earth, is never inactive, but always suggestive, affording to spirit in every situation the advantages which its own experience and knowledge can confer! Thus we can the better appreciate for what purpose this world was created, and what are the causes which operate on the moral, physical, and mental development of every race. It divests man and his history of every element of materialism, shows him always under the influence of spirit-communion, always tending, always advancing toward his ultimate destiny—heaven.

Again, this view removes the idea that God, after having made man and placed him at the head of creation, after having placed within his body a living, immortal soul, and after having created worlds on worlds, and filled them with sentient and immortal beings, leaves them all to their fate, without providing any means of intercourse with that world which

is to be the eternal existence of the spirit when it shall have left its body, or affording any means of communication with the same kind of intelligences who have lived, acted, and departed, to live, act, and progress in another sphere.

How simply is this grand problem solved! First, every indication and act of man, from the rudest model up to the present developed race, exhibits the struggle of the spirit, acting under the effect of law, to advance itself and its material surroundings. Second, that every epoch in the world's history, as well as every individual act, is but accomplishing the effect of these laws and assisting the Creator in their execution. Third, every invention or discovery which promotes man's happiness and the development of his genius is the association of spirit with spirit. Fourth, the whole phenomena of existence is but the divine manifestation of spirit through matter, and has for its object the perfect development of all material creation, and the eternal progression of the whole spiritual.

But let us come to the proof from the fact. Look around upon creation, and observe the good order and arrangement of the universe—"powers nicely adjusted, systems accurately balanced, worlds rushing undisturbed with astonishing and noiseless rapidity through fields of immeasurable space where nothing interferes, nothing stops, but all is inconceivably vast, grand, and harmonious." Look at this earth, once a howling wilderness, unfit for man, unfit for beast; view its multiform transitions, its change of climate, its change of inhabitants, through all that dark and gloomy period of the world's fashioning up to this time, and answer, is it less necessary that some power should establish all this, than that some power should continue and develop as it has from the beginning; and if all the wondrous changes have taken place, all the order and harmony have existed for the benefit and progress of man, are we not still to look forward to a greater development, commensurate with the vast and stupendous plan of which our senses and reason are cognizant, has existed, has influenced, and still influences the worlds above the world on which we live, and man its lord—the co-worker of his God?

How wonderful those powers of man which wield with ease the mightiest and feeblest agents, directs the resistless lightning, or guides the frail engine through the air, bursts out in the overwhelming manifestations of his genius, or rests in the peaceful shades of his own fireside, surrounded by the protection and the comforts which his intelligence has provided! The knowledge which comes from God is vast, is infinite, but to man is given the power, the ability to penetrate into the councils, and to fathom the designs of Omnipotence.

For in thus directing his views into futurity, the light of his reason reveals the just and proper influence of those laws which were established for his benefit and advancement. It reveals design and intention in every part of creation, and it discloses to the appreciation of his material senses, as well as to the comprehension of his spiritual being, this eternal truth, that all the machinery, the vast expanse of power, the infinite multitude of contrivances, and the profusion of existence arising from the united co-operation of all, are not to be lavished from age to age without some ulterior end, and that this end is the progressive development of the soul from its first connection with matter on earth—upward, onward, forever and ever. It is this which gives us the assurance that the revelations vouchsafed to us are from a pure and heavenly source, affording to our reason and judgment a faith which must endure, because it satisfies our senses as well as our soul's desires. It animates our courage, and enables us to bear with a fortitude that is not pretentious the trials which meet us on every side in life, because it reveals those truths which it imports us most to know, gives to morality higher sanction, elevates our hopes and affections to nobler objects than mere worldly pursuits, and inspiring us when we approach the grave with a calmness and courage that enables us to meet death without one fear and without one murmur. It opens to our comprehension the great principle that every man has his peculiar capacity or disposition which he brought with him into the world or which he acquires by cultivation, and that these discriminating qualities are not to be destroyed by his dissolution. In the future, as well as the present, a harmonious whole will be composed by every one filling his proper place, by every description of mind finding its proper rank, employment, and happiness; and that we should expect a more perfect state of existence hereafter than in the present, because every condition of life in the spheres will have for its aim the development of that principle of *love* which is the manifestation of the Godhead itself. How simple it makes the problem of our eternal existence, circumscribes it by no barriers, but unfolds to man in the spheres the same incentives to progress, the same desires to advance as excite in him on earth the earnest feeling to be good and to be happy.

There, as here, one may strive for higher degrees of virtue and happiness without envy, enjoy what is peculiar to himself, and proceed toward the highest point of human perfection without interruption from the cares, the sorrows, and the passions of earth. Still, while revealing what are the purposes of the present and future existences, it shows how intimately they are connected, and that the future in fact is but the contin-

uation of the present. It will be the further evolution of the energies of this, the fruit of which is now sown, the maturity of that which is now first appearing, the consummation of that which is now imperfect.

Thus while to man is the assurance given, that in this life he must develop those proud attributes which distinguish him from all other created beings, he has afforded him the prospect that the journey from life to eternity is full of opportunity to display all the mind, all the talent, all the desire that in him lies, to achieve not only happiness eternal, but knowledge, truth, and that love which comes from the universal Father of all. There can be, then, no stopping by the wayside, no break in this chain which links life with that which is beyond the grave. And while the soul feels that life on earth is not all of existence, it feels that this existence is governed, controlled by those influences which come from the spirit-land, and which direct it for good or evil. Thus realizing, it does not hesitate to investigate this relationship; and while it obtains higher sanction for the deeds done in the body, it learns that spirit everywhere, as well as matter, is but the instrument for accomplishing the high behests and designs of Omnipotence, and that this duty, begun on earth, never ceases while eternity lasts or the Divinity exists. Thus, then, the soul understands what is its destiny, learns the purpose of its creation, and that it is the fellow-laborer, the co-worker of its God. Is this not enough to make the spirit spring forward on its way with joy unspeakable? What now is life, what then death? The deep voices of the just and good come sounding from that land, where the freed soul *acts out its own nature* without restraint, in tones that strengthen and encourage. Every flower, every leaf, every tree, every rock, are evidences which satisfy. Nature everywhere is full of those proofs, which not only convince our senses; but satisfy the demands of the spirit, and thus it walks above the turbulence of this world in a path of light, beaming from every thing material and every thing eternal, brighter and calmer than that which the moonbeam sheds upon the water, shining not for itself alone, not for its own happiness, not for its own elevation, but for the happiness and the advancement of every one who can lay claim to the brotherhood of humanity, and terminates only in that pure, that serene glory of the eternal heaven. Yes, when listening to those impressions which steal so gently into our very being, the soul feels that its existence here adds but a stone to the grand erection the design of which is to occupy its contemplation for ever. And when the spirit awakes to the consciousness of its infinite capacity, its very efforts to throw off the shackles which have restrained body and soul clothe it with a grandeur and power which impresses every

beholder, for it is then that the spirit recognizes the true purpose of God in his dealing with man; and catching this flash of glory which comes from the spirits of the other world, the regenerated soul steps into the grave only to pass from earth through this gateway into a life of everlasting progress, of eternal action, of never-ending satisfaction and happiness.

D



CREEDS.—We lately heard this creed given through a medium :

"We believe in the existence of God. We believe that God loves his children, and that it is their duty to love and serve him, and we believe that we can manifest our love to him only by loving and serving our fellow-creatures."

This creed seems broad enough to embrace the whole human family, yet we think a very long time must elapse before mankind will be willing to stand upon so democratic a platform. There is a tendency continually to narrow its base and to push off all who do not stand upon the same point with themselves, until in the pursuance of this plan the human race are made to stand upon a thousand platforms, isolated and distinct from each other, and arrayed in opposition.

Before the world can become one happy brotherhood, men must learn that the minutiae of creeds are of no importance, and that, with the proper spirit, they could harmonize perfectly, however diverse might be their faith.

Much of the enmity of the opposite sects grows out of self-love—that quality of the mind which brings men nearest to the brute creation. They think themselves wiser than their fellows, they love their opinions, and they hate those who will not pay to those opinions the deference which is claimed for them. Men treat their opinions as partial parents do their children. They consider them perfect, and expect from others due homage. Associations of men do the same with their creeds. They have a parental kind of love for them, and require the world to come and bow down to them.

W.

WHERE IS THE DELUSION?

BROOKLYN, May 23, 1854.

MESS. EDMONDS, DEXTER, AND WARREN, ESQUIRES,

Editors of the "Sacred Circle."

SIR—The Holy Ghost will launch a most terrible thunderbolt (more terrible than great eruption of volcano), anathema and maranatha against all those who deny that Christ has died to redeem the world. I marvel that you are so soon removed from God, or God that called you into the grace of Christ unto another gospel, which is not another gospel; but there be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ. Protestant ministers perverted the gospel! Methodists perverted the gospel! Quakers perverted the gospel! Episcopalians perverted the gospel! Presbyterian ministers perverted the gospel! Baptist ministers perverted the gospel! Rochester knockers pervert the gospel! Church of England pervert the gospel! Yea! but though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be anathema, maranatha. As we said before so say I now again, if any man preach another gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be anathema, maranatha. Anathemising the angel who should publish a false gospel, the apostle of God except no one, anathemising himself, he except no degree of kindred or of proximity. If any man love not our Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha. Hearing the terrible thunderbolt came out of the mouth of the apostle of God against all those who love not our Lord Jesus Christ. Did any of the angels from heaven curse or profane Jesus Christ by word, let him be anathema! Who is that angel whom you trust more than God? That angel who is rebellious to the orders of God seduce you! That angel dare anathemise Jesus Christ! That angel shall be exploded with horror! Neither alive nor dead should you escape the hand of the Almighty, 2 Mac. vi. I shall shoot you down with my pistol to see if you can escape the hand of the Almighty! Do you know when, where? No sir, you know not what time, whether day or night! Watch! watch! watch! 'Tis the devil who is transformed into that angel of light to deceive you! It is the devil who knocks at Rochester! If you trust in the devil, what reward will you have from the devil? Nothing! he hates the blasphemers, he hates the evil doers, he hates the murderers, he hates the adulterer, he hates the proud, he hates the incredulous, he hates the detractors, he hates the calumniators, he hates even the virtuous men! It is the soul only the devil wishes to prey on. When you do evil, the devil rejoices to win your soul for the future! Only the souls the devil preys on, the souls are the images of God which are precious to the devils—the devils accuses the souls before God, and then the devil seize the soul for evil-doings—Convince now the devil tempt your heart to deny that by Christ's death we are to be redeemed! He wish to sift you as wheat! What will you dream the night after you read this terrible truth? The devil has full power of your soul! Yea! He done you a great delusion, a great seduction, a great subornation, a great corruption. You sold

your soul to the devil! oh ungrateful men! God created man after his own likeness, God is your life! You walk in the vanity of your mind, having your understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in you because of the blindness of your hearts. Who despairing have give themselves up to lasciviousness, to the working of all uncleanness unto covetousness.

Remember me, oh most compassionate Virgin Mary!

Remember me, oh most compassionate Virgin Mary!

Remember me, oh most compassionate Virgin Mary!

What will you dream, My dear friends! after reading this letter! a hell with all its horror, you throw the seed of hell in your heart by not believing the Bible nor the gospel. Your heart is hardened as iron stone; oh!—Stop your printing the SACRED CIRCLE. Do you call devil's work sacred! oh! Remember me oh star of the sea! dissipate this error and delusions—Woe to you that call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light, and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter! Is. v. 21. Harden not your heart, do not be inveterate obstinate against the Bible. Root all heresies out from your heart! May your schism be healed through our Lord Jesus Christ! amen! Remember me oh most compassionate Virgin, Mother of God! Look at Christ crucified for all sinners! whether incredulous or heretics, etc. May I pray for your sincere conversion! May the Lord rebuke you oh Satan for having deluded mankind. Be anathema maranatha, Satan! THEOCRAT.

"PROGRESS OF SPIRITUALISM.

"We have received two new spiritual publications within the past week: the *Christian Spiritualist*, a weekly paper from New York, "published by the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge;" and the SACRED CIRCLE, a monthly magazine, also from New York, edited by Judge Edmonds, Dr. Dexter, and O. G. Warren.

"We are not certain of the precise number, but there can not be less than a dozen different periodicals in the country devoted exclusively to the advocacy and promulgation of the new spiritual theory. The number of these publications furnishes a basis upon which to estimate the number of believers in spiritual manifestations in all their multifarious forms. The largest Christian denomination in the country, with its complete organization into conferences, districts, circuits, and societies, does not support so many periodical publications as the Spiritualists. We conclude, therefore, that the number of believers in spiritual rappings is much larger than is generally supposed. There are many secret believers. In every community there are converts to the doctrine who are ashamed to avow their faith, because it is unpopular, and they are afraid of being ridiculed and laughed at. We know several persons in this community who are said to be believers, but who do not avow their faith. From these and some other facts that might be adduced, it is probable that there are some two or three millions of persons in the United States who believe that rappings, table tippings, etc., are supernatural phenomena; that the spirits of the departed hold communications with the living by such means as these.

"If the delusion has made such progress in the space of three or four years, where will it end? We say delusion, for such we believe it to be. We do not believe the mediums are all cheats. We believe they are self-deceived, and that others are deceived by them. We do not believe that spiritual rappings is all a trick, and that the raps are made by machinery concealed about the persons of the mediums; though it

is quite probable that this method of producing the raps may have been adopted by persons desiring to be thought mediums. The character of some of the persons who have become converts to the faith, precludes the supposition that it is all a cheat in the sense which some denounce it. Such persons as Nathaniel P. Tallmadge, Judge Edmonds, and others, men of highest intellect and of the widest reputation, would not lend their influence to the perpetuation and promulgation of so base and contemptible a cheat as that of concealing a rapping machine in the skirts of women's petticoats for the deception of the credulous. We can not believe it. But we do believe they have honestly embraced a delusion. Where it will end can not be foretold, nor can the amount of mischief which it will produce be accurately estimated.

"That spiritual rappings are a delusion, is manifest when they are tested either by revelation or reason. Scripture condemns them, because they teach doctrines diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Bible. Reason condemns them, because their communications for the most part are of the most contemptible character, utterly futile, and of no value whatever, except it be to turn half idiots into lunatics. It is opposed to reason to believe that spirits, if permitted to hold communications with the living, would give utterance to the silly nonsense that makes up nearly the whole of what is given as spiritual communications."

We have copied the foregoing letter, and extract from one of our exchange papers, as a fair sample of the manner in which a great body of unbelievers in Spiritualism treat the subject. They are by no means solitary instances, but they are a correct representation of two classes of mankind who regard the belief in spiritual intercourse as a delusion, namely, the religionist and the infidel—those with whom religion is all in all, and those who have not religion enough to hurt themselves or any one else. Warring ever with each other, they unite, as it were unwittingly, against Spiritualism. Differing from each other, as wide as heaven from earth, on every religious tenet, they yet agree in their very arguments against the common enemy, for such they both regard our faith.

With both at one time it was a cheat, a sheer imposition, deserving the punishment due to fraud. With both it is now a miserable delusion, misleading many minds, and tending to very unhappy results.

Now we would that we could get the attention of these two classes long enough to discuss with themselves even the question, where is the delusion—with them or with us? and not be content with mere general denunciation. Calling names never convinced any man, and one would suppose that it had been tried in vain on Spiritualism and its believers enough to satisfy any one.

If we had yielded our belief without any examination—if, too indolent or too weak to think for ourselves, we had pinned our faith on the sleeve of others—if we had surrendered our judgment without any evidence, or

upon that which could not deceive a child—if we had adopted a creed upon the mere say-so of others without any investigation, it might very well be said that we were deluded. If we had embraced doctrines that inculcated vice or immorality, that in the slightest degree tended to debase man, or that aimed at aught else than the highest morality, the loftiest virtue, both public and private, it might be said that the delusion was mischievous.

Nothing of this kind has ever been imputed to us, no instance has ever been given, no evidence ever adduced to show that it was true of us. Where then is the delusion but in them who make such charges without any thing to support them? If without any foundation I impute to my neighbor that which is injurious and slanderous, what is it in me but delusion or worse? If without any evidence, without any investigation, I believe in what I thus charge, what is it but delusion?

Nay, more, when my neighbor from clear irrefragable evidence, addressed over and over again to his senses, calmly and deliberately draws his own conclusions, is it delusion in him to believe, or in him who disbelieves, without evidence and without attempting to reason upon it, and absolutely refusing to receive evidence or to reason?

Enter a court of justice where a question of insanity is on trial, and see what would be the character of the evidence. On the one side to show a sound mind, nothing more would be demanded than that it should receive the evidence of the senses, and draw from it natural and rational conclusions. And nothing more would be necessary to show insanity—delusion—than the fact that the mind drew conclusions without evidence or in conflict with it—that it substituted its own fancies for the deductions of reason.

All that we claim for ourselves in the faith that we are defending is simply the sane man's prerogative—receiving the evidence of our senses—without which we could not keep out of harm's way a moment, and reasoning upon that evidence in the best way we can; now is it delusion in us to assert this claim or to exercise this right, or is it rather delusion in him who not only denies it to us, but denies it to himself? One of these writers says that, tested either by revelation or reason, spiritual revelations are a delusion; and yet see how meager is the foundation on which he rests so bold an assertion! Because, forsooth, they teach doctrines opposed to the Bible! Aye, indeed! has he searched to see? Has he examined both the spiritual teachings and those of the Bible so thoroughly as to be able to know that he is right? we have done so, and we believe the opposite from him; where is the delusion—in him who has

not examined, or in us who have? Which is most liable to the charge—he who pronounces judgment without knowledge, or we who withheld ours until the knowledge was obtained?

So too, in his opinion, reason condemns them because they are contemptible, futile, and of no value. Has he read them all? Has he read any one of the hundred works now existing on the subject? Has he perused the one hundred-thousandth part of the heaps of manuscript revelations now scattered broadcast over this country alone; if he has not, where is the delusion? in him, or in us who have read infinitely more than he ever dreamed had an existence?

But enough upon this subject: thus wags the world ever, thus ever rave the ignorant at the advent of a new truth. But all in vain to arrest, though it may be able to retard, its progress; and we are obliged to use his own language, slightly altered—to say that it is opposed to reason to believe that spirits in or out of the form would give utterance to the silly nonsense that makes up nearly the whole of what is given against spiritual communications.

E.



STANZAS.

WATCH-FIRES over the departed
Are the true and loving-hearted.
By the charnel—by the tomb—
In the daylight, in the gloom—
Ever over the departed
Do they watch, the loving-hearted.

Even as angels sent from heaven
Do they watch both day and even,
Unforgetting all the past;
True in feeling to the last,
Sit the warm—the faithful—never
Sleeping there, but watching ever.

So, when hence I have departed,
May there be some loving-hearted
At my tomb to pause and bend,
As a lover or a friend;
Feeling sad and lonely-hearted
At the loss of the departed.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following letters tell their own story, each for itself; but coming as they do, from persons several thousand miles distant from each other, they also tend to show how wide-spread and general is becoming the belief in the spiritual doctrine.

WISCONSIN, *May 27th*, 1854.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—Excuse this trespass on your time, for I can not suppress the profound gratitude with which my heart overflows for your favors, which I cheerfully acknowledge. That of the 18th ultimo, by referring me to the Bible, thoroughly convinced me that the *Mosaic* law could not be considered as now in force, and I now consider that, although many of the natural laws of our moral nature are written by Moses, and found in the Bible, it does not follow that because they are thus written and there found that they are, or ought to be, binding on us, but because they are written by God in the truly moral man's nature, and he instinctively obeys them, so that the only objection, if any, that the passage quoted in my last still holds out is merely the opinion of Moses, as the wisest law-giver, philosopher, or spiritualist of his age, where he condenses it by saying that, "all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord," and if he thought so then, I suppose he would think so now.*

In the correspondence in *THE SACRED CIRCLE* which I received the other day, I found nearly all my objections to Spiritualism stated; but they were more matured than mine, and better expressed than mine could have been by myself, and they were as thoroughly and ably answered. This magazine conveys to my mind a great deal of desired information,

* One thing must always be borne in mind, when considering ancient laws against sorcery, witchcraft, divination, or whatever it may have been called, and that is, there were two classes who were interested to arrest their free action. One was the monarchs, ruling by absolute sway, who feared to have their people know too much, and the other, the priesthood, whether Pagan or Christian, who feared the effect on their power of this knowledge by its free diffusion, and easily calculated how much that power might be increased by keeping it confined to themselves. The feeling which prompted these enactments did not die out with those ages. It lives still on the throne and in the desk. The only difference is, that in this country neither king nor priest has the power to prevent the rational mind from calmly and dispassionately examining and judging for itself.

as the object of my search is truth. But referring to your remarks on the divinity of Christ, I would say, that I think the passage in St. John iii. 13 is irreconcilable with the idea that he was such a person as described at the bottom of page 20 of *THE SACRED CIRCLE*. Christ singles himself out from other men, and says, "*No man hath ascended up into heaven, but he that come down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.*" I may be mistaken, but I think that the idea he wishes to convey in that and the preceding verse is, that no man had been in heaven but himself; and if Nicodemus could not believe what he said relating to this earth, where he had witnesses, he did not expect him to believe what he said relating to heaven, because he could have no witnesses, etc.* And if it is Christ that continues to speak in the 16th verse, as I think we have no reason to believe he does not, it shows conclusively that he considered himself, or rather said of himself, that he actually was the Son of God, and the *ONLY begotten Son of God*. One or two objections I have to encouraging these mysterious manifestations which are not stated in your magazine, I will mention. One is the deleterious effect it has on the health of the medium; and the other is, the medium is not able to control himself, but is liable at any time to be seized and controlled by some invisible power, against and independent of his own will or of the will of others.† This is a state that I would

* Our correspondent thinks deeply and reasons wisely on this subject. In the days of Christ there was no one but himself to bear witness of the things in heaven. In our day there are many witnesses, and the revelations which are coming to us are not, as of old, confined to one channel alone, but are approaching us through many channels. There are many mediums in this country alone, scattered over our vast space, living thousands of miles apart, ignorant of each other's existence, and acting without preconcept, who are receiving identically the same revelations. The knowledge of this is daily coming home to us, and the day is not distant when the Nicodemuses of this age need not come privately and in the night-time to ask, "How can these things be?" but will find the witnesses broadcast over the world, ready and willing to testify of these things. See how rapidly the number is increasing all around us! Behold with what marvelous celerity the great army of believers is augmenting! and say, if you can, that the finger of God is not in it!

† Here our friend reasons from imperfect data, and falls into this not uncommon error, of drawing general conclusions from single instances. If he will continue his investigations with the same candor and good sense which he has already displayed, he will find as we have, as the result of our observation, that being a medium does not injure the health, but on the contrary improves it, and that it is the unreasonable and pertinacious struggle against it which sometimes produces the effect he speaks of. And also, that the medium can, after a little while, when the power has fairly become seated, exercise a control over the manifestations, so as to strip them of that strong action which opposition at first renders so necessary.

have but little desire to be in. I know but four mediums, three of whom are rather weak and sickly; the other is usually healthy, but is only a slight medium—a table-tipper. Of those mediums that come under my observation, I find the best are thereby the least fitted to provide their “daily bread.”

About three weeks ago I formed part of a circle in which the medium was a young lady who commenced operating a few months ago. At first she was a table-tipper, then became gradually, one after the other, a rapping, a writing, a speaking, and a clairvoyant medium. She became a very easy mesmeric subject: two passes will put her into such a state that she can not open her eyes. The number of sittings required to bring out her clairvoyant powers was foretold by Miss M. Loomis, a celebrated traveling clairvoyant. She at length became very much annoyed with this invisible agency, so much so that she became very weak; it continually subjected her to the most strange sensations, and in opposition to the efforts of herself or of any around would, three or four times in course of a day, entirely conquer and carry her off in a sort of swoon, and permit her there and then only to be somewhat easy and composed; in this state she would speak the communications purporting generally to come from her grandmother; in going into this state she made downward manifestations over her face, and in coming out, upward ones.

During the forenoon of Sunday, two weeks ago, as the circle was being formed, and she fast going into this trance state, breathing very heavy, and apparently in distress, she mentioned the name of a certain gentleman who was chewing tobacco, and objected to his taking a seat in the circle, stating at the same time that she tasted the tobacco. The circle then sat half an hour, had a few communications purporting to come from two spirits—one of them the medium's grandmother, who, among other things, stated that she (the medium) must sit in the circle half an hour that evening, commencing at 9 o'clock, and that after that they would trouble her no more for six weeks.

Precisely at the appointed hour, according to the only timepiece in the house (a watch, in a place it was impossible for her to see it), while the house was attentively listening to the reading of a portion of your work on “Spiritualism,” she was observed fast losing control of herself, and making the downward passes over her face. The circle was then formed, and the minute the half hour elapsed she separated herself from the circle, commenced talking, reaffirming that no spirits would trouble her for six weeks; after a short silence I was led, from the indications attending her going into this state, to remark to her father, who was very much op-

posed to encouraging it in any way, that those around her, particularly the circle, might stand in the same relation to her as in psychology the operator does to the subject, and if so, as the operator by the exercise of his will could put his subject into a psychological state, or keep him out at pleasure, it might be that by the determined exercise of our wills together with hers, we might prevent her going into that death-like state. I had no sooner spoken, than we received this communication through her, *viva voce*, in a firm, decided manner: "You have nothing to do with putting her in this state; and it is we that put her into it, and you can not help yourselves; your opposition injures her; we will have our own way, but will not hurt her; you must not be afraid." I now understand that she has not since been troubled in the least in this mysterious manner. If she continues so until the six weeks expire, and is again visited with these strange spells, it will be the means of converting a number in this place to the spiritual faith. My remarks are now unintentionally prolonged. I have not the presumption to ask an individual or private answer to this scroll, but will expect to find, in some of your magazines, in some shape, my objections cleared off. I have just sent for THE SACRED CIRCLE, and there are others in this vicinity who intend to send for it also.

With a most sincere desire for your success in the mighty work in which you engaged,
I remain, yours truly,

P. S.—I do not expect to advance this cause much, even though I was convinced it was right, as I am nothing but a poor stone-cutter, and a poor one at that, and in indigent circumstances; but I can do a little.

WISCONSIN, April 10th, 1854.

DEAR JUDGE—With much consolation and delight I have just read your work on "Spiritualism," and now "am almost persuaded to be a Spiritualist," but pause before I hazard my temporal as well as my spiritual welfare in adopting such a belief, for there seems to be Biblical objections to enlisting in such a cause, one of which I will state, and trust in your ability and willingness to remove it. It is found in Deuteronomy, chapter 18th, verses 10, 11, and 12: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer, for all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord,

and because of these abominations, the Lord thy God doth drive them out from," etc. If only convinced that it was right to countenance and assist such proceedings, I would gladly bid farewell to all bright visions of earthly pleasures, wealth, and fame, and devote this life to the spiritual interests of immortal man.

Until six years of age I was instructed by my parents in the Presbyterian faith, from whom I was at that time separated, and have since (which is about sixteen years) been left to take my own course through life, influenced at one time by circumstances to attend Roman Catholic worship, at another, Episcopalian, at another, Methodist, etc., each professing differently, yet each right and all others wrong. To consent to unite with any one of the sects I could not. I observed good and bad professors in them all, and just as honest and honorable men among those who made no religious profession. I soon became bewildered, careless, skeptical, and finally almost a confirmed infidel. I had not long witnessed these modern spiritual manifestations before I became convinced that they were produced through some invisible agency; and although I had once laughed at and ridiculed the idea of there being any ghosts, witches, or haunted houses, I was at length compelled to think otherwise, and obliged to admit the probability of those strange manifestations, and persuaded myself that all those apparently supernatural phenomena, that have been exhibited in all ages of the world to the present time, viz., ghost appearances, witchcraft, sorcery, house-haunting, necromancy, mesmerism, psychology, biology, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, table-tippings, and all these late spirit-manifestations, were produced through the same agency, that they were different branches of the same mysterious tree. I believed that there could no good come from it, and the above passage in the Bible served to confirm that belief. But since reading your work on "Spiritualism," I do not know what to think about it. I know, however, the immortality of the soul was never more clearly demonstrated to my mind, or my belief in that fact, or in the divine authenticity of the Bible was never more strongly confirmed, though the belief is not of so superstitious a nature as it once was.

Honored Judge, sympathize with the feeble, and do not disdain to answer and oblige

Your sincere disciple,

HON. J. W. EDMONDS N. Y.

ALABAMA, May 29th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR—Manners and customs in all ages have to some extent been conventional, and have seemed to require an apology when one stranger addressed another by letter. I have just finished your work on "Spiritualism," and though your senior in years, I recognize you as an elder brother.

I will commence by first stating why I am desirous of interchanging views and opinions with you. I had no certain knowledge, until I read your book, that what is considered a vision had ever appeared to me. I procured your work in Mobile about the 20th of last month, having never before seen any thing in print but what had appeared in *The National Intelligencer*; judge then my surprise when I read the vision which passed before you, in which the old man attended with rays of light, and your departed friend in a porch of a cottage embowered in trees. This same vision, in all the minute particulars, has passed before me in the last few months, with this difference—that the porch and windows disclosed the fact that several of my departed friends were the occupants. I would add, that the old man supported himself with a staff that reached higher than his head, by holding it in his right hand—the hand holding up his whole frame, so weak that he bent to the right about the hips, and supported himself by occasionally bringing his left hand to his staff, to aid in his efforts to brace himself up.

I would likewise add, that all things around, both animate and inanimate, particularly the wind, seemed endued with intelligence. You will readily conclude that I would be more than human if I did not feel greatly interested, particularly when I have given an account of the vision in your work, beginning on page 248, and again resumed on page 289 (I believe those are the pages; I have loaned the book to a friend).

This vision likewise passed before me, with a slight addition, which may be called up to your recollection when I mention it. The star appeared to me nearly as large as a dinner-plate, and unusually white; my attention called to it with the intimation: The star of Christ, with so much quickness as only to leave it on the mind; and immediately the picture of a head passed over the disc, the form of which is still so impressed on my mind, that if I was a painter I could make an exact copy. It was a calm, quiet, rather pensive, intellectual face; a well-formed nose, a broad forehead, not remarkably high, but smoother and whiter than the balance of the face; a fullness about the cheek bones, the chin somewhat projecting; the mouth rather wider than common, and the lips thinner than common. The Commodore, as presented to me,

was a middle-aged man, and heavily built, with a fine-formed nose, and white skin, and full glow of health. All *things* rejoiced at his arrival. The human figure was not quite as tall as you describe it.

You conclude that this vision is a picture of Progress. I think with you, and likewise, that progress will be greatly accelerated by events now transpiring in the world, particularly in Europe. I consider it a bird's-eye view of the great battle of Gog and Magog, that will be fought by the armies now congregating near the mouth of the Danube. I consider the Danube the valley of Hammon Gog. This battle, as described by Ezekiel, chapters xxxviii. and xxxix., will be fought in the city the name of which means in the ancient signification, Multitude. Look at a map of Europe, and put your finger one inch from the mouth of the Danube, one inch from a bend of the river, and one inch from the Black Sea, and it will be the seat of the greatest battle ever fought on the globe, if my researches be correct. Be pleased to bear in mind I am not prophesying, but aiming to interpret prophecies. The consequences resulting from this great battle, or rather battles, will bring about the destruction of the Man of Sin—in plain words, the Pope of Rome—the annihilation of the Turkish empire, in a great measure, by the Russian empire. If my researches be not correct (and I firmly believe they are), the Russian power will then go down, and by the end of this century there will not be a king or emperor on the globe, and the glorious millennium will have commenced, and the governments of the world will be in the hands of the people, who will learn war no more.

Your mind naturally inquires, are there circumstances now existing which can favor the supposition that the overshadowing power of Russia will be put down? I say yes; she has not been able to put some of her own revolted provinces down in fifteen years; and that the Persians, the Affghanistans, and the Chinese will in a few years abandon Paganism and embrace Christianity.

I have, my dear sir, sketched the above outlines to enable me to convey to you the impressions on my mind how and by what means the great Spirit who formed and governs the world will, in all probability, by the agency of the spirits of mortals from the upper spheres, enlighten and purify mortals. In the end we may readily conclude that the time is rapidly approaching when all will be taught of the Lord, from the greatest to the least; and could mortals conceive that this could be effected by any other means than by the God of all, whose Spirit pervades all the creation?

There are so many facts, not only in the Bible, but in ancient and

modern history, that demand consideration in investigating the truth and the Christian philosophy of spirit-communications, that in the end the mission of Christ will be better understood.

In looking, it will likely be discovered that Christians soon after the days of the apostles lost the real meaning of some of Christ's own teaching, as well as the early prophets. I will name a few :

"The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of the prophecies." "Christ Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." This last the ground-work of a favorite dogma.

The immaculate conception, nullifying one of God's laws, may it be reconciled thus ?

"That which is born of spirit is spirit, that which is born of flesh is flesh." That which is *begotten of spirit is spirit*, would not this be the better translation ? I will not decide. If this should be the better translation, it may be readily conceived that Joseph may have been the father and Mary the mother without the will of the flesh. What would a child born under such circumstances differ with others ? who would say positively he would be without sin ? I will not decide ; and may we not hope that the world will be enlightened on all such subjects by the spirits from the highest sphere ? I will however say, God could have brought about the event without violating any of his known laws, and that a sinless mortal possessing the attributes of spirits and flesh may have been the best mediator between God and man.

I conclude I have said enough on those subjects, and that I may have unnecessarily taxed you in the midst of more important demands on your attention.

I salute you in spiritual affection: You may ask, Is my spirit-brother a member of any Church ? I answer, Yes—the senior warden of ———, Episcopal, at this place.

P. S.—I direct this to Judge Edmonds, fearing I may make a mistake in the first name. The book is out in good hands, I trust.

WHY HAVE NOT THESE THINGS COME BEFORE?

In carrying out our purpose of answering this question by extracting accounts of spiritual manifestations in former days, we give now the following extracts from a book published in London in 1712, called, "A Journal of the Life, Labours, Travels and Sufferings (In and for the Gospel) of that Ancient Servant and Faithful Minister of Jesus Christ, John Banks, with a Collection of his Epistles and Papers written in Testimony to the Truth, and Published according to his Desire in his Lifetime for future Service." The preface to which begins with these words: "Friendly reader, The Labours of the Servants of God ought always to be Precious in the Eyes of his People. And for that Reason the very Fragments of their Services are not to be Lost, but Gathered up for Edification; and that is the Cause we Expose the following Discourses to Public View," and is signed W. Penn, and is dated, London, the 28d of the 12th month, 1711. E.

FROM PAGE 66, UNDER DATE OF 1677.

About this time a pain struck into my shoulder, which gradually fell down into my arm and hand, so that the use thereof I was wholly deprived of, and not only so, but my pain greatly increased both day and night; and for three months I could neither put my clothes on nor off myself, and my arm and hand began to wither, so that I did seek to some physicians for cure, but no cure could I get by any of them, until at last as I was asleep upon my bed, in the night time, I saw in a vision that I was with dear George Fox; and I thought I said unto him, George, my faith is such that if thou seest it thy way to lay thy hand upon my shoulder, my arm and hand shall be whole throughout. Which remained with me after I awaked two days and nights (that the thing was a true vision), and that I must go to G. F., until at last, through much exercise of mind, as a near and great trial of my faith, I was made willing to go to him; he being then at Swarthmore, in Lancashire, where there was a meeting of Friends, being on the first day of the week. And some time after the meeting I called him aside into the hall, and gave him a relation of my concern as aforesaid, shewing him my arm and hand; and in a little time, we walking together silent, he turned about, and looked upon me, lifting up his hand, and laid it upon my shoulder, and said: The Lord strengthen thee, both within and without; and so we parted,

aforesaid ; which struck me into a great admiration, and my heart was broken into true tenderness before the Lord, and the next day I went home with my hand and arm restored to its former use and strength, without any pain. And the next time that G. F. and I met, he readily said, John, thou mended, thou mended. I answered, Yes, very well, in a little time.

Well, said he, give God the glory, to whom I was and still am bound in duty so to do (for that and all other his mercies and favors), who hath all power in his own hand, and can thereby bring to pass whatsoever seems good in his eyes ; who by the same fits and prepares instruments, and makes use thereof as pleaseth him ; who is alone worthy of all praise, honor, and glory, both now and forevermore, amen.

FROM PAGE 84, UNDER DATE OF 1679.

And one seventh day, at night, being at Charles Marshall's, in order to go to a meeting at Chalcoat next day, my exercise was such that night that I slept not, and in the morning my companion tenderly said ; Dear heart, John, I think thou hast slept none this night ; I will get up and walk abroad, perhaps thou mayst get some sleep. (I said, I find no want of sleep.) Howbeit thou mayst do as thou hast a mind. And he got up and left me, and in a little time I fell asleep ; and in my sleep I saw in a vision, that I was going to a house, which I thought had been a friend's ; but as I came up to the door, I was struck with pain in my spirit, as if one had thrust a dart into me, so that I made a stand, and said : O Lord, preserve me from the danger and hurt of some bad spirits that are in this house ; and leaning my shoulder on one side of the door, I espied what I could see in it : and the first thing I saw was as if it had been the mouth of an oven, and out at the mouth there appeared three ugly serpentine creatures, one black, another brown, and the third grey, with sharp teeth and claws, and eyes of several colors, and before them there was a heap of dry fuel, and betwixt them and the fuel, fire, with an intent, as it appears to me, if I did come in, to blow up the fuel with fire to burn me ; but I thought I said in myself, Being I see your intention, I shall not come into your habitation ; and turning me about close by the way which I was to go, there appeared unto me a goodly tree, and it rose in me, Haste to yonder tree and take it in thy right arm and hold it fast, and thou shalt be safe ; so that I began to run to get to it, and in the way, looking behind me, the three serpentine creatures were running after me, and overtook me, and bit me sore in my heels, but could get no further : so I got to the tree, and took it in my right arm, and there stood, and they

run about me for some time, biting and scratching of me, and after a time fawning upon me, using all endeavors to have me go from the tree ; but from it I was resolved I would not go, let them do what they could : so after some time they drew aside, and put their heads together, and when they had so done, the black one came running at me, and got up my breast, with an intent to get at my throat to worry me ; but I put my chin close down (that it could not) and took my right arm from about the tree, and fastened one hand close to its head, and the other above its shoulders, and betwixt my hands twined its head from its body, so that I threw the head one way and the body another. And in like manner the other two came, one after another, running up my breast to get to my throat ; but in like manner as before, I plucked both their heads off. But, oh ! how they did bite and scratch me in the strangling or beheading of them ; and the last, which was the grey one, being as strong as both the others, it did bite and scratch me so hard, that when I was about getting its head off, it disturbed me so much that I leaped out of bed upon the floor ; but I lay down again, and besought the Lord for my preservation ; being it was clearly manifested to my understanding that the exercise I was to meet with that day would fulfil my vision.

And so I, with my companion, C. S. went to the meeting, as aforesaid, and as I was sitting in the meeting, being near the door, I looking aside, amongst the rest, there came three men in together, whom I knew not ; and it opened in me, one is Black, another Brown, and the third Grey : and I said in my heart, I must have your heads off (not the heads of your bodies), but of that wicked spirit which ruleth in you. I understood after by Friends the name of one was Brown, and the third Coleman, and I have forgot the other.

And in the meeting the testimony that first came upon me to bear, was to Friends in the truth, and then a particular testimony against that spirit, as aforesaid, and them who were of it ; at which these three men appeared very angry in their countenances, and up stood he, intimated to me to be black, like one ready to scratch and bite me by the enmity that appeared in his countenance, who looked very hatefully upon me, and made motions as though he would have spoke and opposed me. But the Lord's power limited his spirit, and he was made to sit down silent. And in like manner the other two, one after the other, appearing very much disturbed at the testimony of truth, that I was bearing against them ; yet their mouths were shut, for the Lord's power was too strong for them. So the one after the other sate down ; but before he, i. e., Coleman sate down, he stood up close by me, and put off his hat, and loosed some of

his buttons, while I was in my testimony for the Lord, in all appearance as if he would have opposed ; but the Lord confounded him and his sensual, devilish wisdom ; and his power gave him such a blow, that he trembled much, and was made to put his hat on again, and sit down silent, and the meeting ended in a sweet life, and Friends abundantly comforted in the living enjoyment of the Lord's power and presence with us ; for which my soul, with all the living to God there that day, was constrained to give him the praise, and return him the honor and glory ; and our meeting was crowned through the Lord's power (over that dark power and spirit), and Friends parted with joy in their souls, in the sweet and precious unity of his own eternal, living Spirit, in that they were near unto the Lord, and one unto another.

FROM PAGE 99, UNDER DATE OF 1684.

So that night and the next day and night passed over, and the next day toward the evening came the turnkey again, and told me his master had sent him to pull me out by force, if I would not come willingly (that being the fourth time he sent him). Now this turnkey was a lusty, strong, rugged, spirited fellow. I being sitting stood up, before him, and said, If thou canst take me by force, do, here I am, stretching forth my arms ; so that he took me by one, and pulled with all his strength in great fury, but he could not move me at all ; and he wickedly said, God bless me, I think the devil is in the man, I can't move him. Nay, said I, the devil is in thee, and I am stronger, through the power of God, than both thee and the devil ; go, tell thy master that. All this while I felt his master was in torment. So he went and told him what he had done, and what I said ; and said he thought I was as strong as twenty men, for he could not move me no more than if I had been a tree. But in a little time after came the gaoler himself to me, and said : What now, John, what's the matter you will not come forth, I having sent my man so oft to let thee go to thy friends ? I answered, Because it was thy will and pleasure to lead me hither ; thou shalt also lead me back again, or here I intend to stay ; I shall be a true prisoner to thee, I shall not make an escape. So, after some more words which passed betwixt us, he took me by the arm, saying, Well, come then, if nothing else will do, I will lead thee back again ; which he did, down the stairs through the court to the door from whence he brought me, and thrust me in, and said, Go thy ways, pray God I had never seen thy face. And the prisoners for debt, standing at his door, looking on while he led me, laughed, and said, The Quaker hath got the victory.

DIALOGUES.

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER IV.

SPIRITUALIST.—You have suggested that what people call spiritual manifestations are but the works of the *devil*.

SKEP.—I have not seriously believed that the arch-fiend had done all these things—but I suggested that it might be so. I have seen the so-called spiritual manifestations. I have heard raps in all parts of a room in my own house when a medium was present. I have seen a table lifted up from the floor when no person touched it—and I have known people, that I had always considered honest and trustworthy, to pretend to see spirits, and to describe accurately deceased persons whom they could not have known. All these things are a mystery to me, and I must hold my opinion in abeyance concerning them. I have thought it possible that the enemy of mankind was seeking to steal souls from God by this means of deception.

SP.—As you are of orthodox faith, your feeling on the subject is but natural. But let us look at the “Doctrine of a Devil.” I suppose you wish me to understand by the term, a fallen angel cast into hell—one not of the human species, but created an angel of light—a being whose especial office and delight is to deceive mankind, to tempt them, betray them, and lead them into eternal torments; and that God permits this mission of the devil for his own purposes?

SKEP.—Yes, that is my idea of the devil. He can transform himself into an angel of light, and has an infinite variety of ways to tempt the unwary. Some he tempts with prosperity, some with adversity, some through their pride, some through their passions, all through their weaknesses. But mankind are promised that if they resist the devil he will flee from them.

SP.—We now understand each other; such a being *you* suppose to exist; I consider that an error. In almost all religions that have ever existed, there has been a bad or vindictive Deity to be worshiped or appeased. It has been the rank growth of ignorance and corruption.

Heathen priests made use of this mythological character to hold the people in subjection. The brutal and ignorant mind can more easily comprehend a devil than a God. Whenever the mind of man can comprehend, in even a slight degree, the attributes of a good God, it ceases to be entirely degraded. It has begun to rise. For one can not even contemplate the love of God without feeling its power upon the heart.

My objection to the theory of a devil is, that God would not, and in justice could not, suffer an antagonist to contest his supremacy. We suppose God to be *almighty*. He could then easily restrain such a being if he would. To suffer him to seduce mankind would be to unite in the act. To punish men for yielding to a temptation permitted by Himself, and which he knew they would yield to, would be unjust. God could not tempt his children to sin, nor suffer a fiend to do it; and to suppose the devil to be so mighty that God could not prevent his operations, is simply ridiculous.

SKEP.—But might not the Almighty suffer his children to be tempted to try them? Might he not do this to lead them to the Saviour?

SP.—Would *you* tempt your child to sin? Would you make your child a sinner, to give opportunity for repentance?

SKEP.—Certainly not.

SP.—Are you then more just and merciful than God? No; be sure that God does not tempt to sin, nor willingly suffer men to be tempted. But you speak of the transformations of the devil. You think he can assume any shape.

SKEP.—So says the Scripture.

SP.—I do not so read it. To apply the argument to spiritual communications, the devil must be in all parts of the earth at the same time, and be able to assume an infinite variety of shapes; to read all hearts and to know all of the past, and much of the future. This amounts to giving him the qualities of power, etc., appropriate to a God. I can not believe there is any such being. I have never seen any proof of his existence.

SKEP.—How do you account for all the temptations to sin—the depravity of the human heart, and the horrible and infernal crimes which have made black the page of history?

SP.—Human nature and the earth on which it is placed are as God made them, and therefore good. For them to be good it was not necessary that they should be perfect. Perfection does not exist in any created thing. All things are in a state of progression—and there is no progress in perfection. Man is now only begun; though the species has

been in existence probably two or three hundred thousand years on this earth, and on other globes possibly a longer time than could be computed. The conditions in which he is reared are susceptible of infinite improvement. At present the conditions are unfavorable for a high development of wisdom, love, and purity in the human heart. They are advancing, and the time is not far distant when a child may have a reasonable opportunity to grow up pure, and be developed in great wisdom and universal love.

SKEP.—But you do not account for the bad passions of mankind, nor do you tell where evil originated.

SP.—Good and evil are positive and negative, like heat and cold. That which we call evil is, properly speaking, only a small development of good—as the freezing point in the weather is but a small degree of warmth. In the middle of the arctic winter, a warmth equal to thirty-two degrees of Fahrenheit would be wonderful. But even when mercury freezes, it is warm in comparison to some states of temperature known.

As for bad passions in man, there are none. All passions are good in their nature. They are often undeveloped, unbalanced, misdirected. They are never bad. If a man commit murder, he yields to the influence of his destructiveness, a good quality in itself, but ungoverned and misdirected. The very men who would be murderers, if neglected in childhood, and thus misled, would, if educated and developed, become the most useful members of society. They are the men who triumph over obstacles—who achieve great results, and who are never deterred by difficulties. They are the executive functions of society, without which all the fine intellectual and beautiful faculties would be inefficient.

SKEP.—So you assert there is no evil—or that whatever there may be, God is author of it. This has ever been the doctrine of infidels.

SP.—When I assert that there are no evil passions, I but say that God made us in love and in wisdom. Is an article of manufacture *bad* because, being incomplete, it is in some parts defective. All the work of creation is a work of time. If man were now perfect, he could never advance. That would have been a foolish creation which should fix a soul in one position to all eternity. Between the point of starting and the ultimate there is an infinite distance. Hence the beginning must be low in the scale, if it would rise. If you could now look upon humanity as it first emerged from the brute or subordinate creation, you would question if it were humanity. Man has already made a progression that is incalculable in its extent, since the time when the species first possessed reasoning faculties. He is still rising in the scale—slowly per-

haps as a whole, but yet perceptibly rising ; and the time is coming, even upon this earth, when that which you call the depravity of human nature will be known only in history.

SKEP.—That is in the millennium, of which we have all heard. But I am not quite satisfied that there is not a devil. You yourself have admitted that there are bad spirits.

SP.—Undeveloped spirits I believe there are, in countless numbers, some of them so gross and so unbalanced that they act like devils in the popular acceptance of the term. Of the countless millions of human beings who have become free spirits at their death, what proportion, think you, are good and true ?

SKEP.—It must be small indeed. Of the thousand millions who die every thirty years, I should guess there might be possibly one in ten.

SP.—That is a liberal allowance, since even vast numbers of those who die in infancy would develop as spirits much the same as they would have developed here. And all the savages would be savages still ; all the fanatics would be fanatics still ; all would be liberalized in some degree, but their *identity* would remain—that is an absolute requisite to the immortality of the soul.

SKEP.—May not a soul be changed after death, if it be God's will ?

SP.—If it be *changed*, it can not remain the same. If I, myself, survive the death of the body, that which makes my identity must survive, or it will not be myself. I must carry with me my organization of mind and body, with all their peculiarities ; I may improve, or I may grow worse. If I progress, it will be in the direction in which I was sent forth from God. The spirit-world is therefore full of angels and devils, but they are such as we see on earth in the human form.

SKEP.—I could willingly give up the doctrine of a devil, if I were sure it was not taught in the Holy Scriptures.

SP.—If you search the Scriptures (as you are commanded to do), with your mind disabused of such a prepossession, you will find no devil there. If your mind be determined to retain the arch-fiend as a part of its established theology, and to consider it probable that all the communications that we have received (purporting to be from spiritual friends) are from him, in his omnipresent and omniscient capacity, then you will have to account for so bad a being as the orthodox devil teaching the pure religion of Christ, warning sinners of their danger, urging them to flee from perditions, exhorting them to be good, pure, kind, loving to all the world, to labor and to wait ; to be patient, hopeful, and happy ; in a word, to do the work of the Lord, and not the works of unrighteousness.

SKEP.—Perhaps this is a trap to catch unwary souls. Perhaps he is winning your confidence to make more universal and more sure his conquest.

SP.—If so, he has taken a strange method to do it. For every one who is gained to Spiritualism is on the road to purity and happiness. I will not pay any intelligent person so poor a compliment as to believe he can be so warped in his judgment as really and truly to think that the God of love who made us, our heavenly Father who protects us, would suffer upon the earth, among his flock of lambs, the wolf who destroys—among the children he loves, the fiend who comes to betray unto ruin. I could believe such an act of a devil, but not of a God.

SKEP.—We will waive the further consideration of this subject now, and turn to other objections to Spiritualism in which I am more interested; for, truly, I lay but little stress on the agency of the devil in the matter. I presume, or rather I think, that the whole thing will soon or late be explained upon natural laws.

SP.—There we agree. To me the matter is already explained upon natural laws. Whenever you are willing to give it the attention which every great philosophical question demands, you will see in it but the operation of the simple laws which govern all things created, and which would have been known and understood thousands of years ago, if human beings had been sufficiently enlightened and liberalized to receive them. Had it been in earlier ages fully explained and made clear, it could have done no good, as I believe, for they would have perverted its intent and its use. This is proved conclusively at this day, from the fact that it is the enlightened and the liberal-minded who are benefited by Spiritualism. Many others believe in spiritual communion, but the seed falls upon barren earth. The belief does them no good. They are neither better nor wiser for it. They are, however, happier, for it takes away the fear of death. Spiritualism is for the spirit which is already progressed. There are many such on earth, waiting to have their doubts removed, and who then will embrace it. At present, old prejudices blind their eyes, and they do not see what actually lies before them. When they reach the point at which they rend the veil, they will see not as through a glass darkly, but face to face.

SKEP.—I have always thought myself a sincere inquirer after truth. I never imagined myself blinded by prejudice. I may be wrong, but I think I am right. I have an internal consciousness that tells me your doctrines are unsafe—that there is a false brightness about them which will betray me into error and sin. I see your spirit-manifestations, and they seem unworthy of immortal spirits.

SP.—Let us speak upon this subject. The “raps,” “tippings,” etc., seem unworthy of a glorified being who has passed on and risen above this earth. So it struck me before I had learned something of the matter. I said then, with something of pride in my tone, “Do you pretend that angels would descend from the abodes of bliss, or departed souls rise from the bottomless pit, and announce their presence by such miserable and unintelligible sounds? Would an archangel condescend to tilt up the end of a table to answer the silly questions which I hear propounded? No,” said I to myself, in my conscious superiority, “I am above believing that, and I pity the delusion of these well-meaning persons around me.” But I investigated, for my ruling passion has been the search after truth. I learned, by proofs as strong to me as the proofs of my own existence—by proofs to my own senses, on repeated occasions, that my near relatives and other dear friends stood before me, as in life. I felt their grasp, I heard their voices, I looked upon them face to face, and knew I was not deceived. When the last doubt had been eradicated from my mind, and I no longer asked if spirits *could* communicate with me, I began to consider why they did so in this singular manner. I learned that it was a difficult thing to do it at all, except by spirits practiced in it, and through good mediums. I saw that spirits out of the gross form were in no important particular different from those who were yet in it. I found that, except for their general invisibility, they were the same as ever. Some spirits had discovered that in the nervous fluid (as we will call it) that emanated from the human body (from some much more than from others), was a means of making their presence known. This fluid, or magnetism, had a tendency to equilibrium, like electricity, and would enter into any substance near the person, thus charging tables, chairs, and the walls or floor of a room, positively. A spirit who was in a negative state could then take a spark, or detonation, from the table or floor, and this we called “rapping.” The world having discovered, through Miss Fox, that there was intelligence in these sounds, inquiring minds began the investigation, which has resulted in Spiritualism.

SKEP.—Then you think that raps are produced like the detonations from a charged Leyden jar?

SP.—Yes, that is proved beyond a doubt. I do not know or think that magnetism from the body of the medium is always flowing into surrounding objects in sufficient quantities to produce raps at the will of a spirit. I believe this flow of magnetism, or nervous fluid, may be and is promoted or increased by the action of the spirits upon the medium.

Moreover, the table and other objects are charged sometimes directly by spirits when the medium is insufficient. A very small proportion of any number of people will be of the quality which gives this excess of nervous fluid. Generally, the exuberantly healthy and strong are the ones who possess it.

SKEP.—I thought it was weak and sickly persons who were generally mediums.

SP.—No; that is a popular error. Certain feeble and delicate persons have manifested a great impressibility; but this is a quality the very opposite of that of a rapping medium. Cases, however, occur where one individual will be all kinds of a medium. As the less gross and sensual are those who would most naturally think of spiritual things, they have oftenest turned their attention to the matter, and acquired the power to communicate with spirits. This circumstance has given rise to the supposition that it is only sickly persons who are mediums.

SKEP.—You have not explained quite to my satisfaction why angels could not choose a more dignified way of communicating with men than by tumbling about tables and chairs, and tossing people's arms about

SP.—A spirit's power to move a table is supposed to proceed from the same cause that enables him to make "rape," as the same kind of medium is necessary. As to tossing about the arms of persons under magnetic influence, I have rarely seen it done, except when some rowdy or mischievous spirit was amusing himself with the individual.

SKEP.—I do not understand this.

SP.—To move the arms or limbs of a person, a spirit has but to magnetize the *nerve* which governs the particular muscle to be operated. When magnetized to sensibility—or impressibility—the spirit has but to touch that nerve, and he can convey his *will-force* to the muscle as well as it could have been conveyed from the brain of the individual. This, however, can never be done unless the individual gives himself up to the spirit's control. The medium's own will is always sufficient to hold possession of himself, unless he suffers himself to be controlled, when a spirit might make him act as though possessed with a devil for a considerable time, and until either the spirit voluntarily left him, or he exerted sufficient will to obtain control of himself again. Other cases there are in which a spirit enters, as it were, into the body of the impressible person, and takes possession of all the faculties. This is the *possession* spoken of in the New Testament, which, in the Greek from which it is translated, was called possessed by a *demon*—meaning, simply, a spirit. It was, of course, in such a case, a bad or mischievous spirit, else he

would not wantonly have done an injury. But of this matter we may perhaps speak on a future occasion.

SKEP.—I can not help recurring in my mind to the insignificant means of communication found in raps and tippings, and to the frivolous nature of them.

SP.—The *raps* are very good for the conviction of a skeptic, insignificant as they seem. When a spirit communicates by means of them, he can say just exactly what he chooses to say, if he has patience, and there is opportunity. The medium's mind does not color the statement, whatever it may be, as is often the case when it is made by writing or speaking. At any rate, at first spirits had no other way, and they did their best with the raps. If rowdy spirits immediately took up the matter, and told lies, and otherwise confused the matter, it did not prevent better spirits from communicating as they could find the means.

SKEP.—You have alluded to a matter which is a great stumbling-block to inquirers. I mean the *rowdy* spirits, as you call them. The contradictions that are met with at spirit-circles must be explained, or it is impossible for any one to be satisfied. I can not believe that God would permit a spirit to tell a falsehood.

SP.—We find that false and contradictory statements are made. It is a pity that it is so. I confess it was to me at first a stumbling-block, and it was long before I understood the matter. I had supposed that spirits were under God's immediate supervision, and that he would prevent any misbehavior. I have learned that the soul of man is as free in the spirit-world as it is here. The man acts out himself with no more restraint there than he would have here. If he sins, punishment will follow—that is inevitable—but not always punishment under human laws there or here. The punishment is a consequence of the sin, and is a part of it, so to speak, for it follows it, or accompanies it, as surely as the shadow is made by a substance in the sunshine. The punishment is provided for all sin, as well as error, in a man's own nature, and God therefore probably exercises no immediate supervision in the matter. It is so here on earth; we have found, as we think, that it is the same in the worlds which human beings inhabit after they have left this. Spirits being the same there as here, we must expect trouble from some of them who are disposed to make sport of us, and annoyance from others who oppose us. Many spirits oppose us from sectarian feelings, not liking the doctrines which are taught us; as, for instance, a Romanist spirit would oppose a communication, if he could, from a Protestant spirit, and *vice versa*. But all this does not militate against the

great fact that we teach, that spirits of departed human beings do come to earth, and hold intelligible intercourse with mortals.

SKEP.—It may be so. No one could be more pleased than I to be satisfied of the fact.

SP.—You could easily be satisfied of this fact. It is only to rid your mind of prejudice. Were your mind a blank on the subject of theology and the nature of a future life, there would be nothing strange in spirit manifestations. All would seem natural. Indeed, reasoning from analogy (if our immortality was admitted), you would suppose a spirit to be in the same situation after death as before, except that he would wear a more refined body, and you would see how natural it is for him to wish to continue his intercourse with his earthly friends. The little children growing up in the families of mediums converse with their deceased playmates familiarly, and take to the whole matter more readily than adults. *They see nothing strange in it, for it does not run counter to their prejudices.* I have seen little children at play with their spirit playmates, enjoying it as much as when they were in the body.

SKEP.—You do not expect me to found my faith upon the judgment of a child?

SP.—No. I but adduce this to show that unprejudiced minds find nothing strange in the matter. It is a very beautiful thing to see a child converse with a spirit. Well did Christ say, Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. So I would say to you, Come to Spiritualism as a child, with your mind free from bias and ready to receive what may be poured into it. 'Tis pity there were not in reality the fabled waters of Lethe, that men might drink and at once forget the errors they have imbibed. Then it would be easy to receive the truth, for its entrance to their hearts would not be opposed by the spirit of bigotry.

SKEP.—I do not feel that I am bigoted; I sincerely desire to know the truth, and am willing to give up my present belief and adopt yours when you can show me that I shall profit by the exchange. I am truly interested to ascertain if there be any thing in this matter. I have shrunk from it with repugnance, almost with disgust; I know not why, but possibly because I never saw any thing of it in the Bible, which I had made my rule of life.

SP.—At our next conversation we will look into the Bible, and see whether or not it alludes to Spiritualism.

W.

DIVINITY IN MAN.

BY THE REV. J. B. FERGUSON, M.A.

“In the beginning was the Wisdom, and Wisdom was with God, and Wisdom was God. The same was in the beginning with God. By it all things were made; and without it there was not one single thing made. What was made had life in it, and this life was the light of man. And this light shineth in darkness, but the darkness doth not overtake it.”—JOHN i. 1-6. (*New Translation.*)

THE use made of this remarkable scripture, in the protracted controversy between Unitarians and Trinitarians, has deterred many from receiving the light which it casts upon the sublime affinity between God and man. When we read it, therefore, we should strive to forget the war of theologians, and drink into the interior spirit of its beautiful teaching. In this effort our attention is first carried to the idea of *Eternity*. The mystery of this idea no human mind can unfold; but our limited knowledge does not exclude the power of apprehension. We may apprehend what we can not comprehend.

When we survey the world around us, and see everywhere objects of interest, the disposition is almost imperative to trace their origin. We trace every form to its embryo germ, but the germ we must refer to eternity. Take a common object: the majestic oak, towering heavenward in its strength and beauty, we refer back to the tiny acorn; but for the origin of the acorn, or the germinal principle that forms it, we are referred to eternity. So of every star, plant, and animal. Thus we are led, by every sustained observation, to the idea of an interior world from whence comes forth, by divine power, every external manifestation. We are compelled indeed to grasp the idea of that world by faith; but faith is as natural to us as sight, and far more inspiring to ideas of greatness, grandeur, and glory.

Let us, then, look forth from ourselves, and ask the origin of the objects of sight, sound, sense, and faith around us. Whence came they? We trace the plant, the wheat, the clover, the rose, and lily to the maternal soil and seminal seed, but our question is not answered. We follow the man back to the child, and the child to the fœtus, but its origin

is not yet discovered. We may, by the light of science, recognize the existence and power of the subtler and invisible agencies of caloric, electricity, and magnetism, but still we gain not the object of our search. Behind and above all we instinctively feel there is a world and a power not to us known, save in these manifestations, and in these very imperfectly. Now with me it is the recognition of that world, or that eternity, or spirit-state of all things, that this writer, and all others of the same mental tendencies, call "the beginning." In the beginning, in the unfathomed abyss to which we must refer all things, and from out of which came all things, in and from that eternity *was* and *is* the divinity in man, seen in his age most perfectly, and worshiped in Jesus of Nazareth. We may translate it Wisdom, Reason, Word—the idea is the same. It was the light in man of God, and of the nature of God, that is divine.

From that eternity the divinity comes forth and makes a dwelling or manifestation in all things. Take another familiar example: The bird sings not by a fleshly power, for the flesh has no such power, but by the divinity that brought together its bodily form. The vegetable grows, beautifies, and ripens, and again returns to its kindred elements, by the same divinity. Water is water, the rock is rock, soil is soil, animals are animals, by the same power, however directly, that is instantaneously, or indirectly manifested. This divinity is from God and is God. Its brightest manifestation is man, and in him it is individualized to the degree in which one man differs from another and from all things. His origin, therefore, is from eternity, and his destiny is to eternity, with the distinct personality the nursery of his being has given him in this world.

It is this divinity that makes the life of men: that is, all that is noble in intellect, manlike in morals, beneficial in activity, is of God, of the divinity which is in eternity and at the same time manifested in us. And when the animal tendencies of man so becloud and darken the light of that divinity as to make his tastes and directions wholly earthward, that eternity, rich in resources, sends forth another and more attractive ray as in Jesus, which even in the darkest ages reveals the light by which every man is enlightened. The darkness of ignorance and superstition may not comprehend it or overtake it, but it will shine even under the cloud of violent death and conventional shame, and as the man, the man in any human body rises above the animal, he will see the spirit he is of, and seek his paternity and fellowship in its Father and kindred everywhere. And as he finds not this in its perfection amid the straitness of his earthly experiences, he longs for the deliverance of death, for death is but the opening of the new glories to his divinity. Gaining higher ascen-

dency over the brutal and passional tendencies that enchain him to a narrow horizon, he arises, in the power of the divinity within him, to see that divinity in all things, death not excepted. By it all things were made and are made, and there is nothing without it. As it wears out the external forms it has chosen, it finds its affinity in us or in the larger measures of it we are permitted to receive, and thus individualized beings rise in power and glory forever. "Its light is the life of men."

By beholding it in Jesus of Nazareth, or in our ideals of him, we may behold its germinating power in ourselves, and arise from every condition of animality to purity, holiness, and a degree of spiritual affinity possible to any, for to all who receive him, or the Spirit of God in him, to them grants "he power to become the sons of God, who are born of God;" and despite all the darkening influences of caste, all circumstances will yet recognize their birthrights. We all partake of the Spirit of God, but it requires such a bright manifestation of it as dwelt in Jesus to make all realize their inheritance.

Jesus revealed this divinity in man to those who could not see it by reason of servility to dead forms of national and religious development. Every one who believed in him, or saw God in him, or the divinity in man which he manifested, received power to acknowledge himself a son of God, independent of a mere birth of blood or of the will of man—a mere tribal or political distinction. And all human improvement, whether of duty or happiness, depends upon that recognition to this day. Show to any man that there is a divine impress upon him, and consequently an eternal destiny before him, and slavery to the changing forms of human development or tyranny becomes impossible, and as he feels his power he will arise to show the way to loftier summits than human feet have ever trod.

This divine impress upon, and sublime destiny for man, was manifested in Jesus, not only in his teaching but in his life, and hence he may be called the Eternal Life. He lived in communion with the Eternal; he conversed alike with the departed, or the spiritual and the fleshly. A divine life above the ordinary course of nature, and yet seen in nature, he revealed in humanity, and it may be grasped by the individual consciousness of every opened soul. This is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity when you strip the narrative of Christ's life of the influences of the adventitious and transitory conditions of language, national custom, and world-progress that characterized the age in which it was written.

We know that many regard the doctrine of the Trinity as the fundamental doctrine of the Christian faith; but when we remember that there

is no particular passage of the New Testament which states the doctrine, and the only one that is supposed to state it (1 John v. 7) is undoubtedly spurious, we can not consistently contend for this dogma. Christ is the revelation of Christianity, because the revelation of the divinity in man. The very words means anointed, or the anointing of God. He reveals in himself the original fountain of all life. God is in the world, and as the God of mankind. In bringing the consciousness of his being into full power in any individual, he makes him a Christian, for Christ was the full consciousness of that Being. The essence of that Being may appear to our half-opened faculties as in a "glass darkly," but still it appears; and to brighten the mirror, and more perfectly reflect the divinity is the object of all Christian teaching. And it ever occurs to me, that could the conflicting sects of Christendom come out of the merely dogmatic interests in which they have been so long entrenched, we could all acknowledge God in man as seen in Jesus Christ.

Before dismissing the theme this scripture suggests, allow me to state the view every renewed examination presses upon me. The Spirit of God, from which all truth and goodness proceeds, taught and illustrated by Christ the absolute religion which, prior to that day, was fragmentary in the conflicting systems of national policies. It was brought to a high unity in Christ.

On the original source of all existence, called God, the fountain of light and happiness to a world of created spirits allied to him by nature, are we elevated to higher communion in his essence by the aid of Christ, who manifested uninterrupted communion. There can be but one fountain of light and bliss; from it all intelligences have their origin, and all advances of finite intelligences are toward that fountain, and the help to that advance is Christ. The divine nature revealed itself from the beginning, but its brightest revelation is in Christ.

MAN'S FIRST LESSON.

TEXT.—Love is parent of the will, and wisdom is parent of the understanding.

FROM these primaries emanate all that can be predicated of man. It will be proper in this place to observe, by way of explanation, that these terms ought to be received in a *general* sense ; in a *restricted* sense these are known on the lower planes of life as *power* and *instinct*, as *affection* and *intelligence*, according with the nature and degree of development of the several recipients of these vital and all-pervading substances.

Love, then, is the *primum mobile* of all that exists. She originates all forms, inanimate as well as animate. It is an effort to produce entities and to develop them. She spontaneously brings into being a universe of individualities, each one of which possesses characteristics that determine their genera and species.

The *resultant* of all molecular action throughout Nature's vast domain constitutes the *animus*, in the midst of which exists the *anima* or spiritual principle, and which characterizes MAN. Man is therefore intimately related to the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms. It is this element and principle that exalts him in the scale of being above all forms known to him through the avenues of his external senses. A mighty power is he invested with, for weal or for wo. This intimate relationship of man with all nature below him, explains the phenomena which in all ages past have arrested his attention. It is a power booming up from the lower planes, from the sphere of *ultimates*, where it exists in its greatest potency.

From this sphere the love element, which here is physical energy, arises. Its forces are directed upward, on to planes less gross, wherein power becomes less potent, and intelligence is manifest of the lowest order. This intelligence, as nature develops, puts on higher forms, while the impelling element, in the same ratio, becomes less impulsive, until it assumes a character known by *sympathy* ; thence is *affinity* for all and each on the same plane of development. This is a law universal in its tendency, pervading equably the three grand departments of nature. This power exerts an influence over innumerable fluids, from finer to

coarser, passing through each from center to circumference, ending in the atmospheric fluids.

Man, taking his rise as he does in the sphere of ultimates, at the head of all animalized substances, necessarily partakes of qualities belonging to innumerable entities below and around him. Man may therefore with propriety exclaim, "Oh, Earth! thou art my mother;" and to her innumerable offspring, "Ye are my brothers and my sisters!"

The affection produced by surrounding influences acts upon and within the human organism at the commencement of its rudimental life, becomes incorporated with the original elements, and thus forms a part of man; and as are the *qualities* of objects affecting man in his plastic condition, so will he individually exhibit their nature, modified however by the peculiar genius originally possessed, derived from parentage.

The appliances brought to bear upon the human organism in its infantile condition are so various, that no two individuals can be precisely alike. Each human being, therefore, is so formed that he can never be other than himself to all eternity. Any code of laws that does not recognize his *personality*, contravenes the law of his being, and inflicts an injury irreparable, otherwise than by the total abrogation of such laws; and instead thereof, each individual consents to own his neighbor as a brother throughout the world of human-kind. In doing this, man at once acknowledges the divine injunction to do individually one for another as each one would desire to have done unto himself. This would cut down at once all undue selfishness. This selfishness of man is an evil which, for magnitude, far exceeds every other. There are but few evils but what can be traced to this prolific source of wretchedness; and as my aim is to better the condition of man in this his rudimental sphere, I have in the onset endeavored to extend my views so that my observations might include the *nature* of man, the *appliances* that have been used for ages in *molding* of that nature, the *legitimate effects of unjust requisition in the form of laws*, and the *cause of major evils extant*, and to propose a *sovereign remedy therefor*.

Man's past and present condition tends not to do away the evils by which his interiors are trammelled. His efforts for the bettering of his low condition are isolated; hence he continues, generally speaking, morose, selfish. He is more impelled by fear than by love; is operated upon by an *exterior* pressure; he enjoys but *negative* happiness, has parted with his birthright privileges for the demands of an appetite *purely sensual*, is at variance with his fellow-man in pursuing schemes of present and future happiness. These are sufficient proofs that he is not influ-

enced by divine love nor guided by divine wisdom, whose legitimate offspring he was.

With all man's profession of good, there is a deceitful selfishness lurking in his midst he will not own; and the reason why he does not acknowledge it is, that it is *inwrought*, having become a part of his being.

Now the *remedy* for evils that adhere to man's *internals* must necessarily emanate from a source distinct from elements that compose man's organism—the antidote must possess sovereign virtues. All expedients resorted to by man with the view permanently to obliterate deep-rooted vices from the human organism will fail, as they ever have done, to place man again upon the platform that his Creator designed him to occupy, and which he would have continued to occupy if his development had not taken a wrong direction. The procuring cause of this deviation was the lack of watchfulness over the secret issues of life and sensation attendant on his (man's) organism; and this very dereliction opened the door for intriguers, to enter, who had obtained the knowledge of both good and evil so far as to enable them to practice fraud upon the unwary from unworthy motives. Thus the masses of every nation of people, from neglecting to aid the law of development individually, became a prey to the *few* who, possessing *wisdom entirely divorced from love*, wrought evil to the subjugation of man's dearest rights, to wit, the power to think and to act for himself upon all subjects bearing upon man's original destiny. Now this lamentable condition of things will continue to exist until man individually strives for aid, to be derived from a higher and a purer fountain than mundane influences. This essential help can be obtained, and only obtained, by having the mind directed inward, and there consult the messengers of love from those higher planes of thought who he will find are his constant attendants to strengthen his weak resolves. By this course he will be daily made stronger and his faith increased as evidences shall multiply, which they will, if a man comes to rely upon no other source for aid than the powers above, which being made positive to man's vitiated organism by a superior degree of good, are qualified to raise man from his leprous bed and restore him to his right mind.

Having now traveled over the ground-work of the subject, presented to my view by superior impression, I will say no more at present.

In a future number I may be enabled to address the understanding of the reader, by showing more fully from the text the *rationale* of man's captivity, and the means by which he can only, through established laws, be *permanently* restored to his pristine dignity and progressive vigor.

RICHMOND, INDIANA.

S. PEIRCE.

THE NATURE AND UNIVERSALITY OF PRAYER.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

JUDGING from universal custom, one would naturally conclude that in order to pray we must assume a particular posture, and use words of pleasing sound, formed into sentences of strict grammatical accuracy. It has been, and is now thought by many, that prayer changed the purposes of a Being whom they at the same time declare to be unchangeable, and brought down blessings or warded off curses according to the earnestness of their efforts. It has been thought that prayers have been miraculously answered, or, in other words, that natural laws have been suspended to gratify the wishes of the prayerful, when a moment's thought by any reasoning mind would lead to the conviction that such a method of answering the desires of a few, though it might bless them, might bring a curse upon countless worlds and systems by the disarrangement of those great laws by which they are governed, and upon the permanency of which their existence depends.

There have been fixed times and set forms for prayer—and these have been numbered by thousands. From all these, and from all external objects, let us turn to the soul within, and inquire the nature and the uses of prayer.

Prayer is a desire—a wish breathed forth by the soul. It needs not words to give it wings—nor a sounding voice to give it utterance. Its language is finer than any of the material senses ever listened to; its eloquence more powerful than those senses ever felt. It is the very *soul* of soul—the life of the spirit—the voice of the inner man.

It is universal. The child prays as soon as it stretches forth its hands. As it lays nestling in its mother's arms, its fond and gentle eye looks up wistfully into its parent's face, and that *look* is a prayer—a prayer for love. Does that mother want a more expressive prayer? Would words add to its strength, or sooner bring the blessing sought? What language more powerful than that the young soul speaks? Man prays continually; for every thought is a desire, and every desire is a prayer. They are the true prayers: the prayers which God hears.

Man may stand in places called "holy," and speak with lofty words beseeching some special favor. He may ask God to bless the poor and save them from want, and at the same time a wish may linger in his soul that he himself might get a greater rent for his farm, when he knows that his tenant already pays him every cent above that he spends for the sustenance of his hard-working family. Which is *the* prayer? It is not that uttered to mortal ears. It is that petition of the soul that goes up to the world of spirits, while the form of words, the seeming prayer, is borne away by the breeze that fans his lips.

The insect prays when it creeps forth from its home, for in that very act it proves that a wish previously existed to come forth. That wish was its prayer, and that prayer was answered. The leaf, the bud, the flower seek their proper aliment, and they pray. *There is not a prayerless object in all the great universe of God.* Prayer is the deepest voice of all things. It is the voice of creation addressed to its Creator; and it goes up from every atom of existence, up, forever up, to the great Father of all.

Prayer is as unceasing as it is universal. There is no moment when we do not desire, consequently there is none when we do not pray. But prayer to be efficacious must be followed by action. We might pray forever to be delivered from a certain position, but unless we employed all the means in our power to leave that position, our prayers would be useless. In all the affairs of life, in its business relations, we unite action with prayer, and we would be looked upon as idiots should we desire, or pray, to speak to a friend, and then stand in his presence waiting for our mouth to open of itself, or by some miraculous power, and fulfill that desire. We should not depend upon prayer to feed a famishing family nor to stay a pestilence; to unfasten slavery's fetters or open prison-doors. It may be answered by the ministering spirits, those unseen attendants around us, but we should not wait for such a response, when, by an effort of our own, we can discover the answer within our own reach, and that we have only to put forth our hands and take it.

In times which will ere long be numbered with the past, congregations met in shaded chapels, and spent the day in praying that the pestilence which threatened to visit their midst might be stayed in its desolating career. Yet the people lived in gross sensualism—ate, drank, and by so doing challenged Nature to punish the infringement of her laws. That which seemed to be the prayer was not the prayer. They seemed to say, "Oh, avert this evil." At their altars solemn words were heard, solemn countenances were seen, and bowed forms implied a sincere

prayer ; but from their altars, in the daily routine of life, the action betrayed the real prayer and disclosed to the eyes of the world their hypocrisy.

The churches met within their close, four-walled sanctuaries and made a form of prayer that the dreaded disease might not open its sepulchers in their midst. And there they sat all day, and perhaps all night, with folded arms and bowed heads, asking such a favor. Pray ! They did *not* pray. The lips moved ; words were uttered ; O how precise and pathetic, but such forms are not prayers.

Days passed, and the death-angel came not. Some prayer had been answered. Some among the people had really prayed. The church that met for " fasting, humiliation, and prayer," took to itself all credit, and on the pages of its motley history was recorded another instance of an answer to its prayers.

But was it in answer to its petitions that the evil passed by ? While they were gathered in idleness, you might have seen a band of men and women working out the city's salvation, not with fear and trembling, but with hope and firmness. The men cleansed the narrow lanes ; opened the windows of the crowded habitations, and let in upon the filthy, sweltering tenants the light and the air of heaven. The women, like angels of mercy, furnished the outcast people with wholesome food, administered proper medicine to the sick, clothed the naked, and filled the desponding soul with hope, till the eyes of the recipients glowed with a living gratitude which words could not portray.

Night and day these men and women continued in the work, and the threatened contagion came not. This was *their* prayer. This the prayer that availed much. The *real* prayer, the only kind of prayer that ever was or ever will be answered. How many millions of prayers are made—words that are called thus—that fall like water to the ground—no, not even so, for that performs some mission as it trickles down among the minute cells of earth. To how many might the words of the apostle be applied, " Ye have not, because ye ask amiss ! " He saw how prayers were made—not from the heart, which would lead to action ; but from the lips which passed away in sound.

We want more prayer for humanity. More of that prayer which takes hold of mankind with one hand, and with the other grasps the eternal realities of God—that prayer which waits not for God or angels to act, but employs the heaven-born powers within the human soul, given for the express purpose, to elevate man and raise him up to blessings and to the glories that are in reserve for him.

The prayer of action is powerful. It levels mountains and raises valleys. It feeds the hungry, heals the sick, and clothes the naked. Every desire is a prayer. It need not be spoken ; it need not be known but to God and to ourselves, and yet it may be answered ; answered, if we exert our own powers to that end ; but if we merely desire a blessing, and idly wait, expecting some miraculous intervention between our slothfulness and our desire, we may wait unnumbered eternities, multiplied myriads of times, and yet the answer will be as distant as when the prayer was first made.

That is a beautiful rule of prayer which Christ taught : "Enter into thy closet and shut to thy door." But the world of materialists, hard to comprehend things spiritual, has for eighteen hundred years made this "closet" a hermit cell, with massive wall and barred door, and vainly imagined that it was fulfilling that heavenly command ; little thinking that though the body thus pent up might dwell in seclusion, the soul could, and too often did, wander from one end of the world to the other, mingle amid its busiest scenes, revel in convivial halls, and be far, very far, from worshipping the Father in secret and in truth.

Let the soul retire within itself. It has a closet to whose door an intruder can never come, a privacy which no one can ever disturb ; and though the busy world be about you, and the jarring turmoil of earthly life ring in your ears, yet within that inner temple your longing soul may retire, and, shutting to the door, may hold sweet communion with ministering, waiting spirits, or send up its silent yet all-powerful prayer to the loving Father of all.

O blessed privilege *thus* to pray ! Thus in thy closet at all times, in all conditions, under all circumstances, to be permitted to breathe forth the soul's deep supplication or send up on angel-wings its meed of praise.

Prayer like this takes hold of man's entire being and leads to action, and with that action comes an answer to that prayer.

Such be our prayer. Such thine, O brother, whoever thou art. Pray always. Pray without ceasing. You can not resist it. Your life is one continual prayer. See, oh, see that it is such as thou wouldst really wish to have answered.

CHILSEA, MASSACHUSETTS.

SELFISHNESS.

Oh, how I love thy Law! Oh, how I love thy Word!
And what emotions move within at thought of them—
And how my soul does yearn for sympathy therewith!

Oh, God! Father Divine, in thy parental love
Expand my soul to grasp thy law and read thy Word.
Oh, let thy wisdom shine in radiance divine
Into this dark and unilluminated soul of mine—
That which thou gavest me, to keep and tune to thee
In ev'ry holy exercise; and may it be
Awakened from this dull slumber of its powers
In which it only *faintly dreams* of those bright scenes
Of love and harmony thy law and Word unfold—
And in every element of its rich powers
Aroused to a harmonious activity
Of life, that grasps the real and the undying
As *its* realities; and may this gift of thine,
So humble now, expand on that thou hast bestowed,
So plentiful in ev'ry law and word divine,
Until its single "talent" is made two, or more,
As thou may'st will. Oh, guide its thought; oh, move its will,
Oh, stir its love to action, holy and divine,
And hold o'er it a shield to ward the touch of sin
In this its infancy; and may its walk be pure,
And forever onward up to thee, thou Father.

Now wilt thou guide my pencil while *the light* I draw
That beams upon *my soul*, from these, Thy *Word* and *Law*.

I see thee One, and only One—a Unity
Enthroned in glory infinite over all things,
With Love unspeakable, Power omnipotent,
Wisdom omnipercipient, pervading all,
And molding at thy will the Order and the Law.
Of infinite, universal activity
Within me and around me, I behold thy work,
And in this work I can discern Order and Law,
And these, to some extent, open thy character:
And as I meditate on thee and on thy work,
My soul is moved to an intensity of Love,
And deep emotions, that were beyond endurance
Did they not shape themselves in *Worship* and in *Prayer*,

In *gratitude and praise*, that look *instinctively*
Upon some *One* who is all glorious and good,
And therefore worthy object of their purest Love.

Hereby I know there is a God worthy of Love,
For these deep feelings of the soul *demand a God*—
An ever-present one—loving, inspiring them
As the expanding rosebud demands the sunlight.
Were there no sunlight there would be no *bud* to crave,
By swelling Love, the blessings of its radiance:
And was there e'er a rosebud into being brought
To be denied the light it craves? Nay—'twas that light
That bore life to it, and filled it with sweet fragrance,
Beauty and bursting Love, the very Love that craves.

Then is that *unity* of wisdom governing,
Directing, and disposing all activity,
That moves to life this upward yearning of the soul
To be denied? No—'tis not so. There is a God
Worthy of gratitude and praise—worthy of Love—
Attending prayer, and *all* the human heart can feel;
Would he the expanding beauty feed of the rose,
And not the soaring beauty of the soul of man?
Nay. Every aspiration which the soul of man
Can feel is moved by a reflection of divine
And actual realities—a "fore-shadow"
Of Truth struggling to make an entrance in the soul.
The feeble mind of man may not correctly judge
Of Truth: it only faintly sees, and is not yet
Revealed with all its purity within the soul;
But in no element of his internal powers
Can he by holy estimate overreach the Truth.
All capabilities within the human soul
Have exercise in the pursuit of Holiness,
And by that exercise their power is strengthened,
So they may farther pierce, upward, the world of Truth,
And clearer see what is so faintly shadowed now,

And now, O God, in helpless infancy I am
Of Truth's attainment, and can not advance tow'rd thee
Without thy constant presence in my thought and mind,
Giving to every thought inspiration of Truth,
And wisdom's light to guide each mental exercise.
With these I feel I may walk *safely*, although slow.
Thou wilt defend my weakness as the heart is true,
And light the darkness in me as I heed thy Law.
In all that portion of thy work within my view,
I see a suiting harmony of part with part
That manifests design of *undivided* mind.

I see an evidence of *purpose* in thy ways,
 And have not seen a work with no purpose in it.
 All action, in my view, seems instrumental to
 Something beyond, some action yet to be revealed.
 Nothing is vain but sin, and that is vanity.
Thy work is true, and ev'ry incident of it
 Is truly wrought, and necessary in new work.
 'Tis something just complete, and something just began—
 Seen first as a result, then as an instrument,
 Joining with others to develop new results;
 And thus thy work, in Beauty, Harmony, and Love,
 Unites its *ends*, and forms new *aims* unceasingly.
 And when I view thy Law and Order thus displayed,
 I see them moving all things toward perfection
 And unity, in harmony of all with thee.
 Then when I look within; and see in my own soul
 A spring of love and sympathy, as binding ties
 That hold me to my fellow-kindred in nature,
 As though we were together *one* in thy designs,
 And moved by the same will to unity of end,
 I know there is a *brotherhood* of man to man,
 Though not in form made manifest in this, my day;
 Yet it *is in the man*, and strongly moving him
 With kindly sympathy, and charity, and love,
 To greet his fellow as a *brother* and a *friend*.

And now a vision passes slowly o'er my mind,
 Illustrative of a *combined humanity*—
 An infant clothed in white, in spotless purity
 Appears, and in its helplessness angels of love
 Attend, and minister thereto at every need;
 And its frail life softly begins to gather strength
 And hardihood, by gentle exercise in love,
 Till soon it gathers joy by its own native powers
 From all surrounding nature—and then ev'ry joy
 Is food for its development.

It loves the earth,
 For it walks with light and happy heart its surface,
 And takes its nourishment of *heart* and limb therefrom—
 And the embodied soul therein gathers *from earth*
Ideas of Space, Locality, Stability.
 It loves the sun, for his bright rays, genial and warm,
 Instruct the eye to see, and give it food for sight,
 Yea, open to his enraptured gaze all beauty;
 And from his daily round the soul gathers ideas
Of Time, of Past, of Future, and of Eternity.
 It loves the flowers; their beauty and their fragrance
 Expand its senses, and develop in the soul

Ideas of *Form and Color* and of the *Beautiful*.
 It loves the birds; their warbled notes of love and joy
 Delight the ear, and tell the soul of *melody*.
 It loves the air; for its cool breath expands the lungs
 And tells the soul of *unseen* ministers to life.
 It loves the mountains towering in *majesty*;
 And then it loves the evening sun shining thereon,
 Opening a scene of *gorgeous magnificence*.
 It loves the mighty ocean, for its rolling waves
 Roll up from unknown depths new beauties to enjoy,
 And while it gathers them the soul is moved in *awe*.
 It loves Niagara, whose greatness moves the soul
 With *grandeur*; and then it loves the sparkling streamlet
 Whose crystal waters slake the thirst and tell the soul
 Of *Purity*. It loves the seasons—day and night—
 For recreation, for activity, and rest,
 And learns therefrom of *order, method, and design*.
 It loves all nature, and finds each part adapted
 To gratify *some element* within itself,
 And also furnish to the soul some food for thought,
 Developing the *Intellect*.

And now I see
 The childhood passing thus of that angelic boy,
 And youth approaching rapidly. And lo! oh, shield,
 Oh, save the child! Error, with stealthy, pois'ning breath,
 Has sown a cancer in his heart, which fastens there,
 Seeing himself in harmony with all things else,
 Or, rather, all things else in harmony with him;
 Meeting his ev'ry want for happiness and joy,
 He learns to look on all as made for him alone,
 And then in thankless pride of his supremacy
 He learns to *love himself*; and this foul, fest'ring blot
 Is poisoning and darkening his very soul.
 Oh, is there no pure being who can shield and save
 This one ere yet that cancerous wound is fatal?
 Its youthful powers, yet but partially developed,
 Can not withstand its influence, for its vile breath
 Has poisoned at the very fountain head the flow
 Of all activity. Then how can it be saved?
 Angels of love around him gather in dismay,
 For a pestilential vapor fills his presence
 That colors and *instills* their purest influence.
 They speak to him of *Charity, of Love, of all*
 The common ties of *Brotherhood of Entity*,
 And of the universal *Fatherhood of God*;
 And moodily *yielding assent*, he hears their voice,
 And turns him, saying, "Charity begins at home."

THE MIRACLE-WORKER.

A TALE ILLUSTRATIVE OF PRIESTCRAFT IN ANCIENT DAYS.

CHAPTER I.

THE VESTAL PRINCESS.

IN the magnificent city of Thebes, four thousand years ago, long before Rehoboam was brought thither a captive in the train that swelled the triumph of a victorious monarch, and ages before the infant Moses was laid by his mother in the little ark upon the Nile, dwelt the high-priest Phosostris, brother of the reigning king. The grand palace-temple of Karnac was the seat of his authority, and his power was only nominally inferior to that of the throne. Ten thousand subordinate priests obeyed his command, and ten times as many servants, of which half were females. Many thousands of vestal virgins, selected from the best families of Egypt, constituted the choirs and neophyte-priestesses of the many departments of the temple-worship of Osiris and Isis.

Of these vestals there was one, Het-chem-in, distinguished above them all for her rare qualities of mind, of heart, and of person. She was of the royal race, but, being destined for a priestess, entered the temple in a subordinate capacity at the age of sixteen, and received the hieratic name of Het-chem-in, meaning the timid or tender-hearted.

She was of the full size and height, of the brunette complexion common to this race, with large almond-shaped eyes, black as night, and a flood of luxurious black hair that hung in waves over her shoulders. She had been taught the highest accomplishments of Thebes; she led the choral dances in the courts of the temple, and was the most graceful of all; she sung with such effect that all were spell-bound under the tones of her voice; and she "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," except the craft of their priests.

Phosostris had seen the fair Het-chem-in at the royal palace, and claimed her for the shrine; and it was not long after her induction into the duties of the temple-worship that he proposed to initiate her into the higher mysteries of the hierophants.

In the sanctum of the temple, or, rather in a suit of rooms opening from the temple proper, were Phosostris, seated, and Hetchemin standing before him, with her head reverently bowed, and her hands clasped before her.

"I have commanded your presence here," said the hierophant, "to offer you the high honor to serve the gods as a high-priestess, at once and without the long trial and probation meted out to persons of less illustrious lineage, or less glorious qualities of person and mind."

"Father," replied she, meekly, "I have no wish to avoid the trials and the probation ordinarily imposed upon our order."

"But, my fair Hetchemin, I desire especially that our private court of the temple should be enriched by the accession of so bright a star."

"Forbear, most mighty father, to dazzle and lead astray the mind of your daughter. The life I now lead is pleasant, for it is ever sweetened by the consciousness that I am serving the gods. If I were elevated to preside at the royal altar, my heart would swell with pride, and I should forget my duty."

"No, my gentle Hetchemin, you shall not forget your duties, but they will be of a higher and nobler character. To-morrow is the festival of Isis, and I, in my capacity of royal high-priest, will perform those miracles which attest and prove the holy character of my office, and the favour of the gods extended to their servant. Be present, near the altars, and see the wonders which it is vouchsafed to all high-priests to perform."

"I will obey," said the girl, departing, with her face still inclined toward the priest, and her eyes cast to the ground.

As the heavy curtain swung to behind her, and she was separated from the priest, she raised her head and once more breathed freely. As she turned to leave the temple and seek her apartments, there came from behind a column, and stood by her side, the Prince Ctarsen. He was her cousin. Gently arresting her steps, he took her hesitating hand and said, tenderly :

"Dear Hetchemin, I can not live if you persist in becoming a priestess—will you see me die, Hetchemin?"

"Ctarsen, dear cousin, I must not speak with you. What if I were observed! Do you not remember that I must never again speak to a man, except the holy fathers."

"A curse upon the cruel power that consigned you to this tyranny," said the young prince bitterly. "Did I not love you, Mehrak (let me call you by your earlier name—I like it better than your vestal designa-

tion), did I not love you ever? Have we not been as near as brother and sister since we were both children, and must the cold hand of the priest come between us now to part us forever?"

"Oh, cousin, do not speak of it now, it is too late; my father has consented that I shall become a priestess, and I must yield, though I would rather die."

"I will prevail upon your father to withdraw his permission; I will get him to forbid it; I will—"

"Hush, you can do nothing against the power of Phosostris;" and she glanced timidly round amid the wilderness of columns, as if she thought him almost omnipotent. "Go, now, cousin; we must not meet again. Go, leave me, our lives are both in danger with every moment's delay."

"What care I for my life, Mehrab, if I must lose you! But yet I will not endanger yours. I will leave you, but it shall not be forever." Saying which he passed, in the shadows of the columns, from her sight, and she proceeded to the open court of the temple and entered her cell.

She had scarcely reached it when she instinctively turned back in the hope of once more seeing and speaking to Ctarsen, for though her duty and her vows compelled her to separate from him, the effort almost broke her heart. She loved her cousin, though she would not let him know it; and for years her soul had been filled only with the thought of him.

Seeing no one near, she again entered her cell, and there walked to and fro till the moon rose. Then, in utter restlessness, she left it and sought the open court of the temple, into which the moonbeams found their way, clothing the colossal statues and mysterious hieroglyphs with the hues of romance. But all this was unobserved now. There was a dreadful thought in her breast that, like a wild animal in his cage, raged unceasingly. The thought that she was, or soon would be, parted forever from all she loved was too much to bear. At one time what she deemed her duty swayed her, and she would strive to be content with her lot; and then, as the absorbing passion of her soul gained ascendancy, she would resolve to flee from this certain misery, and throwing herself at the feet of her father entreat him to save her.

The light at last seemed painful to her, and she involuntarily turned her steps into the covered part of the temple, where a wilderness of columns extended far into the deepening gloom. In a state bordering on frenzy she walked the well-known labyrinth, till finding herself in complete darkness, she gave vent to her feelings in words.

"Oh, Ctarsen, you little know what it costs my heart to give you up! I shall live but a dying life without you. All the future will be a void,

and I must live in that beautiful past where you have been all in all. That dear thought of a future with you, that I have dreamed of, I must dream of no more. I am devoted to the altar, and as a servant of Isis I must live and die, and never know the realization of the heart-deep aspirations of my nature. Oh, Ctarsen, have we indeed met for the last time !”

A soft, low voice fell upon her ear. “Mehrah,” it said, “we have not parted forever.”

Hetchemin started at the first sound, but the voice of the prince was not a sound of fear. “Oh, Ctarsen,” said she, “have you heard the silly things I have been saying ; if you have, do not believe a word.”

“Mehrah, I left you while I was in a state of madness ; I returned to a home that is henceforth desolate. I could not sleep, and I have come here by the royal pass-key, which you know I possess. I came to kneel upon the spot where we parted. I know not what was in my mind to do, but at the bottom of my heart was a resolve to win you from this net which has been thrown over you. The gods have given us to each other, and wo be to that wretch who shall come between us to part us. Had I not heard the words you have just uttered, I should still be in doubt how to act ; but now that I am assured of your love, my course is fixed.”

“Oh, Ctarsen, I dare not be so happy as your words would make me. Nay, touch me not ; I am sacred to the altar. I still fear the vengeance of that terrific power which watches over us only to destroy. The mighty Phosostris can crush us with a blow, as he has crushed hundreds before who have dared to thwart his wishes or his commands ; and yet it is not for myself I fear, for I care little for my life ; but if he knew that you loved me, you would perish in a day ; no one would know how or why, but your corpse would be found, and the mystery of your death would never be unraveled. But, hush ! look yonder ! who is that crossing the court enveloped in a cloak ?”

“I know not ; but I have a presentiment of harm. His motive is a mystery. Stay here, and I will watch his steps.”

Ctarsen followed noiselessly after the figure, keeping himself in the shade of the columns. The cloaked figure passed beyond the court, and turned toward the cloisters. As the moon shone upon his face, Ctarsen recognized Phosostris, who now went directly to the cell of Hetchemin, at the door of which hung a curtain, the only security permitted. He entered the cell, and in a moment came out, looking to the right and left hurriedly, and then hastened into the temple, crossed the court, and reached the private door of his sanctum.

Ctarsen returned to Mehrah and told what he had seen, and concluded his relation by asking the astounded girl, "Mehrah, what does this mean? Why was that priest at your cell?"

"Ctarsen, I know not; but my heart misgives me it was for no good. I have had an undefined and mysterious fear lurking in my breast, and this gives it body and form."

"Mehrah, I do not doubt you; I could not do you that injustice. I know that fiend-like wretch, that being who ever wears a smile upon his face and some hellish purpose in his heart."

"Hush, Ctarsen, these stones have been known to tell tales. We must part, at least for to-night. But I go not to that cell. I have a friend near by, and I will seek hers, although it is forbidden."

But the lovers were slow to part. There were plans and arrangements to make for the morrow's festival, and the morning dawned before Mehrah and Ctarsen had separated.

CHAPTER II.

THE FESTIVAL OF ISIS.

THE city of Thebes was filled with people. From either bank of the Nile to the mountains, and from Nubia to the Delta, came the millions of human beings to assist at the great sacrifice.

As the sun rose on this day above the horizon, the Great Memnon sang his song of thanksgiving, and the summits of the Pyramids grew dazzlingly bright in his ray. The Pyramids were not then, as now, masses of rough, yellow, or brown granite. They were covered with white marble, with a perfect finish, and promised to retain forever the beautiful proportions the architect had given them.

The place of sacrifice was two miles distant from the temple, and the broad avenue between was paved with slabs of variegated marbles and other precious stones. On either side of the avenue was a row of sphinxes of colossal size—all had the bodies of lions, in a recumbent posture, to which had been added the head of some different kind of animal. Many had the head and breast of a woman, many wore the face of some one of the past dynasties of kings; all contained inscriptions in phonetic symbols regarding national events.

Through this avenue walked a million of men in procession. At their head was the high-priest, followed by the king and the royal family, then the priests and the devotees, the priestesses and the vestal virgins, all

cloaked and veiled, and walking separate from the men, then the military, as next in degree, then the middle classes of the people, and lastly the heterogeneous mass of the populace, who had no fixed position.

At the Place of Sacrifice stood one of the palaces of the high-priest, into which he and the royal family entered, while the vast ocean of human beings turned to the right and to the left, and spread themselves over the hills that circled round it like an amphitheater.

Within the walls of the palace the priests and the members of the royal household disposed themselves upon the flat roof, to look upon the vast assemblage, or sought the quiet of luxurious ottomans, to wear away the many long hours that it would require for the arrival of the people.

In one of the private rooms of the palace stood Hetchemin. The priests who had conducted her thither were leaving her, and were forcing out of the room one of her maids who had persisted in accompanying her. The servant seemed deaf and dumb, and only by signs entreated to remain with her mistress.

Hetchemin wore a coronet, as befitting her royal degree. She was attired with regal magnificence, and over her head, hanging on all sides to her feet, was a silver veil. She was to be wedded to the altar; the fiat had passed, and it could not be recalled, if the high-priest persisted to demand her.

When the priests left her, and the curtain fell behind them, she sunk upon the floor and burst into an agony of tears.

An hour passed on, and the curtain rose. Again Phosostris stood before her. She rose hastily and bowed reverently before him.

"Holy father," said she, "I crave your blessing."

"Fair Hetchemin, do not call me *father*. I love you, but not with a parent's love. I need not tell you that I am the most powerful potentate in the world. What is kingly power to mine? And yet you behold me kneeling at your feet and entreating you to love me!"

"Holy father, forbear; leave me; it is forbidden that man shall touch me. Rise, you distress me. Touch me not, I beseech you."

"Dear Hetchemin, do I not love you? Give your hand to aid me, else will I never rise from my knees."

"Forbear, holy father, forbear; it is forbidden by the gods that I suffer the touch even of a man's hand. Nay, touch me not; I, too, am of royal blood—I am a princess born—dost thou think I would disgrace my birth? Away, and touch me not again; I am not alone in this palace, and my voice shall be heard."

"Dear Hetchemin, I love you but the more for your contumacy; but I will leave you now. I will give you the blessing you asked before I had the misfortune to offend you."

He left, and Mehras sunk exhausted with her emotion upon the floor.

Noon-day arrived, and the sacrifices of oxen, of sheep, and goats proceeded. At hundreds of altars the slaughter took place, and the dressed meat was placed upon them, and the mighty crowd of people waited to see the sacrifices accepted of Heaven.

From the roof of the palace the high-priest looked forth upon the multitude. As he appeared in robes and plumes, dazzling in the sunbeams with gems and gold, the shout of the people was like a thousand thunders, rolling, reverberating, and resounding from hill to hill. At length all were hushed in silent expectation, and the priest elevated his hands, as if in prayer, for a few moments, and then letting them fall, he turned and stretched his hand forth over the altars, and on the instant each burst into flames.* On every side were seen the fires curling around the carcasses of oxen and bulls, and adding in their light a new but lurid brilliancy to the noon-day. As the flames burst forth upon the altars, there arose again from the crowd the roar as of many waters, rising and falling like the waves of the sea and dying away like the murmurings of distant thunder.

This was the important miracle of the day, for from these burning altars was this people to be fed.

As the sun declined to the west, and the people had eaten to their satisfaction, and the offerings of gold and silver had been piled in a pyramid before the palace of the priest, the time arrived for the working of the wonders.

In an open space on the plain, in sight of all, at the outstretched arm of Phosostis, there arose from the ground the sacred *Tau*, or Cross, over the arms of which coiled a mighty serpent, but seemingly of brass. The shout of the multitude told of their wonder. Again the priest

* Since Dr. Young and Champolion le Jeune discovered the language of the hieroglyphs, and thus furnished a key which has unlocked the great history of the past, the world has discovered that the science of the Egyptian priesthood was equal to the working miracles of a most wonderful character. Many of their acts are explained in natural magic or in legerdemain. It is doubtful if at this day some of their greater miracles could be performed. The power of the priesthood must inevitably decrease as the knowledge and general cultivation of the people are extended. It will be hardly necessary here to explain the means by which the confederate priests performed the miracles, as there are few people who would not know how to bring about the results, if they possessed the unlimited means of the hierarchs of ancient Egypt.

stretched forth his hand, and the brazen serpent took sudden life, and, uncoiling himself, sprang to the ground. For a few moments he reared his crest and looked on the surrounding people, and then began to move toward them. A panic began to spread in the multitude, when the priest again stretching forth his hand, the monster became stiff and lifeless upon the ground. Then again shouted the people, and believed themselves saved by a miracle from a monster created before their eyes. Then followed the miracle of rearing a palm-tree from the seed to maturity. Then the form of a priest was seen to rise in the air and float toward heaven till lost in the distance. Then a number of servants that seemed contumacious were swallowed up in the earth. A vestal virgin, who was to be punished for speaking to a man, was made to walk on a platform, beneath a hanging sword, and when she was immediately beneath it, the lightning was seen to pass from the sword-blade to her head, and she dropped lifeless. Another woman, a priestess, was punished thus: She walked, as commanded, toward the Cross, or Sacred Tau (†), and when she was near the trunk of a tree that lay across her path, the tree started, shook off its bark, and became a huge anaconda, that, rearing its head an instant, darted at her, and swift as lightning coiled round and round her, over and over, upon the ground. From the moment the serpent sprang into life and darted at the woman there was but a shriek, a cloud of dust, a confused mass, rolling with velocity upon the ground, and then, as the dust subsided, the serpent was seen swallowing his prey.

Many more wonders were wrought by this *miracle-worker*, till the shades of evening having arrived, the time came for the last act to be performed in this drama, where the priest arrogated to himself the quality of supernal power. All had been told what this last miracle would be. It was to open the gates of hell, and show the fires of those regions to the gaze of all.

At the outstretching of the arm of the priest, a volcano burst from the center of the plain, and flames of every color streamed hissing to the sky. All the region was illuminated with a red glare, and to the eyes of the astonished crowd the view could not have been more grandly terrible had the very hell described to them by the priests been suddenly opened before them.

One more act remained, not a miracle, but a sacrifice. A beautiful virgin was to be burned on the high altar, but this could not be until the moon had risen, and some hours must yet elapse. Meantime the victim was to be selected by lot.

Hetchemin was again conducted to the private chamber of the high-priest. Again was her attendant thrust out into the corridor. The priests left her, and she was again in tears. But there was no time for the indulgence of grief.

Phosostris advanced along the corridor, and was surprised to see a dozen waiting-maids sitting against the wall as he passed. He paused and asked what it meant, and each one, instead of replying, put her finger into her mouth to indicate she was dumb. He passed on and entered the chamber where his servants had just conducted Hetchemin.

She was walking the floor in agitation.

"Well, my fair Hetchemin, I am come to offer you my love, and to ask yours in return. I have wooed you humbly though I have power and can command. Within an hour the ceremony will take place in the grand hall which makes you a priestess. The tedium of that barren life I would relieve, and thus I again offer, on bended knee, the love which no other human being but yourself has the grace and the beauty to command."

"Once more, mighty Phosostris, I repeat that this is vain and idle. I am a princess, and may be a priestess; I am not your slave. You may take my life, and for that I little care; but you can not rob me of my self-respect. Away, and touch me not."

The priest rose and said coolly, and in a harsh voice, "Well, well, willing or unwilling, it makes but little difference, I have the power, and I shall use it.

He approached her, when with haste she started back and drew a dagger from her vest, and looked him sternly in the face. He hesitated a moment, and then said, "That is nothing; you can not hurt me, and you will not hurt yourself. Can I not with a word call down the fires of heaven to destroy you, or open the gates of hell to receive you. But no, I will do none of these; and I change my mind. I will no longer think of loving you; I will select you for the sacrifice to-night. Ha! do you shrink from the consuming flame?"

"I shrink from nothing but the presence of such a fiend!"

"Ha! that is insulting. Come, my sweet Hetchemin, it will be a nice revenge to embrace so fair a flower before the sacrifice."

"Hold!" said Mehrab, stepping back to the wall, while her figure seemed to dilate to heroic proportions, "hold, I would not imbrue my hands in your blood, but I have both the will and the power to defend myself. Stand back, and touch me not!"

Phosostris smiled, as, if pleased at her resolution, and drawing from beneath his robes a small sword, approached her.

"Fear not, my fair Hetchemin, I will not harm you. I love you but the more for your display of heroics ; but I can not suffer you to brandish that little glittering weapon for fear you may do harm with it." Saying which he struck the dagger from her hand by an adroit blow, and then thrusting it out of reach with his foot, he coolly sheathed his sword.

"Now, Hetchemin, you must be satisfied. You have made all the display of resistance that is necessary ; now yield with a grace."

By a sudden movement he clasped his arm round her and held her. Her piercing shrieks reached the corridor, and instantly there entered the figure which had followed Hetchemin when conducted to the chamber, and who had been thrust out into the corridor. By the dress it was a woman, by its actions a man. At the shriek he entered, and quick as lightning seized the high-priest and hurled him to the floor. Hetchemin sunk fainting to the ground. Immediately half-a-dozen other servants (as they appeared to be) rushed into the room, and before Phosostris had time to get fairly upon his feet they had seized him, and instantly passing a cord round his neck, drew it tight. It was the work of an instant. Four held Phosostris, and one at each end of the cord drew it with all their strength. In a few minutes he was dead, and they dragged him to an inner room and concealed the body in some draperies. Meantime the one who had rescued her had raised Mehrah, and was taking means to revive her. By the time the body of the high-priest was disposed of she had recovered. Her rescuer and assistants had not removed their vails, but Mehrah had easily recognized Ctarsen, and she now made no resistance to his caresses. When they had whispered together a few moments, their course was decided on. The rich robe or mantle of Mehrah was removed, the coronet was taken from her head, the jeweled sandals from her feet, and whatever might betray her rank was removed. She then put on a suit of garments prepared for her, so that she closely resembled the disguised men around her. Her robes were secreted, her dagger restored, and all signs of the tragedy which had passed were obliterated. All this was the work of a few moments. They then entered the corridor, and found the other six who had been on guard, and after a conference, in which it was decided what course to pursue to escape safely from the palace, they dispersed in various directions.

Meantime the hour had come when the victim was to be chosen for the human sacrifice. All the vestal virgins were assembled and made to pass under a fruit-tree, and the first one on whom the fruit fell was to be the victim. It fell on a fair young girl, innocent and happy, and who

did not want to die. She wept bitterly ; but the officers appointed to the duty seized her, and she was soon arrayed in the multifold combustible garments usual on such occasions. She was borne along fainting to the place of sacrifice, and placed upon the high altar, where she was seated upon a stone seat and bound down with chains.

All now looked to the roof of the palace for the high-priest, whose outstretched arm the people believed would create the fire that was to consume her. But no one was there. A lieutenant of the temple immediately went to the palace, and ascertaining that he was not to be found, did as was his custom. He put on the robes of the priest and went up on the roof. The multitude shouted at his appearance. He stretched forth his hand, and instantly the flames rose from the altar and encircled the victim. It was a pyramid of intense flame, and it burned for an hour, tinging all the faces of the multitude with a lurid light. Then, as it died away, the seat was vacant—the victim had been consumed—and now the great world of worshipers dispersed, and ere another hour had elapsed, the place was deserted and still.

Meantime in the palace the preparations were made for the promotion of Hetchemin to be a priestess of Isis. All at length was ready, and the father and mother prepared to shed their tears at the parting with their daughter, whom they deeply and passionately loved, but had never thought of resisting the will of the all-powerful Phosostris, when he demanded her to be a vestal, and afterward a priestess. Hetchemin had been sent for, and none could find her. Phosostris had been sought for by hundreds, but he too had disappeared. The royal family returned to the city, and thus the great day of the festival was passed.

A month had elapsed, and it was known the far-famed Princess Mehrah had disappeared and was lost. It was also known some time subsequently that Ctarsen, her cousin, was also missing. The body of the high-priest had not been discovered. It had been removed and buried by unknown hands.

By the priesthood the riddle was solved to their perfect satisfaction. They knew the high-priest loved the vestal Hetchemin. *Their simultaneous disappearance was clear.* Phosostris had taken her to some of his mysterious abodes, there to be kept secluded until she should no longer wish to return. As for the prince, it was well known too that he loved his cousin Mehrah with a passionate devotion, and it was very natural that he should be wandering away in search of her.

But a better solution awaited the enigma. In the quiet home of the palace, in the rooms devoted to domestic privacy, where the king and the

queen became a man and woman, a father and mother, the royal family were seated at evening. Suddenly entered their daughter.

"Mehrah!" exclaimed they both in a breath, "we thought you were dead! Where have you been?"

She kneeled at her father's feet, and, taking her mother's hand, looked into their faces and said,

"Oh, I am so happy to see you again. I have wished to come, but feared they would drag me back again to the temple!"

"What means this, my child?" said her father. "Are you unhappy as a vestal, and have you fled from the temple?"

"Father, at your command I acceded to the request of Phosostris to be a vestal. I thought the office a holy one, and was almost resigned to give up earthly happiness to be a servant of the gods. It was proposed that I should become a priestess; to this I gave my reluctant consent, still consoled with the reflection that my life would be spent in the service of the great Isis; but—"

"Well, my child, why do you hesitate—proceed."

"Father, mother, I will tell you all;" and she proceeded to narrate to them fully all that has been detailed up to the time of her rescue. She continued thus:

"When I recovered, I saw not Phosostris, but saw around me many veiled women. The one who had rescued me disguised me in other garments, and conducted me out of the palace and into the crowd of people. We mingled with them and escaped. The next morning my deliverer, who was Prince Ctarsen, made me his wife, and we have resided in a secure retreat in Thebes since that time. We feared to come out, but at last we have thought best to throw ourselves at your feet, and trust to your kindness for forgiveness."

At this moment Ctarsen entered the room, and dropped on his knee beside Mehrah, and joined his request to hers.

The royal pair were too happy to recover their daughter to object to her marriage; and now that they knew the purpose that Phosostris had in claiming her for a vestal, they were more than pleased that she had escaped from the temple.

They, however, ordered that the marriage should be kept private, and that a grand wedding and a public festival should take place. In due time the great ceremony occurred, and many of the noble relatives wished that the dignity of the ceremony might be augmented by the presence of Phosostris as officiating priest; but Phosostris, the great miracle-worker of Thebes, was never found.

A CITY OF THE SPHERES.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET—BY MRS. HEMANS.

I SAW a beautiful city afar off, and the name of that city was "Holy." The entrance therein was through a massive gate, and on either side stood an angel, around whose head was a soft halo of radiance, like unto the sun when fleecy clouds have softened the brilliancy of his ray; and their countenances were fair and beautifully serene with a pure and holy love, and they ever sang the hymn, "Holiness to the Lord."

The angels who guarded that gate were called Constance and Truth, and many people were passing in and out. Some were clad in bright raiments and had radiant faces. Some had a lowly and downcast mien, and before they entered the gate were casting imploring looks, with this expression on their faces, "May I enter?" Some strode along tall and majestically, their heads erect and their faces earnest, as if in pursuit of some great treasure to be obtained when they should enter that gate. Some were loitering in the path, and gazing wishfully as though afraid to approach. Some were trembling, and tears bedewed their cheeks, and they looked on one another saying, "Shall we approach? we shall not be permitted to enter." Little children were traveling there hand in hand, and none of these emotions did I observe on their innocent faces. Carelessly and hopefully, brightly and lovingly, they loitered along, and their little faces seemed glad with delight as they approached that beautiful gate, and gazed on those beautiful guards which kept the entrance. They did not ask, "May I enter?" but they entered. The guards smiled, and the smile struck me as an exceedingly happy one. But why the careless, happy laugh of childhood should make them seem happier at the unconcern with which those little ones entered, was more than I could fathom. It struck me as remarkable. Much more important seemed the entrance of those people of full growth and developed minds, and yet how different, how varied were the emotions which each countenance, each walk, each manner and mien, and whole expression together betrayed, while passing before my vision.

I also reached the entrance, and was permitted to enter; not, however,

before I had asked one of the keepers the meaning of so much apparent incongruity of character exhibited by the concourse which had passed before me. The guards said, "Enter, and see for thyself with thine own eyes, and thine own eyes shall convince thee;" and I entered.

I noticed in that vast city, that those whose faces were so radiant with joy and happiness, had come from a far-off country, to show the newcomers the localities, pursuits, and customs, and requirements of the country which they were now going to inhabit. And I observed that those who had entered with so lofty a port and imposing a mien, with head so erect, so elevated, wore a disappointed look at the barrenness of the country. They had expected to be kings and masters, and to feed on the fat of the land. They did not seem to find the palaces, the luxurious dwellings made ready to receive them, which they had expected to find, and it seemed to me as though hastily-constructed palaces of happiness, before setting out for this country, had been suddenly overthrown. They looked lost, disappointed, jealous. They did not ask, "What shall I do?" but they asked, "How is this? This is not the heaven to which we expected to come. It is a cold, barren, gloomy place; nothing genial or bright to feast the eye or please the soul. Why, we were led to expect a far different place from this. This surely can not be the heaven we were so often told was prepared for us." They seemed to fold their hands and stand in mute despair. They looked neither to the right nor the left, but there they stood, and gazed as it were on vacancy and hopelessness. How dark and bleak it seemed to them!

I turned away from them and approached a form who seemed elated at having found something very pleasing. I stepped up and accosted the person. I inquired, "Why do you seem so glad? have you found a treasure? Nothing less could make you look so happy. I would participate in your joy." The figure, which was a female, looked on me with eyes streaming with tears. "Why, mortal," she said, "this is such a beautiful place. I am enchanted, I am delighted; can it be possible that I can always live here? Why, when I inhabited a coarse body, which now I find was a shell in which the spirit moved, I was unused to such a place. My fingers ached with toil, my heart was oppressed with sorrow, my limbs often refused to do their painful duties, and my spirit seemed bowed down to the dust. They told me I was such a sinner; and the preacher warned me to beware of a fire prepared for such as I, who broke the commands of God, even to satisfy the cravings of hunger. I longed to live, because I dared not die. They told me God was pure and good, too pure to look upon such a sinner as I, because of my infir-

mities. They told me I had turned my back on God by the life which I led; I had broken his commands. I had not entered the room where his word was preached because of my poverty and nakedness. I grew reckless, and I thought I will live on my short day, and then let me perish. How dark, how very dark, the future seemed! But when worn out with disease and long suffering, my heart weary and heavy laden, I laid down, most unwillingly too, my mortal body; and when I awaked, a beautiful being came and took me by the hand, and led me a long distance from earth, and put me upon the road by which all those people have entered through that gate. I had not hoped to enter it, but I was impelled to enter by a power of I know not what. And when I entered it, why, what a beautiful place I found it! Oh, I can not, can not describe my joy and happiness. So many smiled upon me. They take me by the hand and welcome me. Such beautiful-looking people! I did not think they would notice me—a poor creature like me. Why, every thing here dazzles my eyes with ecstatic beauty and splendor, which everywhere meets my view. The very ground I tread upon seems to be of such a brilliant hue. It is almost transparent, and yields to my touch. I neither know whether I walk or glide. It seems to me I do not tread at times. It is a gentle, undulating motion, so unlike the painful steps my poor weary feet used to tread. And oh! how beautiful and green the grass appears; and the leaves, they wave so gently in the wind. The air, which is wafted from the leaves across my brow, seems to fill me with such intense joy that I could soar as a bird in the air. Oh, what a lovely place is this! I see such broad and shining rivers, and moon, and sun—but so much more bright than I ever beheld on earth. How strange it all seems! The very stars seem to smile as they twinkle, and music fills the air wherever I turn my ear. It is more heaven than I ever dared dream of—more than I could ever conceive. How I wish to go back and tell the world, my friends, of this lovely place! They would not believe me. Why, heaven is entirely too poor a name! I can not tell you, it is so beautiful! so beautiful!

“That radiant spirit met me and said, ‘Poor mortal, poor child of clay, of sorrow, and of suffering, rest thou here. Here the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. This is thy heaven, as long as it shall appear heaven to thee. But heaven is, not a place, but an endless continuation of places.’”

I then turned and beheld those loiterers. They were very slowly approaching in their journey through that great city. They seemed careless somewhat, doubtful somewhat, fearing their progress would every

moment be impeded from some unforeseen obstacle placed in the way by some uncertain power. I approached a loiterer and said, "Why do you tarry? Why do you not hasten as your fellow-travelers are doing? Have you no object in view—no desire to explore this unknown country? Do you not wish for a guide? Why, haste thee, loiterer; the bright ones will outstrip thee, and thou wilt be left in the rear, and thy path become toilsome with none to lead thee." He turned upon me a look of inquiry, for I perceived he was a man, but I could perceive no earnest look in his eye, no heightened color in his cheek. He would take a few steps forward and turn, look back and pause, and then seem to shrink as though in fear, and anon would look forward. He said to me, "I never was in a hurry; I never could make up my mind whether to be a Christian or a sinner, as the world calls it. I thought I would take the middle path and risk the future. I liked the world so well that I followed its precepts, and where duty was an easy path, very easily I walked therein. I was very contented to think that heaven should be my home, but farther than this I did not search, thinking that many would be situated in the same position I was, and why should I fare worse than they? Well, in this state of mind I cast off my body. I emerged into a country of whose character and bearings I was altogether ignorant; indeed, I am still fearful that I may have entered the wrong passage. Had I not better return and seek another entrance? This does not seem to me so much like heaven. I am afraid if I go on it will lead me to a hell they used to talk about. It makes me uneasy; I don't like to crowd along. What is your opinion?"

I said, "Poor spirit, go on thy journey, learn wisdom, and make up for lost privileges, for lost happiness, and for never-realized hopes. Ah! poor mortal! what have you not lost? An uncertainty through life has almost become an uncertainty after death. Oh, thou radiant guide! wilt not thou approach? Wilt thou not tell this poor misguided soul how weak and unstable is the guide which makes unto itself a guide of other's opinions? When the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch."

I turned from the sad spectacle, and near me I saw those trembling ones with tears upon their cheeks. Ah! the tearful eyes, how sad they look, and yet how hoping! Slowly they approached—tremblingly they lifted up their voice and exclaimed, "Oh, this place is so beautiful, we will not be permitted to stay. It is only a glimpse of heaven, only a thought of beauty to gladden us on our entrance into the shadows of the spirit-world. Why, they told us of the valley of the shadow of death—They told us of the path being narrow and of the few that entered it.

They must have been mistaken in the way they took those words, that passage. A great many are walking in that way ; we are walking in it. Oh ! oh ! it's heaven, it is heaven. It is the heaven we heard about, but it is the heaven we never expected to enter. It was kept at such a great distance from us ! They said it was the pure, the sanctified, the meek, and the lowly, and the God-fearing, the sin-hater, and the well-doing that entered heaven. We never thought we were the well-doers ; we never expected so great a boon ; we never anticipated being so near heaven—it seemed so very dim and distant. And now, here we are, and here is heaven ! Why, a short time ago we were down in the busy world, jostled in the crowd and overlooked—sometimes sneered at, sometimes scoffed at, often unnoticed. But, oh ! we did love God, we did right as near as we knew how, though not all they told us was right. We lived and died as mortals do, and here we are, some in one path and some in another, some in one direction and some in another, that leads to this beautiful country. Some are in fields, where grass is just beginning to grow ; some walking through paths of shade and sunshine ; some are even picking flowers ; and some are seeking for treasures, which they call knowledge, which they sought for long on earth but never found, because of their inability to attain the gift. They have gone to a building which they call a place of instruction, and they say that is a heaven to them already. They say their souls have ever hungered on earth without being satisfied. Some of them are exploring the wonders and workings of nature, and some are exploring the wonderful machinery of their own being. All are engaged in labor, and all have kind friends called guides. Shall I tell you what the labor is called ? It is the natural labor of the human mind, which the eternal soul is ever engaged in, and that is PROGRESSION."

The little children next attracted my attention. Little children ! best and last ! How careless and happy, with what ingenuous, beautiful, no-evil-fearing faces they enter. Hail ! little spirits ! How bright ye look. They do not weep. They do not shrink, nor tremble, nor turn back, but wander along in innocence and joy. Hither and thither they spread. One is attracted by a beautiful bird and chases that bird, drawn by his musical notes, and he laughs in the fullness of his spirit's joy. Another has found a beautiful flower. Oh, how delighted he looks ! He bursts forth in a merry peal and calls his little companions to gaze on the treasure he has found. Another hears sweet music, and has flown off to find it. As they wander off, one meets another, now a father, a mother, a brother, a sister. Oh, what a happy mingling of joy there is ! How delighted

they seem! Their heaven is all heaven, no cloud obscures their sky, but joyfully and trustingly they gambol and frolic in the beautiful pastures prepared for them. How it gladdens my spirit as I gaze on the scene! Oh, innocents, how trusting! How much nearer ye approach the God-like nature of our Father in your happy beauty of trust! Ye know no evil, therefore ye fear no enemy. The chain which unloosened you from heaven, as a spark of light, returned you in its links so untainted that ye scarce felt the transition. Happy ones, I leave you.

Radiant spirits, I thank ye for the entrance ye have given me to a lesson to give to mortals below. Faith, thou art mine; and Constance, I know thee, and thank thee right gladly.

The city which I entered is that which is viewed by mortals in the flesh, and it seems to them that it is far off, because it is called "Holy." The entrance thereof, through that massive gate, is called Death—massive because the spirit's greatest entrance when cut loose from this sphere. And the angels on either side are the angels which usher us in, and the shining ones who were passing in and out of the city were those who are sent back to earth on errands of mercy and love.

The city itself represents the heaven which all contemplate as being their ultimate destination, whether they have lived, or felt, or expected a continued existence; and different aspects of the same country to the different minds which arrived there, will show you wherein they had wisely or unwisely prepared for their never-ending journey.

The gate is surely a golden one to many, and the entrance is always and ever watched by spirits which are waiting to receive the traveler, who there commences his experience, guided by faith, led on by patience, supported by love, inasmuch as his former life and sphere of affinities will enable lovely spirits to approach him upon his first entrance.

And if this will enable any mortals to see in what relation they stand to the sphere of existence to which all are tending; if it will show them in how great a measure they may enjoy that heaven on earth which is only a prelude to the actual state which they must all know and conceive for themselves in the different pictures which I have drawn, and many more which are not here shown, I shall have accomplished my task, and thank thee, O Patience!

SUBLIMATED MATTER.

PHILOSOPHERS search with the microscope into the minute and invisible particles of matter, and ascertain that below the point where natural vision fails, there is a world of wonders which they can approach and examine by means of the proper instruments. They think this wonderful, but they comprehend it easily, and no more doubt the facts than they do the every-day events of life. But speak to those sages about the body of a spirit, and they will smile with derision, and soon banish the idea from their minds as unworthy of notice.

There is a tendency in all minds to doubt that which is not proved by the evidence of their material senses. They doubt that a real substance can exist, and they not be able to feel or see it. Ask them if they can see steam before it is condensed, and they will admit that it is invisible notwithstanding its great power. The hurricane that sweeps the forest as though it were grass, is also invisible. The electric current is equally so—its *effects* only are seen. The world is full of invisible things, which yet exert great force. But it will be said that they make their presence felt, and thus by their effects their nature can be known. This is true; but can not also *spirit* be known by its effects?

If a doorway were closed by a plate of pure glass, and a strong light placed beyond it, a person ignorant of the fact would not perceive the obstacle, but would attempt to walk through it. Before he knew there was a plate of glass in his way he would have doubted it. He only admits the fact when he has touched it.

Suppose it were alleged that a spirit, clothed in a form of matter highly sublimated, stood before the sage who, with his microscope, was examining the forest of down upon a peach, or the living world of animals in a drop of putrid water. He would deny its existence there, and require the proof. He could not see it, nor feel it, and no instruments that he possessed would test its presence. 'Tis true he could not see with the naked eye the beings he was examining, nor feel them in any way, but

could see that spirit, and feel his touch, if he would permit it. But that he will never do. It requires that he should be passive, and suffer the spirit to operate upon his physique until the effect can be produced. He is quite too wise for that.

It is readily comprehended that there is matter living and acting before us, in countless entities, though we can not see them or feel them; and some have gone so far to admit that if we had glasses sufficiently powerful, we could discover living parasites upon the bodies of those microscopic insects. This being admitted, it is a little strange that vast numbers of learned men scout the idea of the existence of a spirit. They know very well there was a time when they could not see animalculi, for the want of the proper instruments. They do not know but that with proper means they could see a spirit; yet it seems that if these means were obvious and easy they would not attempt it.

The matter of spirit-worlds is doubtless highly sublimated, yet not for that reason the less organized. It may be presumed that a person dying in infancy, and living in the spirit-spheres an indefinite period of time, without visiting any grossly-material planet, would find it impossible to realize the fact that there was so gross a form of matter as we find here. That spirit's skepticism would be much like that of the philosopher who should assume, that because he had never seen a spirit, there was no such thing. Suppose such a spirit to visit the earth for the first time. He would find it difficult to believe that men in so gross and cumbrous forms could exist with any comfort to themselves. He would find that the lightest gossamer among them was so solid that he could not move it. He would wonder more at the possibility of existence under such forms, than mortals wonder at the sublimation of a spirit's body.

But in the spirit-world all things being similarly sublimated, the rarity, or rather the refinement, of the matter is not perceived any more than the grossness of matter is perceived on earth. Beyond the condition of the spirit-worlds, it is alleged that there are worlds organized like ours, of a matter so refined that the spirits of the next state of existence can not perceive it by touch or by sight. And we are told that among spirits there are many who doubt such existences, not believing it possible that there can be a substance which they can neither see nor feel.

Taking all these things into consideration, it seems but a poor argument to say, "There can not be such a thing as a spirit in our presence with a substantial bodily form organized like ours, because if there were, we should be able by some tests to detect its presence." This argument is made by those only who think they can comprehend all matter, and

who do not admit that there can be any substance of a different essence from what they find on earth. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when, by means of some new discovery, there will be a method by which materialist philosophers can be convinced of the existence of a spirit.

W.



SPIRITS PRESENT.

WHILE we sit in silent musing
 At the fire-side warm and still,
 Or upon the table leaning,
 While without the wind is chill,
 In there often come to cheer us
 Friends deceased and gone "lang syne—
 Looking on us, twining round us,
 With a love and truth divine.

Yet we see them not, nor heed them;
 But the love that burns so bright
 In immortal bosoms, never
 Fades or chills for careless slight.
 We forget them, and we think not
 That the lost ones can be near;
 Seeing never, touching never,
 How can we believe them here?

Yet they come, in patience waiting
 For the hour to meet again;
 Never doubting, always loving,
 Wooing though it be in vain.
 In the chair, beside us sitting,
 Looking kindly in our face,
 And our form, unconscious ever,
 Holding in a meek embrace.

Let us love the friends departed
 With a perfect trust and faith,
 And believe them often with us
 Since they burst the chains of death.
 All their love they carried with them,
 And we grow to them more dear;
 Let us love them then as ever,
 And believe them often near.

THE NECESSITY OF HARMONY.

THERE is wisdom in the time-honored adage, "Union is strength." In the entire history of the world we believe there has been no occasion where unity of feeling was more important than it is at this time among Spiritualists.

It is the natural tendency of all new systems of philosophy or religion to form sects. That which can not be demonstrated as an axiom of mathematics, must inevitably be understood differently by different minds. In matters of general philosophy this result is less unfortunate than in matters of faith, wherein there is always more or less of feeling, and where harmony is the most important, while it is the most difficult to obtain. Opinions, in matters of science, are formed generally upon demonstrations. We do not *love* those opinions especially. They are rather forced upon us than adopted; and hence we can see them attacked or denounced without much emotion. Not so with a faith, or any opinion formed from a preference. Those opinions we love, and are ready to defend. If it be a faith offered to the mind, we must love it before we can adopt it; when it is adopted, we cherish it and defend it. In the presence of an opposite faith we feel antagonism and a disposition to dispute its right to existence. The foundation of this feeling is undoubtedly in our self-love. Our antagonist, in believing the opposite of our faith, believes us to be wrong. This bad compliment paid to our judgment has a natural tendency to displease us, and we are ready for controversy, if not for inharmonious feeling. If our antagonist is of the same general belief as ourselves, but differs with us in a minor point, we feel that one of our own set has turned against us. This want of harmony is often the worst of all. There is an old adage which says, "There is nothing like a cordial brotherly hatred." Among brothers of the same faith it is not unusual to find, on account of slight differences of belief, a most rancorous hatred.

We are led to these remarks by reflecting on the necessity of perfect harmony among all who believe that it is possible to hold converse with deceased persons as spirits. This one belief should be an indissoluble bond of union among them. If the Spiritualists unite upon that platform.

it would hold them all, and they would soon become the most formidable body of religionists in the world. It is utterly impossible that they can agree on the minor points. Almost every one who converses with spirits will feel his opinions changed or swayed by them. Their (the spirit's) opinions will have been formed often upon imperfect data, and must differ from those of other spirits. Some will teach the divinity of Christ, others that he was but a superior human being; some will declare that the punishment for sin is eternal, others that there is a final restoration for all, and thus through all the minutæ of faith. But there are points on which they all agree. All declare that the doctrines taught by Christ are the best rule of life, and all admit that with respect to the nature of God, and the duration of punishment which sin and error impose upon mankind, they do not *know* any more than we do. The great fact which they teach, and which should be the basis of a perfect harmony, is, that they left the human form at death, and with their natural organization, their idiosyncrasies of mind and body, entered upon their spirit-existence, and that they have now the power to return to earth and converse with those they left behind. Upon this platform stand all Spiritualists, and they ought to stand united like a band of loving brothers. All spirits teach this—all preach the doctrine, "Love one another." We yet hope to record the perfect union and harmony of all Spiritualists upon this platform. There is no inharmony among them, but yet they have not united in one harmonious brotherhood, as they should do. Every day we converse with some new convert to Spiritualism. He has had forced upon him the belief that spirits do return to communicate with mortals, and that is all he is ready to believe. What he will adopt for a faith, as it respects the nature of spirit-life, depends on his associates or his investigations. Whatever result he arrives at must be good (except in the case of over-excitement, which would take his mind from his worldly business, or the placing too great reliance on the teaching of spirits, which would take from him his self-dependence, which effects, however, will be of short duration), for it will elevate his mind above sensuality and give it a pure religion. He should therefore harmonize with all Spiritualists. We shall take occasion to speak more fully on this subject on another occasion.

W.

FASHION AND FAMINE.

AMONG the humanitarian tendencies of the age there is one especially worthy of notice, in the efforts of novelists to draw attention to the down-trodden poor and the outcasts of society. As the first step toward reforming the world is to draw attention to the debased and the wretched, so that their wants may be relieved, the office of the novelist is an important one. Dickens has done more to awaken an interest in the poor than a thousand missionaries could have done; and Hood, in his "Bridge of Sighs" and the "Song of a Shirt," has roused the slumbering charity in the breasts of millions. We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS' great work, "*Fashion and Famine*," just published. By its effect on us we can judge of its effect on the world at large. While the story itself is a fiction, the incidents and scenes are all true to life, and many of them true in fact. It would be impossible for a man to read the work, and shed the tears that he must inevitably shed over it, and not rise from the perusal better in his whole nature. As the work will have a very wide circulation in this country and England, and will be translated into French and German, the good that it is likely to do is incalculable. Its effect is to touch the better feelings, to waken compassion for the suffering, to inculcate a wholesome repugnance to vice and all moral deformity, and to present, in broad contrast, the state and condition of the rich and the poor, and yet without instilling into the mind of the one the feeling of contempt, or in that of the other a thought of envy.

As a writer of fiction the author has a reputation not second to any in this country, or perhaps in the world. Certainly, in all that appertains to felicitous description, and pure and appropriate embellishment, she has no equal. That, however, which we especially notice, and which makes her work so much an exception to general rules, that it can with propriety be alluded to in this magazine, is the spirit of *charity* which it inculcates, and the truthful description of the condition of the poor, contrasted with that of the rich, which it gives; so that while it has a most vivid interest as a work of fiction, it is better for the good it will do than a universe of sermons from a world of priests.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER V.

SPIRITUALIST.—The matter we have to discuss is the relationship which Spiritualism bears to the Bible.

SKEPTIC.—Yes ; I would like to see how your new-fangled doctrines will stand the test of a comparison with that record, which was written by the finger of God.

SP.—The many books which, being combined in one, are called the Bible, constitute the best part of the sacred and historical literature of the Jews. These books were written at different epochs and by different men. They contain many great and sublime truths, which have been the rule of conduct to the world for ages, and which will exercise an influence over its destinies for ages to come.

SKEP.—Why say for ages ? will not the Bible govern mankind throughout eternity ?

SP.—Of that I am not qualified to speak. It would not be possible for the works of those ancient authors, now so widely diffused, to be swept from the earth by any causes for many centuries.

SKEP.—Say, rather, it can never lose its influence, because it is the express revelation of God to man, and, being infallible, its truths must become more and more the guide of mankind as they shall advance in knowledge and wisdom.

SP.—The Bible, like all inspired works, has come to us through the minds and the hands of men. The waters of inspiration are pure, but they do not always flow through pure channels. Let us look at some of the miracles of the Bible. Its compilation, and the subsequent acts in relation to it, you can learn from history at your leisure.

But here I will remark, that the first portion of Genesis was not written by Moses, as it has been ascertained. It was an ancient record in his time, and is written in an antique Hebrew, and all scholars will perceive that it could not have been written by the author of the other books of

the Pentateuch. Therefore the creation of man in one pair in the Garden of Eden, the Deluge, etc., must date for authority to unknown times. Since modern science has demonstrated that the age of the earth is beyond calculation, and that there are many distinct races of men who could not have sprung from one pair—since Indian skulls have been found in America, which had been buried fifty-seven thousand years, and a similar state of things in atmosphere and vegetation found to have existed nearly two hundred thousand years ago on the banks of the Mississippi—and since Humboldt counted the rings (the veritable writing of the finger of God) in an American tree, and found it to have been standing more than twenty-four thousand years, this old record which describes the earth as but a patch of ground on the borders of the Mediterranean need not be looked upon with any high degree of reverence. In the records of geology, botany, and astronomy, there can be no error. The first and last prove that the earth and the stars have existed millions of years. If the work called the Old Testament shall contain an error, not traceable to the copyist, then it is not the word of God. It may be a holy book, and given by inspiration, and yet not infallible; for all inspiration comes through some human being, and is tinged with his imperfections.

SKEP.—When you do away with the infallibility of the Scriptures, what guide or dependence have we left?

SP.—We have Conscience, we have the Reason, which is God's representative; we have light enough, and if every man acted as well as he knew how, he could not be condemned. No man's belief is of his own making. Those whose minds are cultivated know very well that we are not warranted in forsaking the light of reason for any other guide. Men of science do not believe in the alleged miracles of the past. There are but few mentioned in the Old Testament. When the original has been examined, and a proper regard had to the figurative language of the Orientals, the so-called miracles are found to be but poetical descriptions of a natural occurrence. Thus Joshua spoke to the sun, in the figure of apostrophe, and bade him still shine while he pursued his victory. There are few so ignorant as to suppose that the earth's rotation ceased. Those who can believe that the Almighty, at the request of a Hebrew general, stopped the earth in mid career that an invading army might slaughter a few more thousands of men, women, and children, and take a few more thousands of captive girls for slaves, would be ready to believe any absurdity. The crossing of the Red Sea is explained without a miracle. Those who dwell in the



vicinity witness the phenomenon daily. The tide of the sea comes in like a moving wall, often overwhelming men and animals. It retires rapidly and for a considerable time the ground is dry and men can cross in safety.

SKEP.—If the Israelites crossed in safety, how do you account for the destruction of the Egyptians?

SP.—Let us examine the story. There were three millions of Jews in Egypt—about as many as there are slaves in the United States. He was a great general indeed who could guide such an army. It is not to be wondered at that the king was loth to suffer so many slaves to leave their work and go into the desert. Yet the consent was obtained, and in due time after the edict was promulgated the Jews assembled at Thebes, having borrowed jewelry and clothing for the great occasion. The great army (the largest in the annals of the world) started from Thebes, with their herds of cattle for sustenance, and their camels and elephants loaded with their camp-equipages, and went toward the narrow neck of the Red Sea. They were to go out three days' journey—to tarry a week for the great ceremonies of the Pascal, and take three days more for their return. Thus for a fortnight would the king of Egypt be quiet. Then, when they did not return, messengers were sent to ascertain the cause, and on their return with the intelligence that the Israelites had fled, he would gather an army and pursue them. But to raise troops enough to attack the army of Moses would require time; and it may be safely estimated that two months must have elapsed from the exodus of Moses before the army of Egypt were on the pursuit. Meantime the refugees would have arrived at the Red Sea, and would have had ample time to cross at many successive occasions of the low tide. The Egyptians in their eagerness to overtake the Israelites would be less cautious, and their mighty army would be so cumbrous in its movements, that when the soldiers saw the wall of waters rushing upon them they would be utterly incapable of escaping. I see no need of a miracle in this case.

SKEP.—No—as you describe it there is no need of it. But how your description vulgarizes the sublime interposition of God for the safety of his chosen people!

SP.—It may be safe to assert that God does not work an unnecessary miracle. As to his chosen people, I doubt that he ever destroyed one race to raise another. All nations in their pride assume that they are the especial favorites of God, and almost all contain in their history a special divine origin. Yet I suspect, if the early history of nations could be known, it would be found in every instance that they have slowly

emerged from barbarism, and when cultivation reached the point that records could be made, some poet would gather the traditions of the tribe into a history, give the nation giants and demigods for its progenitors, and hand the story down to posterity as the truth.

SKEP.—We seem to have diverged from our proper subject.

SP.—Yes; I intended rather to touch upon the magnetic mysteries of the past, and the inspirations, etc., which are akin to Spiritualism. The power of magnetism was well known to the learned world long before there was a Bible. Electricity, or rather its effects, had been studied, and many miracles were wrought by its agency. Without these miracles the priests of Assyria and Egypt would not have been able to hold the people in subjection; and Moses, bred in Egypt from a child, and acting as an Egyptian priest, must have been imbued with the same sentiments, and been led to believe that it was right as well as politic to govern his nation of ignorant people by a show of miracles, which through his science he could easily work. Amid the sculptured records upon the walls in the sacred symbols of Egypt, Moses found a list of commands or maxims. They had been cut in the stone a thousand years before he was born. They are there now, and the learned traveler can read them. He took four of them, and when from Mount Sinai he gave the law to Israel he embodied in it the four commandments found in Egypt, and they are now part of the Decalogue. He told the people that they were written by the finger of God; all truth is from God—and it was justifiable probably to assert that the commandments were given directly to them from God, else, perhaps, they would not have respected them.

SKEP.—You spoke of the use of magnetism by the ancients.

SP.—Yes; it has been known from the earliest times. In the sculptures of Egypt, dating back four thousand years, are records of magnetizing. It was a common thing in those days for priests to commune with spirits. They did not understand the subject, but they knew enough to magnetize a medium to the point that spirits could impress them. This was called prophesying. Joshua laid his hands upon Aaron, and he prophesied (I quote from memory). The Delphic Oracle was a medium. The soothsayers of Rome were influenced by spirits in their prophecies. At all times the dervishes of India have had the agency of spirits. It is quite unnecessary to recount here the uses of magnetism, whether by spirits or by mortals, in all ages of the world. It is well known that one mind can act upon another, and that a strong will can subdue a weaker.

SKEP.—But this is not spiritual manifestations.

SP.—Yes it is. All human beings are spirits, and the operation of

mind upon mind is the same, whether the minds are wrapped in the fleshy habitation or set free by death. If I magnetize a person to the state of impressibility, and thereupon a spirit who happens to be present takes the occasion to psychologize that person, that is a spiritual manifestation. If a spirit of his own accord shall magnetize an individual until he can impress him and put thoughts in his head which were not there before, that is a spiritual manifestation. This was the *modus operandi* of the ancient prophecies. The prophets knew they were inspired, but they could not have explained how it was managed.

SKEP.—Is inspiration, then, only the impression made on the mind by a spirit?

SP.—So I understand it. God works by agents. His ministers obey his will and represent him. They impress such persons as they find suitable, and the evident wisdom of the matter given commends it to the world, and it is received as the product of inspiration. Doubtless Moses was inspired with the wisdom necessary to give liberty to the Jews, or he obtained the wisdom through the inspiration of another. Of Joshua, we learn by the Scriptures, that he sought instruction through clairvoyance, magnetizing Aaron for that purpose.

SKEP.—But what Spiritualism do you find recorded in the Old Testament?

SP.—Under that head we will consider all that is done by the agency of spirits. Take the case of Abraham and the angels—that of Tobit and the angel, and Jacob and his dream—these were spiritual manifestations. The Jews did not understand much of the nature of spirits, and as their future condition was not made clear to their comprehension they assumed that the spirits which they saw were especial messengers from God, and hence they called them angels—meaning messengers. Jacob's dream was a psychological vision; and now that the matter has been made clear by science, any spirit with the requisite experience and power of will can produce such a vision upon an impressible medium. So of all the visions described in the Bible. They are psychological impressions, such as we witness daily in the circles.

SKEP.—What of the witch of Endor?

SP.—It was a case of clairvoyance, such as we see every day. Nothing is more common. It was desired to consult Samuel, and Saul went to a medium—a woman who resided in Endor. The Bible does not call her a witch. The caption of the chapter names her so. She was influenced, and found Samuel present. She also learned very naturally that Saul was in her presence

SKEP.—But did not the law decide this consulting spirits to be a crime, and decree that a witch should not be suffered to live?

SP.—Yes. There was a law against talking with spirits. Saul had caused all the mediums to be put to death. But that there was confidence had in them, the visit of Saul to this medium proves. At this day, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, the same thing would be condemned by law if we, like the Jews, dwelt under a sacerdotal government. If priests could make our laws, they would decree that we should have no spiritual advisers except themselves. Whether or not it would be a capital offense to talk with a spirit I can not tell, but from the rancorous feelings toward Spiritualism manifested by the priesthood, I infer it would.

SKEP.—Yes. It has already been proposed to punish it as a crime; but I am not prepared to go to that length to suppress even a dangerous heresy. It is the great distinguishing character of this age that it allows free discussion upon all subjects.

SP.—It is only in an enlightened age and amid an enlightened people that the doctrine of Spiritualism could exist. It would be crushed by the strong arm of the law, like every thing that ever promised to meliorate the condition of man. Ideas grow slowly. In the times recorded by Moses, it was supposed that death was an appropriate penalty for almost any infraction of the law. Yet people did not behave any better then than now. The fact is now pretty well established, that the severity of the punishment does not prevent crime. Yet it will be long before, under the benign influences of Spiritualism, the world can be governed by the laws of love.

SKEP.—Do you Spiritualists dream that the laws could be sustained without penalties.

SP.—Not yet. We remember that the death penalty was once universal, and for all the earliest ages of history there was scarcely any other punishment for crime or disobedience than the killing the guilty one. The code of the Jews was almost as bloody as that of Draco. They headed their laws: "Thus saith the Lord," because it was the common form of enactment, their government being a theocracy. Besides, it was a matter of policy to make the people believe the laws given by the Jewish legislators were the laws of God. As civilization has advanced, punishments have become less bloody, and now it is not usual, as it was scarcely a century ago, to hang a man for stealing a loaf of bread. This change has been brought about by the advance of ideas, by the gradual spiritualization of the masses. As their minds have risen in the

scale of being they have learned to value human life at a higher rate, and they have begun to see that it does not suppress crime to impose severe penalties.

Christ was the first to preach to the world effectively the law of love. The ideas which he planted have since been slowly growing, and they are now beginning to bear fruit. It will be a long time yet before the world can be humanized so far that they will abolish all penalties, yet that time will come. Under the influence of Spiritualism it is hastening. Wherever a spirit speaks with a mortal there will the lesson be given, "Love one another," for in this all spirits are agreed. No spirit, however undeveloped, teaches the gratification of malignant feelings.

SKEP.—I admit the truth of what you say. I believe all spirits preach love and charity to all. But, as it has been remarked, the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, and I have heard you admit that undeveloped or mischievous spirits had day after day given to a circle the sublimest truths of Christ's gospel, only for the purpose of securing their confidence, to deceive them and make them ridiculous.

SP.—I have seen many such cases. It is unfortunate that all men and all spirits are not good and true; but we must take the material and the spiritual worlds as we find them. No spirits would dare to preach a bad doctrine—it would betray them. They all tell us truly that we must love one another. So much is good. If, then, they tell us to go unto a distant mountain and form a community, we have our reason to guide us. That will tell us whether or not the advice is good. The man who follows advice without consulting his own reason is a fool, no matter whether the advice is given by a spirit from heaven or one of earth robed in the grossest flesh.

SKEP.—Then you have no great reverence for spirits?

SP.—To a certain extent I revere all things which are the work of God. I revere mankind as the noblest of his works—I revere the vegetable and animal world as beautiful and useful—I revere the image of God wherever I see it, even though obscured and defiled. God is in all things, and if we look with the eyes of love we shall see his brightness.

I have sometimes talked with spirits, and been deceived. I did not therefore hate them. I pitied them as I would pity any one so unfortunate as not to have risen above the folly and the sin of willful deceit. I have been told the sublimest truths by bright and exalted spirits. I did not worship them therefore. I loved them and knew them to be children of God, and therefore my kindred. I revere the good and I mourn

the evil ; but I love my brother man, and would serve him whether he do the works of righteousness or unrighteousness. I do not revere spirits as such. I try them all as I would try those with whom I have dealings on earth. Are we not told in the Scriptures to try the spirits ?

SKEP.—That means the spirits of men, such as you find on earth. The Bible does not speak of any spirit departed as returning to us.

SP.—You are disposed to explain the language of Scripture to suit your skepticism. I think the text is very clear : “Try the spirits.” It could not be clearer to me. You say the Bible does not speak of any spirit’s returning to earth. Departed spirits have been seen upon earth millions of times—a few cases only have been recorded—a few thousands only in past times, before modern Spiritualism began. Samuel came back to Saul. Christ and Moses and Elias were seen as spirits. Those cases are too well authenticated to doubt. In all the history of the past, in every nation, there are countless stories and legends of the appearance of spirits. But as the subject is one that materialists ridicule, people generally suppress them. Hereafter this will not be done, for Spiritualism has explained all, or if not all, it has explained away all the miraculous nature of the phenomena, and reduced them to common-sense matters of fact.

SKEP.—In assuming that Spiritualism is found in the Old Testament you assert that the soothsayers, diviners, sorcerers, witches, and wise men were mediums, in some form, through whom spirits could convey intelligence.

SP.—Yes, I think they were all mediums. To be a medium, in the modern sense of the word, is to be one through whom a departed spirit can communicate in some way. Generally they were impressible persons, to whom spirits spoke or presented visions. Some were impressed during sleep, some in the trance state, some in their normal condition. That those who were called prophets were mediums is conclusively proved by reference to the many passages of Scripture alluding to them. In Jeremiah, chap. 5, v. 31 occurs this sentence : “The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means.” Read Daniel, chapters 1, 2, 4, 5. You will there find that the king had a dream, and forgot what it was, but was much disturbed by it. He called together the wise men and commanded them to tell him what his dream was, and what was the interpretation of it. They could not, and the king gave orders that all the wise men of Babylon should be put to death. Daniel was among those who were to be slain. He begged of the captain of the guard time. He consulted with his companions, and

prayed for assistance. In his sleep he was informed of the king's dream. He went to him and told it, and gave the interpretation. He explained also his second dream. Finally, a hand was seen to write upon the plaster of the wall "*Mene, mene, tekél, upharsin,*" and Daniel interpreted that also. Similar things have now become common—one will be told what another has dreamed, words are written upon the wall by unseen hands—but there is nothing miraculous in any of these wonders. In the third chapter of Daniel is recounted the case of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. I do not pretend to explain how they were protected from the fire, but I know that not long ago a medium was made to hold his hand in a flame a considerable time—long enough to have destroyed it—and yet it was not injured; and a second time was the act repeated and the hand was uninjured. I do not doubt that some spirits have knowledge and power enough to protect a man from the flame of a furnace; and I have no doubt that the spirits who were in the habit of communicating through Daniel and his companions found the means to accomplish their purpose.

SKEP.—Perhaps you can explain all the miracles of the Bible in the same way.

SP.—I do not know. Many are easily resolved upon the known means possessed by spirits. Many things we have yet to learn. Every day some new miracle is wrought by the agency of spirits, and no one can foresee what will ultimately be done.

In 1 Samuel, chap. 28, is the account of Saul's seeking the witch of Endor. Every one at all familiar with spiritual manifestations will recognize in that account an every-day occurrence. A man is in perplexity, and he seeks a clairvoyant. He asks her to tell him what to do. Some spirit-friend of the medium or the querist magnetizes her and gives the desired information. It is not often that so important a matter as that of Saul occurs. The vast number of cases are unimportant and are never heard of.

The pillar of cloud by day and fire by night that pointed out to Moses his course could easily be produced by spirits. We are not told that all the people saw it. It might have been seen only by Moses and such others of the army as were capable by their mediumship of seeing spirit-lights, etc.

In 1 Samuel, chap. 16, it is stated that an evil spirit troubled Saul. It was recommended that one should play on the harp to him. It was done, and the evil spirit left him. This is easily explained. Music produced a happier state of feeling, and the troublesome spirit finding no sympathy

departed, probably to return when Saul should be again in a disturbed state of mind. This is a common occurrence. Men unwittingly invite to their companionship those spirits, whether good or bad, that harmonize with them.

SKEP.—How do you explain the scene of Balaam and the angel?

SP.—I can not explain it. Perhaps I do not understand the record. I think that Balaam heard a voice and mistook the source of it. It might have been intended that he should do so. The appearance of a spirit in his path might be easily explained.

In 1 Kings, 22d chapter, you will find an account of a lying spirit speaking through the Lord's prophets, and who volunteered to persuade Ahab to go to Ramoth-gilead, where he should be killed.

SKEP.—How would you account for the plagues 'of Egypt?

SP.—I can not account for them. If there be no mistake or exaggeration in its record, we must have more light before we can see how they were produced—for I do not admit that there has ever been an act or event transcending or contravening the laws of nature. The magic of the Egyptian priests (Moses and Aaron were of the number) was sufficient to perform what seemed to the people wondrous miracles. It is probable that the plagues were natural events, and that they were turned to account in the attempt to induce the king to let the slaves go out into the desert and keep their national holiday.

SKEP.—How do you explain the burning of Sodom, etc., recorded in the nineteenth chapter of Genesis.

SP.—I do not assume to explain it. The burning of the cities of the plain is not remarkable, for they were built upon a soil impregnated with bitumen, which might take fire from lightning or a volcano, and it would be difficult to extinguish it. Spirits may have perceived that a volcano was about to burst upon the cities, and have wished to save the family of Lot. They may have appeared visibly to them, or, as is more probable, they may have impressed two strangers to go on the errand. The term *angel* means messenger. Two messengers came to Lot. It does not say angels of the Lord, as is usual when a spirit is indicated.

SKEP.—There are, I know, throughout the Bible, references to prophets, some of which are said to be true and some false. Therefore a prophet was not necessarily a servant of God, and the word must have meant one who was inspired in some way by either a good or bad influence. So I can easily understand that the prophets were numerous and of various kinds. I read in Ezekiel xiii. of the prophetesses who were false, and in chapter 22 of the prophets who said, "Thus saith the Lord,

when the Lord had not spoken." In Isaiah viii. it is said, "If they speak not according to the law and testimony, there is no light in them." There are in Isaiah many allusions to diviners, charmers, soothsayers, etc., foretelling events. How do you explain the smiting the rock by Moses in Numbers xx.?

SP.—I suppose he understood the use of the divining rod and indicated where water would be found. That he smote the rock and water gushed forth is an oriental form of expression. As to the term prophet that you were speaking of, read Deuteronomy xiii., and you will find the word synonymous with *dreamer*.

SKEP.—There are many miracles in the New Testament which you will have to account for to sustain your theory.

SP.—We will consider those cases in our next conversation.

W.

MORAL COURAGE.

PROUD is the courage of the hardy frame
 Spurred by ambition, hope, or thirst of fame;
 But there's a pride within the human soul
 That o'er external nature holds control,
 The courage of the mind—the intellect,
 That for itself has learned to feel respect.
 Inspired by this, within the senate hall
 Man lifts his head in daring over all;
 No menace frights, no danger bids him bow,
 He wears his dauntless spirit on his brow.
 Is it a Cæsar would the scepter wrest,
 He dares to strike a dagger to his breast.
 Does a great error o'er the world bear sway,
 He dares attack it in the open day.
 He meets the world's dread laugh or cynic's scorn,
 But presses on, nor ever deigns to turn.
 He asks not man's applause nor cheering tone,
 But looks for God's approval and his own.
 He has a nobler pride than they can know
 Who on the sordid earth still grovel low.
 His head he lifts above the clouds of fate,
 Above man's praises, as above his hate;
 And while he wears a pride earth can not bow,
 The crown of God's "well done" is on his brow.

W.

ROMAN VIRTUE.

WHEN in ancient times an enormous chasm suddenly opened in the very midst of the city of Rome, and the people were in the greatest consternation at the phenomenon, it was decreed by the oracles that the fearful opening should not be closed until the most precious jewel that Rome possessed should be cast into it. Curtius, a nobleman and patriot, willing to sacrifice his life to appease the offended deities, in the presence of a large concourse of his fellow-citizens threw himself boldly into the chasm, exclaiming, "The richest treasure which a country can possess is the heart of a true patriot."

A moral may be drawn from this pagan anecdote, however unsuited it may seem to the philosophy of the present times. Apart from its superstition it inculcates a good principle—that of spontaneous immolation of our most cherished possessions for the benefit of society—or more directly, the resistance of a favorite indulgence which has become interwoven with our habits and minds. To do this is sometimes worse, or more difficult than parting with the soul itself; but it becomes easy by constant practice, like every other self-immolation. Pity the gods had not made this a laudable oblation, and given men the proper devotion or the requisite bravery to perform it. A very trifling exercise of this self-sacrificing spirit, by inducing us to restrain our first impulses in a moment of anger, would frequently save us a lifetime of bitter and unavailing regret. How many a life would be spent in honor and usefulness which, for the want of an opportune sacrifice of appetite, is passed in wretchedness and vice! How many a home would be rendered happier were more of the fondly cherished prejudices and pampered animosities that pollute the firesides, thrown on the altar of duty! In fact, a trifling sacrifice of the will, of passion, and of appetite will often do that for us which the Roman hero believed he should achieve for his native city by the voluntary surrender of his life: it will save us from utter ruin

L. F. W.

THE TWIN BROTHERS;

OR, THE EFFECT OF CIRCUMSTANCES UPON THE MORAL CHARACTER

A BALLAD.

I.

In a proud and lordly mansion a scene of joy and pride—
To a house that had been heirless two gifts came side by side.
Twin boys both bright and lovely clasped to the mother's breast—
Was never wedded woman so happy, so caressed.

In the hall was merry making, and generous wine flowed free,
On the green the peasants feasted and drank right merrily.
Deep in the cellar were bestowed two butts of richest wine,
To serve, when both should be of age, the happy crowd to dine.

Two oaks were planted side by side with ceremony grave,
And lands bestowed upon the twins, and presents rich and brave;
And friends from far and near arrived, and each some present brought,
A coin, a gem, or work of art, and wished them happy lot.

Their names were Frank and Edgar, their color fair and brown,
One's hair was gold, the other's curled darkly o'er his crown.
Their tempers differed widely—Frank's was most soft and kind,
Edgar was quick and hasty and of a prouder mind.

Years came, and on the broad lands of their paternal home,
Gathering the flowers at evening, early they learned to roam.
One day amid a gipsy band they strayed and lost their way,
And the gipsies bore off Edgar an unresisting prey.

Frank to the hall came crying, but long they knew not why;
But missing Edgar from the lawn they raised the hue-and-cry.
They sought afar, they hunted long, but found the boy no more,
The gipsy band was out of reach far on a foreign shore.

II.

Frank grew to manhood—in his home he passed a joyous youth;
His heart was tender and refined, his soul was full of truth.
In classic halls his mind was trained, he gathered every hour
The lore, the strength, the delicate thought, which are the poet's dower.

High on the roll his place was fixed, the wide world knew his name,
Upon the seat of pride and power he set his lofty aim.
He won, and well deserved to win, a nation's warm applause,
His hand was in affairs of state, his heart in honor's cause.

He wedded—beauty, wit, and love stood proudly by his side,
 And joyous friends were gathered there to bless his lovely bride.
 His life was like a peaceful stream, as beautiful, as free;
 And calmly flowed it onward to eternity's broad sea.

III.

In a gipsy camp grew Edgar till fourteen years had pass'd,
 And he learned the cunning art of those with whom his lot was cast.
 Too fiery to be patient, too proud to bear a wrong,
 He soon grew insubordinate, and did not tarry long.

In a galliot he enlisted to sail on foreign seas,
 And soon grew loving to the ship, the waters, and the breeze.
 In every clime he sojourned where'er a ship could roam,
 With every people Edgar found a welcome and a home.

He loved—it was a fair, bright girl upon a sunny isle—
 He lingered near, and loved to bask in her bewitching smile.
 She loved him too, and o'er him watched like a guardian sprite,
 And so the wedding day was fixed to be the morrow night.

But Edgar had a rival who with a band that day
 Seized on the sweet Leona and bore her far away.
 Deep feeling swelled in Edgar's breast—he launched upon the tide
 A cutter fleet and bravely manned, and sailed to seek his bride.

Long weeks elapsed; but Edgar reached to the spot at last,
 Where Rou, his rival, near an isle had first his anchor cast.
 Here was his bride, the victim of the fell pirate's crew,
 There prayed she for release by death, and scarce her life-breath drew.

An onslaught brave made Edgar's band, and fierce the struggle grew,
 But ere an hour no being lived that formed the pirate's crew.
 Leona there a corpse was found—Edgar that hour was changed;
 He knelt and vowed beside the corpse deeply to be revenged.

He set the pirate's cutter and his own before the wind,
 And longed to 'brue his burning hands in blood of human kind;
 And chances found by hundreds to bathe in blood and crime,
 Till in his monstrous wickedness his deeds had grown sublime.

IV.

The world had heard of direful deeds wrought upon land and sea,
 Of murders countless as the stars and crimes of foul degree.
 And England now was joyous o'er all her sunny plains,
 For a ship of war had landed with the pirate-chief in chains.

The trial gathered thousands to look upon that face
 Where crimes the darkest, direst, had written deep disgrace.
 Counsel was given the prisoner, and Frank the proffer made
 To help him in his cause, but no, the pirate scorned his aid.

He gloried in his bloody deeds and all his murderous strife,
And to the court he calmly told the story of his life.
The judge that long with darkened brow had heard his crime avowed,
Rose for the sentence, when a stir was made among the crowd.

A woman said she knew the man—a gipsy stole the child
And raised him in his wandering tribe, there had he grown up wild.
She knew the child, she knew the boy, his early history all,
Since he was stolen by the band from old Dunwalden Hall.

“It is my son!” exclaimed the judge—“My brother!” uttered Frank;
Such news no human heart could bear, and down both swooning sank.
Another judge proclaimed the doom; next day a gibbet there
Was built, and soon the pirate’s form was swinging in the air.

Frank rose not ever from the blow upon his spirit cast,
They scarce had hanged the pirate-chief when Frank’s bright spirit passed,
Both the same moment launched upon eternity’s broad tide,
The portal of another world they entered side by side.



ATOMS.

MOMENTS of time make up eternal years.
Small grains, invisible to human eye,
Make up this globe and all the globes of space;
And small exertions steadily pursued
Lead to the most sublime results of man.
Despise not moments, they are time and life,
And even eternity is nothing more.
In moments thoughts may spring within the mind
Destined to glorious immortality.
In moments great achievements have been done
Whose fame will live when earth grows gray with years.
In but a moment even a heart is changed,
This greatest work that man has e’er achieved,
The birth of Faith, of resolution, and the will
To rise amid the angels. Points of time
Give birth to such high purpose, and the heart
Is turned above and presses on to heaven.
Then treasure time, since every hour may be
A pearl of priceless worth, or be a germ
To grow into a mighty tree of bliss,
And spread and flourish through eternity.

THE SKEPTIC.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

I AM wandering in a dark and lonely place. I see no other human being save myself; there is no light to guide me on my way but that which comes from a few straggling, distant stars. The road is uneven, and overgrown by brambles and briars, which impede my progress at every step I take, causing me pain and vexation. I can not understand why it is that I am left alone to wander through this gloomy, death-like valley. I hear the wind rustling among the trees, but it does not cool my brow nor give comfort to my heart. I hear the rushing of waterfalls, but they sound so distant to my ear, that it might be a dream for aught I know. Shall I never get through this rugged place and tread again upon the smooth, green earth? It seems to me that a great change has passed over my being within a short space of time. It was but yesterday that I lived upon earth, surrounded by those who loved me and whom I loved. I cared not for the future, I believed not in the *reality* of a future; in the existence of a supreme being whom men call God. What cared I for the future? It was naught but a blank, for I thought I should pass away even as the grass and the flowers, and be forgotten among the decaying mass of corruption. And I hardened my heart to every whispering and invitation which *would* come, in spite of my efforts, to draw forth my soul from its darkness and lethargy. But suddenly the spirit takes its flight from the body—that spirit which I had supposed was but a part, and could not exist longer without the body, but which I now found suddenly detached from it. And I am sorely amazed and troubled. I had not surmised such a thing as this could occur. I have lost the body that served me upon earth, but here I find another. It seems I have but cast off an outer covering and stand revealed in an inner covering. Where will I go, or what shall I do? I have no desire to be here. I have no affinities connected with this place. If the sun would shine pleasantly upon me, so that I could see my way, I should not feel so dreary and lost. I have left earth, and yet I tread upon earth again! Another earth, a

REAL earth, as real as that which I left, but still very different; as different seems this earth to me as the new body which contains the same spirit. But the feeling which possesses me at this moment is horrible! What have I to look forward to, to hope for, to wish for? I never believed in a hereafter, and shall I be forced to believe it now? Of what avail then was all the reasoning and strength of my manhood's will which shut out the future as an empty nothing—a shadow which frightened children and weak-minded people? No, I won't believe it yet! I am dreaming! This hideous nightmare will pass away, and I shall wake up again to the world and myself. I could not be deceived a whole lifetime, for did I not study into all the arts and sciences? I was even called a profound philosopher, but my researches penetrated not to the interior world, to invisible things. I could gaze upon the stars, but I could not grasp them in my hand, nor could I climb up to other orbs and tell their inhabitants that we no longer doubted their existence, that our eyes had gazed upon their worlds, and taken cognizance of their revolutions. I studied the mysteries of the stars, but they gave me no answer of the future, they revealed to me no brightness save their own pure light. I searched deep into the bowels of the earth, that I might gaze upon her concealed treasures, but I heard no echo there to tell me of the future. I watched the sands on the sea-shore, and I listened to the voice of the mighty deep, but to me they spoke not of the future. I but saw that man was born, that he lived and died, that he fell and was forgotten, that he passed away as every thing in nature, for I in my blindness would not see farther than the surface. I turned not within to question the depths of my own spirit for a response to the great theme which had filled my soul with so many surmises. I could ascend to the summit of the lofty mountain, and the silence and grandeur spoke to my heart with a strange and solemn voice, and yet I could see nor feel naught but the sublimity of nature, but the harmony which had become mellowed and developed into beauty and symmetry by the increasing hand of time and circumstance. My soul said to itself, If there is a God why does he not work some especial miracle and show himself in some particular character? I could not imagine him to be a creature of like attributes and imperfections as myself. I scorned to believe there was so capricious a God as the Christian world would have me believe. I communed deeply and silently with my own heart, and I knew if there was a God, he was far superior to the highest conceptions of any being whom I had met with, and who were animated by his spirit and claimed to be an emanation from him. My soul asked for more than it received, because I knew not where to seek it, for I

sought it among the children of men until I had to turn away sickened and disgusted by their menial worship and slavish blindness, for my soul felt that if such a Being could exist, he must be great and glorious in the attributes and power of his works. And if his power and mercy and love were so boundless as that which they claimed for him, I knew that they lived far beneath their privileges. Oh, I looked upon them as a narrow-minded, weak, puny, abject set, who knew not as much of the Being whom they professed to worship, as the little child did of the parents whom he loved. And I earnestly desired to know of a certainty if there was a Being whose dwelling-place was on high, and whose mandates were those of love, and justice, and truth. I yearned for a higher, a nobler communion than my soul could find among men. When alone in the midst of nature there was a greatness of soul came over me, as it were, and carried me up and abroad, and unutterable things seemed to fill my spirit with a great and overwhelming power; but oh, still I could not take hold of any thing tangible. I could not see the Being whom I wished to see, and yet I saw his works all about me. But my soul craved a material God, the external manifestation of a Being whom I might approach and worship in my own way. I understood not the worship of the spirit, the communing of man's immortal spirit with that of his Maker, unseen and unheard save by himself. I could not comprehend it, so sensuous were my feelings in regard to every thing I could not see and feel. And now I know that my heart was filled with a melody and harmony of the works of my Father. And yet I knew it not at the time, for the great voice of universal nature was more in accordance with the askings of my spirit than a communion with my fellow-man. And now I know that I myself shut out the beautiful light of eternity which was forcing and struggling its way into my soul. I know that I lost the heaven which might have been mine upon earth, by the hardness and materiality of my nature. I plumed myself upon my great knowledge of the mysteries of every thing in nature which had been revealed to the eye of man; and I said within myself, If there is a God greater than nature, more profound and mysterious than any thing which I have yet seen, let him reveal himself to me and then I will worship him. Oh, mistaken man! blind, ignorant being that I was, for the little child knew more of the nature of God in its loving little heart than I did in my long study and research. I labored and searched so deeply to find the God which I sought, that I lost sight of him entirely, and was only burying myself among dust and rubbish, without profit and without satisfaction, for at length I believed that if I, who had labored so earnestly to find the one I sought, and could not, he

surely could be nothing but a myth, a shadow, to those who were always claiming his presence and protecting care, and seeing him in all things, whether in the heavens above or the earth beneath. Such a faith satisfied them, but not me, for I felt that the blind were but making others blind and leading them into the same darkness in which they dwelt themselves. And yet I had great and mighty thoughts, thoughts so great that they would find no response in the hearts of those about me. And my soul was filled with human love and kindness, but I called it nothing more than the love of one being for another, the natural feeling which should animate every human heart. My love was strong, but not great, it was from and of God, but I kept it in such narrow, earthly bounds that it could not expand, nor flash back as a reflection from the courts of heaven. And I lived to satisfy my earthly ambition, for I had no desire beyond it. I sought no other honor but that of outstripping my fellow-man in his knowledge and accumulation of those things which were unknown to the great mass of the people. My life had not been an aimless one, for I had accomplished that which I had lived for and desired to accomplish. I had been the means of conferring some of the benefits of science and philosophy on the age in which I lived, and so far as that extended I was satisfied, but there was a *restlessness*, an *uneasy* feeling about my heart. It would come as an unbidden guest, and stay with me, and trouble me strangely and mysteriously. There was a void within, a thirst for something which I had never yet tasted. There was an empty chamber in my heart which had never been filled by the guest whose privilege it was to enter it; and although my earthly prospects were all pleasant and satisfying, and such as a man might feel who had done his duty and was ready to die and be forgotten, yet, oh yet that restless, hungry feeling out into the dark future, mysterious and strange as it seemed to me then! My soul felt that it had some great travail to undergo, and yet I knew not what. O the feeling, the reaching, the piercing, uncertain doubts which would intrude themselves upon my presence! But I died as I had lived, nor no man knew that a shadow of uncertainty had swept across my soul as to the future. My spirit departed calmly and quietly from its clayey temple. And when consciousness returned, and when I looked upon that portion of earth in which my spirit had been wrapped, I gazed and gazed as if I should gaze forever, for I felt now why my soul had been putting forth her feelers. I now knew why the space had been empty and the longing had remained unsatisfied. O that moment of amazement and concentrated wonder! My knowledge availed me nothing. There I stood helpless and impotent as a little child. I had

doubted the future, but I was compelled to enter its mysterious portals, and peer into the depths which were opening before me. Vain, foolish man, who thinkest thou art wiser than thy Maker! And now, I was all at once enveloped in a cloud of uncertainty and doubt most saddening to my soul. I had never searched beyond the confines of time, and here I stood ignorant and helpless, and if I stepped I stumbled, and if I stood still I wondered. What were my aims and desires? Alas! I had none. I had laid out no path to travel in, I had no chart to guide my way in that land of clouds and doubt to me. I was as sensible of my situation as I could be, and yet what could I do? I now must seek a place, must do something for myself, for I see no assistance here. My body, I had forgotten it already. What cared I, for the past was behind me, not forgotten, but the present was now filled with thrilling interest and import to me. I was in the future, but the future was before me combined with the present, and how unprepared was I to cope with its mysteries. I struggled along, faltering and turning at every step, wondering where the path led to out of that gloomy valley, for surely it was the very place of the shadow of death. No glad sounds met my ear, but an awful sense of loneliness weighed down my spirit. I knew not where I was going, but I could not turn back. I knew that I was living, that my body was a tangible body, that I trod upon a tangible earth, for I could see and feel them both.

But after a long period of time had passed away in this gloomy place, I earnestly wished I might see other beings of intelligence and like sympathy with mine, the solitude was so depressing. It now seemed as if my journey was coming to an end, for I had traveled in this rugged path until I had become so weary and so lonely that any change were preferable to this place. I approached a large opening in which the road seemed to have become lost. As I gazed ahead, a wide country was spread out before me, diversified with hills, dales, and valleys, and many pleasant (and it seemed almost familiar) sights now met my eye. I could now hear the pleasant song of the birds. I could now pick the flowers by the wayside. I could cool my thirst at the brook which ran past me smiling at the sky. Words can not express to you the joyous feeling which filled my heart as the pleasant sight met my eyes. How glad and beautiful every thing looked, and how pleasant and joyful the scene made me feel! I looked still longer, and beheld a large company of people who were apparently engaged in some general employment. They were making many gestures, and showed by their looks that feelings of happiness and contentment were predominant in their bosoms. The sight

of my fellow-man had never gladdened me so much before, for I felt within me that there *were* beings like myself, and my sympathy drew me toward them. Slowly and wearily I approached, but my heart was not so sad as my looks would denote, the pleasant sight which surrounded me raised me up from despair and doubt to hope and strength. Seeing a weary-looking stranger approach them, some of the company ceased from their labors and spoke kindly to me. They inquired from whence I came (for they perceived that I had not been long a dweller there), and how it was that I should be unattended by any kind friend to show me the way. I told them I had a short time ago left earth. I had made a great and unexpected change, and had entered this land in utter ignorance and unbelief in every thing pertaining to it. I told them all my feelings, my whole history. They crowded around me with pitying looks and gestures, and wished to help me, to ease me of my weariness and sadness. They gave me strange information. They here spoke of a God, lovingly and joyfully; they adored him, they called him Father. They believed that every good thing was given them by that Father, and in their joyous looks and laughter they praised him. They pitied me so much, for they said where should they place me who had no conception of the goodness or existence of a God, where should I dwell. For, said they, his presence permeates all space, and boundless as it is, so that mortal eye can not scan it, that mortal strength may not explore it, yet thy feet can find no resting-place but where our Father's spirit dwells. They asked me if my heart was not a withered, shrunk-up thing, or how I could have lived without feeling that divine power within me.

And bright and beautiful little children gazed upon me with kindly looks, and talked of their Father, God. Oh, they glorified their Father in the beauty of their innocence.

I stood among them alone; how could I be otherwise when they all felt that they had a Father and I had none! for I had not been willing to receive him as such. They begged me to lay aside this cold and earthly mantle of materiality which I bore about me. They begged me to become simple and trusting, and they pointed to their beautiful home, which their Father had provided for them in his boundless love for his children.

And one spirit among them, who seemed to be filled with the fullness of love and wisdom combined, for it sparkled forth from his eyes and caused his face to shine, and gave his whole appearance an indescribable air of majesty and solemnity blended, spoke to me and said: A new book is opened before thee: the world, of whose existence thou hast

doubted, and the God whose love thou hast slighted, are now realities in thine eyes. Thou art more to be pitied than blamed, thou didst shut out the peace and joy of heaven on earth from thy soul by thy cold, hard skepticism and materiality; thou didst refuse to adore thy Maker in his works, even when the harmony came to thy soul with a voice of peace and music soft and deep as thy soul itself; thou didst but call it an idle thought, a work of circumstance, of time and chance, perhaps, making thyself less in the scale of intelligence than the little birds, for even they warble forth their songs joyous and happy as they fly upward. Thy heart refused a song of joy to thy Father, and therefore thy soul shut itself up in darkness. The labors of thy earth-life were of earth, but something nobler and higher was within thee, something pertaining to the hereafter of thy being; thou didst feel it, didst hear it beating against the windows of thy soul, but refused it entrance, losing all of heaven there and much here. It is not so hard to find a Father, when his care and love is constantly reminding us of his presence, and his works speak ever in his praise. Thou hast created for thyself a hard journey, for inasmuch as thou couldst not be persuaded while on earth, thou wilt find like trouble here, and until thou canst become trusting as a little child, and break down those hard, stern barriers which have hedged about thy soul so long that there is scarcely an entrance to be found, thou wilt have to labor and struggle and break them away one after another thyself. Thou canst not enjoy this place with us; thou art unfitted for such a one. We will lead thee to a place which will be more in accordance with thy feelings, and friends will come to thee, and teach thee the simple language of heaven when thou art ready to receive them. And when thy soul has broken her adamantine chains, when it is melted with love and gratitude to thy heavenly Father who has revealed to thee thy ignorance, and when thou art ready to be joyous and happy, come to us and we will introduce thee to those whose souls have penetrated far deeper into the mysteries of heaven than even thine did into those of earth, and whose wisdom will show thee how to apply and make useful all which thou hast learned. They will give thee new lessons, and thy soul may exult and revel in knowledge, for the field before thee is boundless. But thou canst not start without the great talisman, which is the love of God shed abroad in thy heart, the desire to assimilate with the spirits of the pure and good. And thus shalt thou still be ascending nearer to the presence of thy God with his love filling and beautifying thine inmost heart.

I thank thee, oh my Father! it is even so, for although the heavens and earth might pass away, I feel that thy love is strong and enduring within

my grateful heart. And I am but passing up higher to feel its fullness more fully. A glad song of joy greets me now. I am in the midst of brethren and sisters, and I join with them in their song as I leave you.

NEW YORK, *July 31st*, 1854.

DEATH AT NIGHT.

WHEN is not death a fearful thing?
It comes to tear away,
Perchance in life's delicious spring,
The soul that loved the day.
Or in a later hour it comes
The ties of love to rend;
And we must lose the dearest, best,
The mother or the friend.

In battle's hour, in sunny day,
Wherever man may be,
In crowded city or in wold,
Upon the land or sea,
Death must be fearful; to the heart
It strikes a deep affright;
But darkest, fearfulest it is
To look on death at night.

Yet thus 'tis right; for us, for all
Death may well dress in gloom;
It is the last of him to us,
He too goes to the tomb.
For us it makes the contrast great
'Twixt deathless and decay,
Then why should not the darkest time
Be just before the day?

THE PROPER FOOD OF MAN.

WE have examined with attention a reprint from the London edition of Smith's "Fruits and Farinacea," published by Fowlers and Wells, and will notice the subject briefly.

Dietetics, as a science, seem less understood than any other branch of knowledge of equal importance. Its kindred science, medicine, has received its full share of attention, and is not likely to be neglected. This will be always the more necessary as the important subject of dietetics is disregarded. When mankind have learned the importance of simplicity, regularity, and temperance in diet, the profession of the physician will decline, for there will be little for him to do.

It is often asserted, in defense of flesh-eating, that the animals of the earth were made subject to man and given him for food—that God would not have created them had it not been so, etc., etc. Men often use similar arguments to sustain general dram-drinking, saying that God created grapes, and the juice of these must have been intended for drink. These are very lame arguments. It may as well be asserted that God made iron and lead in order that men might make swords of the one and bullets of the other to slay their foes, or that some races of men were made inferior in order that they might be enslaved. Men can make alcohol of the sugar-cane, or of wheat, or of almost any vegetable. They can make food of each other. It is ridiculous to assume that whatever man can do is sanctioned by the Almighty. They can make themselves weapons of the metals, or they can make implements of husbandry. They can make food of their corn or transform it to whisky; they can raise cattle and hogs for food, or they can raise fruits and farinacea. Men are free agents, and they must use their reason to judge for themselves. Doubtless there are persons who require animal food. We think it is a small number. An examination into the history of dietetics, and some curious statistics existing, would show that a vegetable diet is more natural to mankind than animal food. It carries with it fewer diseases. It does not sensualize and brutify men. It has a tendency to spiritualize, or, rather, to make clear the mind so that it may receive spiritual impres-

sions. It may be safe to say that a moderate diet of fruits and farinacea will elevate a man's moral character. We hazard nothing in saying that the eating gluttonously of butcher's meat will fill the body with disease, and cloud the moral and intellectual faculties. It will make the sensual more sensual, and render the combative still more brutal. Doubtless there are two sides to the question, and some may be able to prove that animal food is best for the health, both of body and mind. Whatever be the case, this work will be found one of the best yet published.



PROGRESS.

Howe'er debased, however vile,
The soul of man may be,
'Tis only thus a little while—
It must at last be free.

At first Death strips the form of clay,
Distorted and unclean,
Bestowing one without decay,
And less defiled with sin.

And then the life in spirit-spheres,
However long the time,
'Tis but a point 'mid countless years,
And then it soars sublime.

And up and on, for ever on,
It soars and bears away ;
Till widening from the golden dawn
Glow's the eternal day,

There is no end to man's career—
His course, howe'er sublime,
Is up and on from sphere to sphere,
Beyond the bounds of time.

HAPPINESS OF SPIRIT-INTERCOURSE.

BY LORD BACON, THROUGH DR. DEXTER.

To the believer in the reality of spiritual intercourse with man there is a source of never-failing pleasure and happiness in the earnest desire which they feel to make their thoughts, sentiments, and lives correspond with the examples that are vouchsafed to them from the spheres. And this pleasure—it is not a momentary pleasure only that we derive from efforts to imitate the bright and pure spirits who come to us, that affords us most happiness—it is not merely that this association gilds our life with the beautiful hues of the sunshine of the spheres—it is not merely because daily life is rendered firmer, happier, better—it is not merely because in this desire all nature unfolds herself to our comprehension, as we rejoice in every spear of grass, every flower, every tree, rock, and mountain—it is not merely because the holy communion of the spirit makes mortality divine, but it is also because we *know* that although our feet may not press the grass forever—although we may not mingle with father, mother, wife, and children—although the grassy mound may still mark our resting-place in some quiet corner of the churchyard—although our memory may never be forgotten, yet do we feel that the spirit, beautified by the change, exalted in the glorious appreciation and comprehension of what are its duties, and knowing, too, what are the wants of a thousand beating, yearning hearts on earth, purified by death, and glorified in the great and glorious change which has taken place, alive to what belongs to itself, and sensitive to what belongs to others, comes like the morning-bird, winging its way back from eternity to sing the song of duty and love to those whom it has left behind.

Oh! how the heart struggles for expression at the gushing joy that wells up from the soul at this glorious, delightful, and almost inconceivable happiness and duty. Oh! it is because, standing in life, the soul looks through the vista of eternal years and sees no end, no limit to the varied obligations which will be required of it; neither example or association can relieve it; sternly and uncompromisingly is the demand made—and not until it begins to act does that which appears as a heavy

and unending task prove to be a source of its highest enjoyment and happiness.

But let us look once more at this communion of spirit with man. How little do we realize it! Even the spirits can hardly comprehend its truth. How much more difficult must it appear to you, whose minds, fashioned in the mold of education, have rejected as impossible that which is the daily, hourly, and momentary *fact* of existence! Grown up and confined to limits which have been assigned to it, the mind must change its character and action before it can willingly yield to the force of proof, even though its external senses are satisfied. The difficulty we experience in impressing mind with the truth of our intercourse can be readily comprehended. When it is understood, it is not only the aggregate conclusions of education and impression which we have to change, but the very idea in its germ. We not only raze the house with the ground in order to erect another edifice, but we destroy the foundations on which the former building was erected. But while in this association the mind is purged of many errors and fallacies, there are also higher incentives granted to it, a juster and truer understanding of its own powers and faculties, and an enlarged and finer scope for the legitimate exercise of its attributes.

Yet this association, this communion of spirit with spirit, does not, can not, will not encroach upon the mind's *true* liberty, or take away one iota of its independence. The river, swollen by the rains on the mountain top, and rising above its grassy banks and flooding the meadows on either side, does not change its original direction, or seek out new channels for its progress and flow. But while its swelling waters burst their bounds and inundate the country around, it deepens and enlarges its old channel, and enriches the land that has been kissed by its waters. I thank my Father that as he opens to man, day by day, new thoughts, duties, and purposes, he does not, in thus unfolding to our spirit-view the true objects of existence here or hereafter, change the *innate attributes* of the soul, but that these every-day developments rid it of its acquired errors and confer upon it all its original purity and beauty. What, then, is this happiness? It is a happiness two-fold in its semblance and nature. It is the happiness of our material existence purified, sanctified by that which is reflected from the advancement and holiness of the spiritual, and by the positive enjoyment of that which we know to be good, by this mingling together of the regenerated attributes of the two existences. It is the appreciation of that which is duty, the radiant, glorious definable understanding of that which we call the *ideal*, and the

matter-of-fact every-day comprehension of that which is *real*. It confirms our fealty to earth, and binds us closer to heaven. And while we press our feet on earth's broad bosom, and feel that we are residents for a day only, we can stretch forth our grasp even to heaven, and looking upward there, claim the birthright which makes us heirs of God and joint heirs of heaven.



SEEKING THE COUNTRY.

THE custom of leaving the pent-up city at the beginning of summer and fleeing to the country is a good one. It is not always that the best use is made of the leisure which this annual Hegira gives to people, but it is healthy for both body and mind.

It is said by a writer, that God made the country, and man made the town. It really would seem that God lived more in the quiet retreats of nature than in the vortex of jangling and conflicting life in cities. Certain it is that man can approach nearer to Him in the calm woods, upon the green and shady lawn, by a gentle river, or on a secluded height, than where he would be disturbed by inharmonious intruders. Self-communion is ever healthful for the soul. No man ever sits down to a reckoning with his conscience without finding himself in debt; and to know our delinquencies is the first step to amendment.

It is very possible that people lose sight of the proper uses of solitude, and really derive no benefit from these opportunities of self-communion. They go into the country in summer because it is fashionable, because it will be more comfortable, or because they want a holiday. They derive benefit from their rustication because they have had a change of air, different and fresher food, and that recreation which has unbent their minds from the cares of business. And they have made new friends and had new and pleasant adventures, and thus stored in memory the materials for future happiness.

How much better would it be with them all, if, with their return in September, they could bring the recollection of that healthy self-communion, that reckoning with conscience, that proper use of solitude which would make them wise unto salvation!

EFFECT OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE ON THE SOUL.

GIVEN AT THE CIRCLE OF PROGRESS, ON THE 14TH NOVEMBER, 1853,

At Dr. Dexter's ; present, all but Judge Edmonds.

Mrs. Sweet was influenced, and spoke as follows—the communication purporting to be from Swedenborg :

The human soul, when first awakened from the slumber of its material nature to a consciousness of its spiritual being, presents a strange medley of conflicts and changes in its transition state. Where the material consciousness of the individual has so long retained the ascendancy, it has become vested with a strong authority, as it were, and a mighty struggle oftentimes ensues between the two opposites ; and when the spiritual germ of our nature first begins to develop itself, it is so mingled and interwoven with our material being, that we are at a loss to distinguish the difference between the principles which sway us, and often stand trembling almost (feeling so uncertain, as though we stood upon the edge of a precipice), not knowing into what depths of insecurity our plunge may lead. But gradually in some, and more rapidly in others, the spiritual nature assumes its empire, and we then see things as we never saw them before.

There is a new and strong principle takes root and grows up within the soul, constantly strengthening and sustaining the feeble and fluttering efforts which the spirit is making to burst from out the bondage in which it has been held for so great a length of time. And when the soul becomes able to rise so far beyond its accustomed position as to look abroad upon the wonders everywhere held out to its view, it becomes filled with strong and beautiful emotions ; and the vastness and wisdom of the Creator's works are so impressed upon that soul at times in all their magnificence and glory, that it fain would shrink within its own insignificance, that it would shrink back again to its former position. For to the freed soul its upward flights are grand and glorious, in comparison with the narrow and time-trodden road in which it before had wandered. No wonder if a fluttering and trembling should seize upon it while learning its first lessons of joyous freedom.

The soul that has entered upon this path has indeed undergone a

mighty change—a change for the future which has not to be repeated in the future, for this change is a passing from death unto life, it is the birth of the spirit while yet in its earthly temple ; and as it expands in strength and wisdom, it has indeed passed through the bitterness of death, which is not to be experienced ever again in the form.

Oh, the spirit after undergoing this first change from dark to light is enabled to look beyond with a bright and peaceful hope in the blest exchange which awaits him. He but looks forward to the slumber in which he will experience a forgetfulness of the ills attendant on the body, and will awaken to behold the glorious reality of all his former dreamings and imaginings.

Man's soul, after having become thus quickened, feels a consciousness within himself of his hold upon eternal life. He feels his spirit going out into the vast regions of infinite space, and endeavors to grasp an atom of knowledge wherever he may find it. He is no longer willing to grovel on earth, and taste of earthly pleasures and earthly hopes, and to be led by the teachings of those whose inspirations have become dim in the awakening glory of this new era. But his soul pants for something more—something higher—something better—more heartfelt—more tangible than he has yet become acquainted with, and he is now ever yearning—ever soaring upward, for there has been established an affinity between the soul of that individual and the principle from which he emanated. The connection between the life-giving principle and the germ has become more apparent ; and now he is ever drawn upward in his aspirations after truth and purity ; and as that soul becomes identified with his spirit-affinities, the material loses much of its authority to act upon its spirit-being. He now regards it as a covering for material use, to be thrown aside when no longer needed to contain his spirit when on its earthly mission ; and truth, virtue, and love become a daily inspiration of his soul. This spirit becomes so saturated and bathed in the light of wisdom, that he indeed feels the immortal part of his nature has become so quickened and vitalized, that he needs but to look within to find an answer to his innermost cravings after the knowledge which places him upon a firm and imperishable basis, as regards his eternal and ultimate destiny. The external elements may be in confusion and dissension, and the surface of all other circumstances may become ruffled and chaotic in their dark dismay ; but the soul that has thus been able to take hold upon his high prerogatives and claim his inheritance, by building it up and beautifying it while here for his future residence, may indeed look away and beyond the scenes of earth, and feel that while he has lived upon its

surface as an obedient servant to his better intuitions, inasmuch as he could plainly perceive them, is like the bird on wing, who, when the first note of welcome from his mate salutes his ear, is ever ready to soar away and meet with joy his waiting companion; for there is a beautiful reunion which takes place between the freed spirit of man and his affinities who have long guided his footsteps on earth, and whom he now may behold face to face, and with them travel onward to behold the eternal mysteries of the glorious unfolding of the wisdom of God.

[The residue of this communication was addressed to Mrs. Dexter.]



PRAYER.

It is frequently asked, What is the use of prayer? If the Almighty is unchanging in his plans and proceedings, if there is in him "no variableness or shadow of turning," why supplicate him, why urge his granting our petty desires? To those who understand the true purpose of prayer, the case is plain. Whatever one desires is his prayer. His heart prays, whether he utters the wish or be silent. The fervency and sincerity of his orison will be seen in the actions which follow it. If he asks for wealth, and lives a life of idle luxury, his prayer is not likely to be answered. If he live a life of honest labor, and sacrifice his selfish desires, *himself and time* will grant it. If the youth pray for learning, for a high development of his reasoning powers, and thereupon dreams away the spring of his existence in a world of his own creation, he will find that it has not been heard. If it was uttered or conceived in sincerity, he will flee from the halls of the dream-world, enter upon the rough road of labor, and press forward. His prayer will then be answered.

God answers every worthy prayer. Such is not framed in words and uttered before, or *addressed to*, large assemblies, but it speaks in action, in labors, in works, and the answer comes home to the soul that prayed.

W.

THE NEWSBOY.

WEST ROXBURY, July 29, 1854.

ONE day, while sitting in my room reading some letters to my family, my daughter became influenced quite unexpectedly, and began by saying: "Hurrah! hurrah! I am out of them dirty streets of New York."

I did not keep notes of this interview, and can therefore only state some things generally about it. He said he was a newsboy in New York, and his name was Tim Peters; that he had died since the last 4th of July, of cholera, and was about twelve years old; that his father had been run over by a railroad car; that he was a man of intemperate habits; that his mother had survived him awhile in feeble health, and he had one brother, named Bill, about ten years old.

He said many things which showed me that he was familiar with the localities near the upper end of Nassau Street, and his shrewdness, his slang terms, and his manner of speaking were particularly characteristic of the class of boys to which he said he belonged. And he spoke of men and boys, with whom he had been thrown in contact, in a manner so natural as to carry conviction that he was what he said he was.

There was a keen shrewdness of thought, a reckless, devil-may-care manner, and a love of fun about him that can be seen in full combination only in them. He sometimes swore, but immediately checked himself, and said that his mother (who was with him) told him he must not talk so. He said he had seen me when I was a judge, and had read my letter of last August. He had sold more *Heralds* with that in it than usual. I asked him if he had noticed what effect it had had on those who read it. He said, "I have seen a feller sitting on a hydrant, who said 'he liked that feller who opened his jaws, and dared to say what he thought, and not like —, who was afraid of having pins stuck in him.'"

This is a part only of this interview, but is enough to show the character of it. But in the course of it, he said that he wanted to give me his history, and have me write it down, and publish it in the *SACRED CIRCLE*, so that the newsboys might see it, for it would "do 'em good." I told him I would soon give him an opportunity.

We were then called to dinner, but in the afternoon he came again, and

gave me his history, which I wrote down as he went along, nearly in the following words :

He began as before, in a joyful, cheerful tone,

Hurrah ! hurrah !

Say ! that light hurts this ere girl's eyes. [The medium was sitting facing the window.]

You know, as I told you before, my name is Tim Peters. Well, my mother was a good, respectable kind of a woman, and worked at sewing when a gal, she says. Dad was a day-laborer—that wasn't his trade—he was a harness-maker. I didn't know that, but mother says so. Golly ! why didn't he stick to it ?

Dad worked at that ever so long after he hitched horses with mother, and I was his oldest boy. Well, I grow'd up 'longside my brother, and we had a jolly good time when little, mother says. Mother was American, father was English.

Well, father took to drink, like a darned sight of other folks, and went head over heels down hill fast as he knew how. Mother got sick and worn out, and got to feeling bad.

When dad used to come home, she dreaded to speak to him. He would come tumbling into the house, cuffing us here and there, and swearing at mother, and she used to cry.

One day I come in and see her crying, and I says, "Well, marm, what do you feel bad about ?" she cried, and said, "Tim, my boy, your father's worse and worse ; he has taken every thing from us, and if he don't take care, he will take me from you. And, Tim, I hain't got a cent in the house to get breakfast with for to-morrow."

"Well," says I, "mother, wipe your peepers ; I'll be supporting on you, mother ; you ain't got two boys for nothin' ; just say how I can go ahead, and I'll be doin' somethin'."

So she ups with her apron and wiped her eyes. That was an awful cold night. Oh, mercy ! I'd heard mother say, when she was a gal, if farmers wanted rain, they prayed in meetin' for it ; so when I went to bed, I down on my benders and asked for snow, and somehow or other snow come. So the next morning I borrowed next-door neighbor's shovel, and went along the streets hunting "snow jobs," as the boys call it. I got one. "Hurrah !" says I, "now you are set up in business, you're in for it, Tim." So I pockets my money, and trudges home. Says I, "Mother, here's your money." Well, I declare, if she didn't make me feel soft as a girl—I warn't no more a boy—'kase she went to crying agin'.

"Well," says I, "mother, I didn't pray for rain last night. You melt me all down, mother; I feel all gone."

Well, she smiled, and says, "Tim, my boy, what'll we do when this is gone?"

"Well," says I, "mother, give me half o' that, and I'll buy some papers, and start in business myself."

[I asked him how much the half was—he said fivepence. 'Twas better than nothing; 'twould buy a loaf of bread anyhow.]

Well! golly! I pitched down Fulton Street, and invested my stock in papers. 'Twas the *Sun*. You can get lots of 'em for that. I got six for fivepence, and they trusted me three more for tuppence. I don't know how they come to trust me—the boys 'round said they never did it to them. Well, I sold all but one, and what do you think I did with that? I kept it as a show for next day; for if I could only buy three, four would look more respectable. That's the way folks trade, you know. Well, I took my money home, and that's the way I helped my mother along.

"Tim," I said, "Let me ask you—"

Well, I'm in the witnesses' box—go it.

"How did you get money to buy papers next day?"

Did another job of snow.

[While I was writing this down, the medium whistled, and he immediately said, "Golly! I didn't think I could do that—thought I must do something while waiting for yer."]

Where did I leave off? Oh, I got a shillin', and give it to mother. Stock was up, but I had none on, so I said nothin'.

When I went home each night there was a grin on my face broad as a moon. Mother said, "Tim, I've hopes of you, if you'll only keep out of liquor." So down she went on her marrow-bones—why-on-earth she did it I couldn't see—but she ups with her eyes and says, "God bless Tim!" Somehow I felt weak in the joints, and down I went; 'twas catchin', so says I, "God bless Tim, too." Then I played leap-frog all round the room, I was so happy. Mother laughed, and said, "Tim, my crazy boy;" that made me feel better, but I couldn't understand it.

Bye-by dad come in, and he smelt like a distillery; and oh, if he didn't rip it! but I gave mother the wink not to let him know I was set up in business. When he come in he couldn't stand up, so he down on his marrow-bones, and swore a blue streak. I thought I smelt brimstone. What was eternal strange to me was, mother didn't cry a bit; says I,

"Tim, that's mighty strange, she'd cry for you, and not a bit for that lubber." But she did worse—she took to coughing, and I knew the jig was up for that time. And so it went, day after day. Dad said she was drunk, but he *knew* he lied.

Well, I kept selling papers and increasing my stock. I took the *Herald*, and sold lots of 'em; 'twas a good investment. I ups Broadway one day, Bill at my side, and I seen some M. P.'s on a corner. I warn't afraid of 'em, so I stepped on one of their toes. He gin' me a devil of a look—mother says I mustn't say that—says I to Bill, "Let's to our trotters, or we'll be sent to the House of Refuge." I'd heard tell of that, dad used to threaten me with it. Down 'by the Park I saw some awful fine dandies prinking along; says I, "Bill, just seen the M. P.'s; now look at the M. T.'s."

So I went it every day; I couldn't feel bad, to save my life—suspect I warn't born in a bad time. Mother said it used to make her heart good to see me come in.

I asked him, "Were you so cheerful, then?"

I warn't nothing else. When I used to swear, it made her feel bad. I told her I took it the natural way.

I asked him, "How so?"

I had heard my forefathers—I'll tell you what I heard one day in the Park.

A great lubberly feller was making a speech. He said, "The time is coming when the day shall be celebrated —, hem, — that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers." I'm not so grand as he; I can't make such a cock-a-doodle-doo. So I run home and said, "Mether, the day is coming when it shall be celebrated that speaks of the noble deeds of our forefathers."

She said, "Tim, Tim, wnat on earth will come of you?" So it went along.

One day dad was brought in dead. I needn't enter into particulars, 'twas all in the papers. I cried it, and made it an extra *Herald* for me.

I asked him, "How so?"

It was the celebration of the death of my forefathers.

I went home, after getting a few coppers, and found mother cryin' and blubbering like every thing, for she had loved him once. She said, "Tim, step softly, your father's dead." Says I, "I will, for I'm 'fraid I'll wake him up."

"Oh," says she, "Tim, you'll break my heart, talking so; forget the past; go look at him who once loved you, and called you his child." I

went and looked; his face warn't red no more, and there was a sorrowful expression about his mouth—and I caught something running down my cheek afore I knowed it. Well, they held a coroner's inquest, and he was buried.

I asked what made his tears run.

He had a kind o' sorrowful look. I felt, oh, dear! suppose he'd been a good man, like I see in the Park, wouldn't he love his Tim? and I thought, "Tim, don't you love him?" How could I, when he made mother suffer so. I 'sposed he was in hell and damnation they talked of, and I couldn't but feel sorry. That was the end of *that*.

I watched mother mighty close after father's exit. In spite of herself she breathed freer. I never see the woman so happy. Bill come in with a forlorn old black bonnet he'd begged somewhere's; she kissed him, and said, "God has blessed me in my trials." I felt so proud I could have knocked over any body. We had some potatoes that day—Bill got 'em.

I used often to feel soft—I was took that way every once in a while—tears and fun altogether. I used to be ashamed of myself, and then I'd swear a blue streak to hide it. Bill sold radishes for a living. He went into the vegetable line. I was more intellectual.

Mother got sewing. She scratched, we scratched, and we got along nicely; there was nobody to drink it all up.

I was death on the *M. P.'s*, just for deviltry; I *couldn't* keep still.

I used to feel bad, coming home nights, to see mother look so bleached. I saw a "pain-killer" advertised down Nassau Street, so I went and got some for mother. Warn't I a fool, liked to have killed *her*, not the pain.

One day she said to me, "Tim, take this ring, my boy, and go buy yourself a pair of shoes." Well, says I, "No, mother, I can't do it." She says, "Timmy, I'll never live to see you wear 'em out, so let me see you have them." If I'd got a licking, I couldn't have felt worse. So I runs after Bill, and, says I, "Bill, come in here, mother's kinder lonely." Bill never stopped for nothing, but after the doctor he goes—a 'spensary doctor—mother looked so sick. Says I, "Mother, open your peepers; don't look so." She says, "Tim, God bless you, Tim and Bill. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of the orphans." I says, "Mother, I'm sorry you are going, but seeing you can't stay, hurry up your cakes, and I'll take care of myself."

I asked him, "Why did you say that?"

Oh, she did feel awful bad; so says I, "Mother, Jordan is a hard road to travel. If you get there before I do, tell 'em I'm coming, too." She

laughed, and, by golly! if she didn't die a laughing, and that was just what I wanted.

Bill didn't get back before she died. Oh! didn't he take on? Poor cretur! He took on awful bad, seeing mother 'd gone before he got there. "Well," says I, "Bill, if I only knew how to wear petticoats, I'd be a mother to you; but," says I, "never mind, we'll set up bachelor's hall."

I thought I was going to stay at that place, but no; rent day come, and we had to go; and when I gets outside I said to Bill, "Nothing like taking the air." So we slept 'round in the carts that night.

A poor old Irishwoman washed for mother when she died. She did it for nothing. Catch rich folks doing that. She said she knowed how she'd feel if she should leave her boys kicking about, and if I wouldn't be up to so many tricks, she'd keep us. So we staid with her after that. She was a darned good old thing, but not so clean as mother. I told her I would do some odd jobs for her. Her rooms were dark, and I white-washed them, and whitewashing it was! She was awful tickled; but I didn't like my boarding-place, 'cause she wouldn't take any pay.

Says I to Bill, "I'll get you a situation." So, as luck would have it, I used to listen to people's talking, and one day I heard a man say he wished he had a smart boy to take into the country. I goes up to him and says, "I knows a fellow." He looks at me, and says, "What do you mean?" I says, "I knows a fellow will suit your capacity." Says he, "Are you the chap?" Says I, "No, I aint, but I knows one what is." "Well," says he, "I like the looks of you." Says I, "I'm obliged to you." So I whistled to Bill, and he come. He was really a pretty-eyed fellow, just like mother. So the man axed me about my relations, and I told him all about it. "Well," says he, "I like the looks of your boy there, and I'll take him." "But," says I, "Look here, mister, don't you lick him; if you do, I'll lick you back." I thought he'd die a laughing.

So I fitted Bill out. How do you think I did it? I give him some gingerbread. 'Twas as hard to part us as two peas in a pod. But the old feller fixed him all up before he went out of town. Bill felt so grand and happy, that he forgot to be sorry at leaving me.

[I asked him here if he could tell me the name of that old Irishwoman, and where she lived. He said it was Bridget Mahan; she lived near the Five Points; he couldn't mention the name of the street; said it was a short one, and added, "Hold on! see if I can fetch it!" He paused a moment, and not recalling the name, went on:]

I trudged home to the old woman's where I boarded. I felt awful streaked; I couldn't cry nor do nothing, so I went to the National Theater. I saw nothing for my tears—had to laugh once in a while. 'Twasn't the National Theater—it was the next one to it, where the boys could get in for sixpence. I sold papers ever so long after that. I got in all sorts of mischief; took to smoking and chewing—the boys set me up to it. Then I got happy again, but I felt lonesome; I went to all the fires—used to go to Hoboken; pitched pennies, till I got enough to pay the ferriage. The boys used to say I cheated. I wonder if I did! They said I was a gambler, but I only used *common cents*. I had a black eye every once in a while, fighting the boys who twitted me about Bill and mother. I wouldn't stand that, so I give 'em something to remember me by. They are hard boys—had to be so. I used to pitch into the bullies when pushing the little ones away, and hooking their papers.

I made about a shilling a day, depending on the news and the brain of the editor. I tell you one thing, if any one of the boys didn't sell his papers, we'd go shucks with him, and each take one—that was among the good fellers. Tell you what I used to do—go 'long up Broadway, and see one of your fine-looking fellows, run agin' him, most knock his breath out, then ask, "Have a paper, sir?"

I always thought of mother while bawling my paper at the top of my lungs. Sunday was a forlorn day.

One day I thought I'd treat myself, so I bought one of them penny ice creams that they sell at the corners. I was took up with the cramp, and went home. I had changed my boarding-place, and the way I paid my board was—if I made a shilling, I paid two cents for my board; if I made eighteen pence, then I paid four cents. I was awful sick. "Tim," says I "you goin' home—ain't you glad?"

I grew worse and worse, and all grew dark about me. I wished for Bill. I lay on some straw on the floor. I begun to feel so pleasant and happy. I heard mother speaking to me, "Tim, my boy!" I jumped right up in bed, but I saw nothing—then the pain come on. One of the boys come in, and says he, "Tim, what you doin' there?" "Ike," says I, "I am goin' where the good niggers go, I 'spect."

"Tim," says he, "I guess you'll be well to-morrow."

"Ike," says I, "if I'm well, I won't be here. Mother's calling me, and I can't stay." What did he do but cry. I never see folks cry so easy. Says I, "Ike, don't let the bullies beat that new-comer—the green 'un—will yer?"

Says he, "No, I'll take care o' him till you come back."

Then it grew darker; I didn't hear his voice. All at once I saw mother. I had no pain, and there was no tears in her eyes. Says I, "Hurrah! I'm in for it. Ain't I, mother? How the dickens did I come here?"

Says she, "Look!"

I looked and saw them carrying my coffin out of the room. Then she took me with her, and if I ain't as happy as a bee, I tell *you*. I go 'bout singing, but not the papers. There are lots of other boys, but somehow I feel a kind of babyish; I don't want to be out of *her* sight. I thought I was independent.

I've been back to the *Herald* office; there I heard some one say, "Timothy." "Oh, grand," says I.

"Hush!" says mother, "don't talk so."

Then the other one said, "You must go back, my child, and teach the little newsboys, that if they keep a kind feeling in their hearts and try to be good, there is a happy place for them all."

"Well," says I, "mister, whoever you are, its easier said than done; because, if a boy tries to be good, there is always somebody to kick it out of him." "But," says I, "mister, I'll do that same;" so here I am at it.

Would you like to know how I learn to read? Mother taught me some, then I taught myself some. All the newsboys can't read, but when they have got through selling their papers, some one of 'em who can read sits down with a lot 'round him, and reads to 'em; so they know a darned sight more of what's goin' on than you think they do. Then they talk it over among 'emselfs.

Look here, mister, I tell you what had a wonderful effect—when a newsboy come up to a gentleman, and he looked pleasant on him and smiled; 'twas worth three cents to sell a paper to that feller. But when they are cross and push 'em aside, it makes a feller swear. Whoever it is, tell 'em to be good to their mothers, and they'll be as happy as *I am*. Hurrah!

Here ended this interview. The next day he came again, and talked considerably. Among other things, he said that once he got drunk just to see how it was. "Golly," says he, "I got enough of it, never catch me at it agin." I asked him if he could give me the name of any of his companions. He gave me the names of four of them: Jim, Ike, John Smith, and Lazy Bob.

He brought with him at this interview the Spirit of a boy younger than himself, who said his name was Dick Hardin.

J. W. E.

SPIRITUALISM AGAINST THE BIBLE.

ONE great obstacle to the progress of the Spiritual Philosophy is to be found in the preconceived notions of mankind. Imbued, as they frequently are, from imperfect and uncertain sources ; springing, as they too often do, from a habit of thought acquired in infancy, rather than from the exercise of mature reason ; and entertained, as they too frequently are, rather as matters of habit than of judgment, they still mark and direct our whole life.

Too indolent to think for ourselves, too prone to rest upon the authority of others more than upon our own judgment, we cling to such notions with the tenacity which distinguishes every evil habit of our material existence.

Genius ! Argument ! Inspiration ! We struggle against them all ; but we yield without reluctance to the charm of early habits of thought, because we feel, though not always ready to acknowledge, that our trouble begins when we begin to think for ourselves.

Hence it is, when a new idea is given to us, we at once with selfish indulgence measure it by the standard of our preconceived notions, rather than by the standard of truth itself. This is eminently true of the spirit-teachings.

However probable or plausible they may appear, however consistent with nature and with revelation, however coincident with the internal promptings of the soul, we still war with them, if they only appear to conflict with opinions which we have imbibed without examination and followed without knowledge, whether they were right or wrong.

The history of mankind is full of the evidences of this truth. When Christ came upon the earth, the advent of a Redeemer was expected ; but he had been clothed, in the ideas of the people of that day, with certain attributes. Yet, when he came, humbly riding on an ass's foal, without the display of those imaginary attributes, he was rejected and crucified.

When astronomy demonstrated that this earth did not stand still, as the common center of the universe, but, as one of a countless host of worlds, revolved with an eternal motion in its trackless path through space—a

truth now received as such by every schoolboy—the whole Christian world was up in arms; and pointing to the incident of Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still, the religious teachers of the day denounced the great truth as heresy, and threatened with chains and death the great philosopher, who, soaring above the darkness that enveloped them, had ventured to read the laws of God in the works of his Almighty hand.

So, too, it has been with the discoveries in geology. The mind of man in its onward progress has been able to penetrate beneath the surface of the earth, to dive deep into its bowels, and thence draw up knowledge of the epochs of its creation. Referring to the biblical account of creation, dating its birth but six thousand years ago, and pointing to the account of six consecutive days of labor, and one of rest, our Christian teachers again raised the cry of heresy, and again invoked the spirit of persecution against the philosophers who could read the law of God as well in his works as in his word.

In all these instances time has fixed its seal upon the truth, and overwhelmed with shame the insensate sticklers for the musty dogmas of antiquity. At this day we look with unutterable abhorrence upon the persecution which was visited upon the truths taught through Christ. At this day Christendom would raise a united voice against the persecution of Galileo, if it should now be attempted. And at this day even the ministers of the Gospel (as they call themselves) will read the "Vestiges of Creation" and send it forth to the world with their indorsement, and preach to us of the "Religion of Geology."

So, too, in time will it be with the truths of Spiritualism. Already have they invaded the pulpits of the land. Already have they vacated the desks, and depopulated the churches. We have but to be patient, and abide the event; for the mighty stream of truth, fed by a thousand rivulets, is swelling rapidly in our midst, and will ere long bear upon its surface the crumbling ruins and broken fragments of preconceived notions upon the subject of an intercourse between the spirits of the departed and those in the body.

We have been led to this train of remark by the recent perusal of a book upon the "Religion of Geology," emanating from the pen of Dr. Hitchcock, President of Amherst College; and in a lecture upon the subject of "Revelation illustrated by Science," we find language marked by much wisdom, and which we quote as eminently applicable to the new truths taught by spiritual intercourse:

As we ought not to expect to find the doctrines of religion in treatises on science, so it is unreasonable to look for the principles of philosophy in the Bible. Nay, we

ought not to expect to find the terms used by the sacred writers employed in their strict scientific sense, but in the popular acceptation. Indeed, as the Scriptures were generally addressed to men in the earliest and most simple states of society, with very limited views of the extent of creation, we ought to suppose that, in all cases where no new fact is revealed, the language was adapted to the narrow ideas which then prevailed.

When, for instance, the sacred writers speak of the rising and setting of the sun, we can not suppose they used language with astronomical correctness, but only according to appearances. Hence we ought not to be very confident, that when they employ the term *earth*, they meant that spherical, vast globe which astronomy proves that earth to be, but rather that part of it which was inhabited, which was all the idea entered into the mind of a Jew. God might, indeed, have revealed new scientific as well as religious truth. But there is no evidence that in this way he has anticipated a single modern discovery. This would have been turning aside from the much more important object he had in view—viz., to teach the world religious truth. Such being the case, the language employed to describe natural phenomena must have been adapted to the state of knowledge among the people to whom the Scriptures were addressed.

Another influence from these premises is, that there may be an apparent contradiction between the statements of science and revelation. Revelation may describe phenomena according to apparent truth, as when it speaks of the rising and setting of the sun, and the immobility of the earth : but science describes the same according to the actual truths, as when it gives a real motion to the earth, and only an apparent motion to the heavens. Had the language of revelation been scientifically accurate, it would have defeated the object for which the Scriptures were given ; for it must have anticipated scientific discovery, and therefore have been unintelligible to those ignorant of such discoveries. Or if these had been explained by inspiration, the Bible would have become a text-book in natural science, rather than a guide to eternal life.

The final conclusion from these principles is, that since science and revelation treat of the same subjects only incidentally, we ought only to expect that the facts of science, rightly understood, should not contradict the statements of revelation correctly interpreted. Apparent discrepancies there may be ; and it would not be strange if for a time they should seem to be real ; either because science has not fully and accurately disclosed the facts, or the Bible is not correctly interpreted ; but if both records are from God, there can be no real contradiction between them. But, on the other hand, we have no reason to expect any remarkable coincidences, because the general subject and object of the two records are so unlike. Should such coincidences occur, however, they will render it less probable that any apparent disagreement is real.

If the positions taken on these remarks be correct, it will follow, that in judging of the agreement or disagreement between revelation and science, it is important, in the first place, that we rightly understand the Bible ; and in the second place, that we carefully ascertain what are the settled and demonstrated principles of science.

Scarcely any truth seems more clearly taught in the Bible than the future resurrection of the body. Yet this doctrine has always been met by a most formidable objection. It is said that the body laid in the grave is, ere long, decomposed into its elements, which are scattered over the face of the earth, and enter into new combina-

tions, even forming a part of other human bodies. Hence not even Omnipotence can raise from the grave the identical body laid there, because the particles may enter successively into a multitude of other human bodies. I am not aware that any successful reply has ever been given to this objection, until chemistry and natural history taught us the true nature of bodily identity, and until recently the objector has felt sure that he had triumphed. But the sciences teaches us that the identity of the body consists not in a sameness of particles, but in the same kinds of elementary matters combined in the same proportion, and having the same form and structure. Hence it is not necessary that the resurrection body should contain a single particle of the matter laid in the grave, in order to be the same body; which it will be if it consist of the same kinds of matter, combined in the same proportion, and has the same form and structure. For the particles of our bodies are totally changed often during our lives; yet no one imagines that the old man has not the same body as in infancy. What but the principles of science could have thus vindicated a precious doctrine of revelation?

In the description which Paul gives of the spiritual body, a naturalist—and I fancy no one but a naturalist—will discover its specific identity. By this I mean that it will possess peculiarities, but which are so closely related to the characteristics of the natural body in this world, from which it was derived, that one acquainted with the latter would recognize the former. Hence the Christian's friends in another world may be recognized by him, from their external characters, just as we identify the plants and animals of spring with those which seemed to perish in the preceding autumn.

How admirably applicable to the teachings of the spiritual philosophy the foregoing train of argument is, I need not pause to say. It will strike the most superficial reader; but I will stop a moment to make a comment in the language of this same writer slightly altered: "It ought to be mentioned in this connection that Spiritualism has experienced several severe attacks of a peculiar character. Men of respectable ability, and decided friends of revelation, having got fully impressed with the belief, that the views of Spiritualists are hostile to the Bible, have set themselves to an examination of their writings, not so much with a view of understanding the subject, as of finding contradictions and untenable positions. The next step has been to write a book against Spiritualism, abounding, as we might expect from men of warm temperament, of such prejudices, and without a practical knowledge of Spiritualism, with striking misapprehensions of facts and opinions, with positive and dogmatic assertions, with severe personal insinuations, great ignorance of correct reasoning in Spiritualism, and the substitution of wild and extravagant hypothesis for spiritual theories."

E.

THE PURSUIT OF RICHES.

THROUGH MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

It is not like the morning dew upon the flower,
Or evening shower upon the grass all newly mown,
That spirit-breath is wafted through your land,
Breathed upon the humble, lowly sons of toil,
As freely as on crested brow or jeweled throne.
More freely does it grow and thrive by wayside path,
Like simple flower beneath the hawthorn hedge.
The glaring light prosperity oft casts around
Would pale the soft and soul-like radiance
That clusters full and free where dwells the humble.
In rays of never-dying truth it centers there;
It falls where dwells unknown, unsought by mortal eye,
A calm, confiding heart, that owns a God of love,
That humbly seeks his will to know and do,
And patient waits his sovereign law, in meek submission
Ever to fulfill; who feels the inspired breath in every breeze;
Who sees in every twinkling star an eye of love,
That beams with pity on the wayward path of earth,
And fain would show through each a pathway home to God.
There is a sympathy, deep-stirring as the life of man,
That flows with generous current to assuage his woes.
Would he but let it flow, with freedom in its tide,
'Twould bear full many of his burdens far away;
But he distrusts the sacred clearness of this heavenly stream;
He has dreamed of shoals and quicksands, till he fears
That every shore has rockbound coasts to meet.
There is danger, well we know, ever-lurking near;
We know the human heart has treacherous foes within;
We do not talk of flowery groves and sylvan shades alone,
We meet man as he is, we point to evils to be shunned,
We tell of paths where smiling angels wait to guide;
We feel he needs a pilot sure and safe to trust,
That he may sail the rocks above, and glide at last
Into the haven of eternal rest, secure and blest.
We come to stand like pillars to support the shrinking.
We see a noble nature, all subdued, sinking in despair,
O'ercome by power that's crushed its Godlike attributes:
If we can gain that ear, to whisper words of hope,

To teach that fainting heart to trust in God—
 Will it not soon arouse itself; with energetic will
 Combat those lowering clouds, dispel and conquer them?
 There is a power divine and strong within the soul
 That man has carried, e'en as the summer shower
 Oft carries, smiling and sailing o'er the world above,
 The thunderbolt, all riven for the lightning's flash,
 To peal through space and shake the center earth;
 That power shall now come forth to do its Maker's will.
 It must have checks that feeble mind ne'er needed.
 Spirits come, with wisdom gathered from the lore of ages,
 With love, whose strongest ties affliction's links have bound,
 To crown its efforts with success. This mighty purpose,
 Far hid within the womb of time, is now revealed—
 The forces of the heart are now in proud array
 Prepared to meet the intellect and try their strength.
 It is not that the intellectual gifts are not of God,
 To be striven for and to be nobly won;
 But place them not upon the pinnacle of life.
 A new code must now be written deep upon the heart,
 Laws that, stronger than the granite pile, do tell of truth,
 Of man's redemption, his moral freedom from iniquity,
 His noble elevation in the scale of being, his new birth—
 That he shall stand as God designed him, self-poised
 Upon the eternal principles of justice, truth, and right.
 We can not place him thus, with all the trapping bandages
 That custom, form, and habit have swathed his feeble limbs.
 Than could the new-born infant walk erect;
 We first must overthrow these bulwarks, built by sin,
 Even though he shiver with a keen and searching agony,
 That quails the strongest heart when first it feels
 That spirit-gaze is reading like a scrawl its secret thought.
 Oh, few can bear the indulgent glance of much-loved friend
 Much less the calm, impassioned scrutiny of monitor and gulch.
 But wounds are there, they rankle deep into the soul;
 Shall they remain, like deadly viper, coiling its way
 Through all its labyrinth of thought, poisoning their source?
 Or shall the wounds be probed with cautious skill,
 The pain of moments borne that ages tell of happiness?
 This is the course most wise, most just and true.
 'Tis thus decreed, and man himself shall bless the deed;
 Futurity shall open to his view, like garden rosebuds
 Newly blown, with fragrance freshened by the morning dew.
 Even present pain shall bear a nobler, surer antidote
 Than of itself could ever flow. The death-struggle,
 Violent though it may be, shall cease its pangs;
 The smile of victory crown her dying agonies.
 Then springs the liberty of thought, that dares decide

Of right or wrong, by dictates God has graven
 With his never-dying seal upon the soul,
 Eternal and omnipotent as are the pillars of his universe.
 Has it not lived with every weight, oppression, wrong,
 And folly dressed in sin could lay upon its energies?
 Has not all time presented to the thinking mind
 A vast, heroic struggle of the life within with that without?
 The senses and the soul have met like combatants,
 Who waged a deadly war, one to conquer the other.
 Glimpses of happy unity have dawned, like rainbow tints,
 But faded ere they could redeem their promised pledge.
 They have flashed with lightning speed and beauty,
 Gilding with hope the present to make the darkness visible.
 Discerning minds have ever traced, in all these varied scenes,
 The handiwork of God; and his deep, low whisperings
 To their souls have made them harbingers of coming light.
 Spirits now are hovering near, to see their dream prophetic
 Realized upon the planet earth; for here was given
 The magic book of inspiration's sacred lore, to read,
 For man to be a God, and walk with Gods above,
 A God as he can understand his Godlike attributes,
 To claim that moral freedom God has given.
 He wills each child shall walk erect in soul,
 E'en as he walks in stature, dignified and glorious.
 For every creeping thing that crawls upon the ground
 Is fashioned with a nature satisfied to grovel low,
 But man has ever soared above. The beauteous stars
 Have met his gaze as worlds to fathom and decide.
 The deep, blue-arching firmament, a haze of thought,
 That veiled in sable night, conjecture's wildest flight.
 He has questioned wind and wave, the mystery to solve,
 Whence are ye? whither do ye tend? They pass along
 Profoundly silent in their homage to their God.
 Next his curious, anxious gaze is resting on himself;
 He sees his noble organism, that moves without his will,
 He breathes the liquid air, he adores the glowing beauty
 Nature's page reveals, he listens to her living harmony,
 He finds in sacred hours of secret thought communing,
 A world that lives and thinks and acts within itself,
 But heeds not that the same great principle involves the whole.
 In outward nature, in the frame so wonderful in beauty,
 'Tis but the temple of the spirit-life that's struggling there
 For freedom, action, liberty to live as God designs—
 To think, to act with reference to his law preëminent,
 Nor bound with petty tyranny the soul's free range,
 To warp its energies and make it grovel in the dust,
 When it should rise and shine like gilded temple spire,
 Reflecting not the beauty of the outward sun,

But the pure light, indwelling in the smile of love.
This knowledge, like the morning rays, must slowly beam.
Spirits alone could guide a boon so full of power and truth,
So full of charity and heaven and happiness to man.
And they have strove to raise him from himself, his low estate,
That he his heritage might know, and knowing, claim.
They fought for him while one with them on earth below.
They have passed to spirit-land, and there in living characters
They read the sequel of the glorious thoughts begun in time's embrace.
They see it bound o'er death and space, and reaching on
In the far realms of future life, revealing as it goes
The worth of man, his destiny as God's freeman.
It speaks in every breathing tone, he must be free ;
Not only from the *outward form* must shackles fall,
But the *soul's* bondage, riven by the curse of centuries,
Must be destroyed, and man must stand alone and free,
Alone accountable to God, for deeds that stamp him
With the image of his truth and nobleness, or mar his soul
With clouds of fell deceit. His piercing eye can scan,
His justice sleeps not, her waving banner floats o'er all ;
He hears the humble suppliant, as his feeble wail
With sorrow moans his helpless tale of wrong or woe.
The angelic messenger descends with healing on his wings,
Though gilded pomp and pride may smile serene
Their fancied worth, or pleased security to share.
But list, the avenging God has filled them with themselves !
The very blessings so much sought, so dearly prized,
Shall soon become their greatest curse ; gold shall gold beget,
Till their very souls as hard as molten lead become.
They shall forget that any greater good adorns the scene,
Till wakened from their fatal sleep, by flickering views
That ever flit o'er life's dividing hours, their Gods depart,
They find themselves, like shipwrecked mariner upon the desert coast.
No chart, no helm, no refuge, but despair and death.
And so the first scene closes, filled with golden anguish ;
Its awakening will not tell of hoarded piles so dearly cherished,
But wasted energies and glorious opportunities misspent
Shall glare into his soul, with power too strong to be endured.
And he shall pray, like one of old, "One drop of water bring
To soothe and slake my burning thirst." Well will it be,
If in that sad, prospective page he now must scan alone,
He finds, like flowers amid the waste, a true and noble deed,
To cheer him with its fragrance and moisten with its tear.
For then he'll know what is the *soul's* true wealth and dignity.
'Tis not alone that man may walk the earth redeemed,
But that his *spirit-birth* may hail him born of God,
A birth of love, e'en like the infant's in its purity,
To love, and grow to manly stature in the Lord.

THINGS UNEXPLAINED.

It is one of the curiosities of spiritual manifestations, or rather the mysteries, that amid the countless communications from spirits detailing their experience after death, not a word is said about their being *clothed*, after their birth into the spirit state (where of necessity they must be nude), nor of any offices rendered to them by relatives present at their arrival. It is also remarkable that they omit entirely to say any thing about their brief journey to their spirit-home (which is not the less important, however brief). They do not tell us how long it takes to get there, nor in what direction they go. They speak generally of finding themselves in the spirit-land, and then go on to say what was said to them.

People differ as to the importance of any minute information of the spirit-world. Some care nothing about it, having no curiosity in the matter, and they are apt to ridicule those who do. We are among those who think that all the information we can possibly get will be none too much to enable us to understand the world to which we haste. We should like, if it were possible for spirits to do so, to have them tell us their minutest movements for the first period of their spirit-life. We think it important. It is not an idle curiosity we feel, but we know that the facts we seek are really important, as underlying the nature of the spirit-life.

Why should there be so much doubt and perplexity among Spiritualists as to the *location* of the spirit-worlds destined for our home? If it is a spiritual solar system to which we go, amid the planets of which we may choose, why should we not attempt to learn the fact? It may be enough for some to know that they would find out in due time after death. To us it seems desirable to know all we can possibly learn of the place to which we are traveling, even before we go there. It would at least be a satisfaction, and give interest to other inquiries. Will people who are making investigations in Spiritualism please direct their questions to these matters, and transmit to us for publication the result of their inquiries? When we shall have received such communications, we will embody the statements in an article for this magazine.

W.

ADVICE TO BELIEVERS.

BY LORD BACON, THROUGH DR. DEXTER.

MONDAY, *June 18th*, 1858.

[THIS evening, owing to Dr. Dexter's illness, we received no communication at the circle, but at midnight he was awakened, and received the following, which was written through his hand while sitting up in bed.]

There are two avenues through which you may reach the public mind, and establish permanently the principles it is your mission to inculcate.

The first is broad enough, but its entrance is difficult. It is built upon both sides by stately palaces and gorgeous residences, replete with all the luxury and elegance of wealth. It is laid out with great care and regularity, and you meet but few persons traveling its clean walks, but they impress you with the conviction that they are the owners of the soil and the residences which front either side of the way. This is the avenue of superior mind. An appeal to this class must be attempted only on their own level. The great man shapes his means so that they will adapt themselves to all conditions of men and time; thus you will not rudely assail belief, or any cherished opinions, by violently attacking either church or men; but assuming as a right the legitimate powers with which you are gifted, you will approach them through the avenue by which they are used to travel. You will give them thought for thought, and you will bear witness to the fact that the true man yields to nothing but superior mind. You will not hesitate to bring forward all the stores of your learning, so long treasured up in your minds for this special purpose.

Thus are you doubly armed, in the proud consciousness of what you are able to accomplish—in the deep, earnest desire which actuates you, and in the knowledge that you are surrounded by those invisible only to your mortal vision, but as perceptible to your spirit as the sunlight to the eye; who will direct your movements always in accordance with your own judgment, and who will strive to impress you with such glorious and elevated ideas, such transcendent thoughts of love and truth, that your very presence shall give tangible demonstration that these men have indeed been with spirits.

The other avenue is neither so regularly laid out nor adorned with residences exhibiting the taste or the wealth found in the first. It deviates from a mathematically straight course, and while here and there may be found some buildings presenting marks of care and beauty, the whole street is diversified with houses built in every style of architecture, and yet indicating that in this avenue reside the greatest number of persons in every conceivable condition of life.

This is the avenue of common mind, and the opening is broad and easy of access, but the path to the inexperienced traveler is difficult and often dangerous. Judge, you have often traversed this path, and every inequality in the way, every obstacle to be avoided, should be as familiar as the road to your churches. But when you were daily in the habit of traveling to and fro this avenue, your occupation was of a nature different from your present purpose, and it may not be amiss to refresh your mind with some directions necessary to guide your steps in the journey that is before you.

How often is an influence obtained over the common mind by an appeal to the passions and prejudices !

This appeal may excite a momentary interest, or even an enthusiasm so great that the common mind, assuming from its numbers the might of the strongest, breaks away from all control, and runs riot in the uncensored freedom of these very passions. But its commotion, while it has stirred up from the very depths the worst elements of its nature, acts on its wild confusion as a gentle solvent of its worst attributes. Like water when most foul, by its own corruption is it purified.

Nature, in her evident workings, descends to infinite smallness ; and God wields the machinery of countless worlds with the same ease with which he has colored the wing of a butterfly, or has implanted such wondrous instinct in the brain of that minute insect, the ant.

A self-dependent man betrays nothing, but forces from circumstances all the elements of success. But he who communes with spirits opens the magazines of truth, the keys of which are given him, and bids all men partake freely.

Common mind ! It is the whole mind, the mind which is reached with the most trifling act, and yet resists the most premeditated attack. It is to its generous confidence, its unlimited faith, when convicted of truth, you are to trust your first effort in our cause. It is as gentle as a child, receiving rebuke when given in love, and returning an affection time will not efface, when assured of truth ; petulant and restive, it is yet complying and calm ; bigoted and suspicious, it will give up father and

faith for the love which seeks no recompense but good, and yield a ready assent to that teaching which finds a response in its own desire for knowledge. Approach gently, then ; it is here you tread an almost holy ground. What ! to tear up the faith on which their hopes of Heaven are based ; a faith handed down through so many generations and men who have spent their lives in its dissemination ; a faith which they have been born by, have lived by, have loved by—yes, and died triumphantly by !

You are to subvert this faith ; you are to turn back the gaze of their spirits from the heaven which man has pictured, to the heaven which truth reveals. Be one among them, study them, cherish them, find out the avenues to their hearts, and while your spirit is filled with love, learn that that love shall shed its benign power over all men, and open the way for your approach to their thought, their reason, their judgment, their very souls.

In the consideration of the whole of this subject, you are calmly to view the ground before you, and patiently to deliberate on the causes which retard or assist the development of new thoughts, having for their object the spiritual or material good of man.

It is not sufficient that you are satisfied you have had communion with disembodied spirits ; that the enlarged scope of your mental vision includes palpable and demonstrable ideas of the world which they inhabit, or that your hearts, once wedded to all the finite joys of your world, now take delight only in the infinite happiness of the spheres, glimpses of which have been pictured to your mind, and descriptions by which you have comprehended the reality of all the phenomena of spirit-intercourse, have been written by the very hand of spirits themselves.

In truth, if the subject which is to revolutionize not only the religious world, but *your* whole lives in the specific duties which are assigned you, had been one which affected the material interests of the whole people, instead of the spiritual renovation of a comparatively small minority, the matter would, ere this, have elicited the undivided attention of all classes, and have been decided long ago. But the question is one which attacks the foundation of the religious belief of the whole civilized world, and will excite the opposition of multitudes who have nothing on which to rest that opposition but that antiquated prejudice which it has been the aim and purpose of the priesthood of many denominations to foster and strengthen, and against which the proper and most effective antidote is the establishment of an equally venerated authority predicated on the strength of great minds, who will have the courage and self-sacrifice to

teach these truths and illustrate by their lives and actions the omnipotent influence of the progressive love and wisdom of God.

Prejudice, without reason, you will find the most bitter enemy you will have to encounter; but its natural corrective is the gradual influence of numbers. Unreasonable prejudice, while it violently resists the truth, under whatever form it may approach, requires the support and countenance of a majority to give it persistent opposition and effective combination.

Thus, while you apparently decline all issue with this class, you will patiently watch the progress of your mission, encouraged by the knowledge that in every man who embraces the new doctrine you have withdrawn a portion of their courage to resist, and have removed one of their defenses behind which they trusted to repel the invasion of their faith.

Another great obstacle you will encounter is the indifference with which a large portion of the community have regarded the developments of spirit-intercourse; satisfied with living and dying according to the directions of the church in which they have been educated, the mass of the people have declined any investigation, not from prejudice, but from an unlimited confidence in the teachers whom they have so long regarded as the personification of the truths revealed in the Bible. It will be with no little labor and effort that you will be able to remove this indifference to examine the proofs of your mission, and the truths which it behooves you to teach.

There are many of the whole population, even in this city, who have not really investigated with calmness and impartiality the evidences for or against the so-called spirit-rappings, spirit-knockings, or spirit-manifestations; and there is good reason why this has been so. The nature of the communications received from spirits professedly representing some of the greatest and best men who have lived on your earth, have been so entirely incompatible with the character they have there established and maintained; so much below the ordinary properties of their minds and the ideas which they have revealed as truth; are so far below the standard of their desires and action, showing retrogression, instead of progression, that the mind has intuitively rejected this testimony as conclusive to the falsity of the whole subject.

Is it therefore a wonder that a large portion are satisfied with the explanations which have from time to time been given of this phenomenon?

How, then, you inquire, shall we persuade this class of our fellow-men that we indeed have had spiritual intercourse with such good men as

Swedenborg, such eminent men as Bacon, such intellectual men as Voltaire and Pope, and that what we teach was received from them to be communicated to the world? I can not better express my meaning in the instructions on this part of your mission than to refer you to what we have so long endeavored to impress on your minds as the test of our truthfulness and identity. Human nature, varied as it is, mixed up though it be with so many shades and colors, and presenting to the careless examiner so many features and aspects of attribute, of incentive, and of action, is inherently the same. Influenced by the same causes, and arriving at the same results through a different series of investigation, its origin is the same, and its ulterior destiny one and the same. If, then, we have attempted no forced attack on your reason, we have evidently trusted to the free exercise of that reason in and over all which we have presented to its examination and analysis. We have appealed to no sentiment of your nature which would give license to fancy, or cloud the full play of all your faculties and your plain common sense.

If, indeed, we have moved your sensibilities, it was to give a more general application to one characteristic of your divine origin, and that is love. We have allured by no promises of preferment here, but we have faithfully exhibited, as far as was possible, the difficulties and trials that were before you. We have striven to aid you, friends, in the purification of your own hearts, that you might become better fitted for the high duties for which you were chosen. What then? As true apostles of truth; as men standing before God, and assuming the garments of teachers to their race, you will convict them of truth, of holiness, of progression here and hereafter, by appealing to their judgment, by entering their dwellings, and, sitting down by their sides, expound to them the doctrines of purity of heart, of love to God and man, and that as they live on earth, so will they live in the spheres.

Offer no violence to feeling; be mild and gentle; let your thoughts descend like summer showers, germinating the seeds of truth dormant in every human heart. If your reason was left to compare, to examine, to investigate, so deal with them, and let no act of yours, no manifestation of self, no assumption of pride, of vanity, of hardheartedness, stand between them and the thoughts you teach.

It will be impracticable for me to say more on this subject at this time. A word or two in reference to your matters, and I shall finish. The time is drawing near when you will have given to the world the revelations we have made, and will have indorsed the belief of their truth with your own names. The Rubicon is before you; you will not only attack

ancient opinions, and the antiquated doctrines of church and priest, but you will upturn the received truths of Spiritualists themselves, and introduce a firebrand among the very believers of the doctrines you are to teach.

Fear not; the latter class will fume, will fret, will censure, will deny, will argue, will controvert, will perplex, but they will not confound, neither will they prevail, but after the first shock to their self-love is passed, they will marshal themselves into your ranks, as the armed supporters of the truth you teach.

In regard to the first, you must have the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove.

But oh! I entreat you, let your hearts be void of offense; let nothing separate the love which binds you two together. Be frank, I adjure you; let your hearts be the mirror of each other's feelings, for on you we depend, on you we trust; the whole responsibility of this present movement rests on you. As you love one another, and the world; as you love God and truth, so shall you be loved; and I am at this moment inspired by higher spirits to say, so shall you succeed, succeed to prosperity beyond your hopes, and a life of joy unspeakable forever.

BACON.

MORCEAU.

ADDRESSED TO A GENTLEMAN OF THIS CITY, THROUGH
MRS. ELIZABETH SWEET.

AN imprisoned bird was struggling and struggling to be free. It was tortured with pain and suspense—it was wrapped up and entwined in the meshes of its net, and life and hope had almost departed; and when it was sad and drooping, and no notes issued from its throat, and it stretched itself out to die, it was suddenly awakened by a glad and happy song. A joyous note came floating on the breeze, and the dying, drooping spirit revived. Life looked out of the glad eye—hope leaped up from the almost pulseless heart—and with one happy bound it leaped forth—it broke its chain and was met by its mate. The struggling soul *alone* had well-nigh died; but the voice of love and affection infused hope into its drooping heart, and life once more shone out fair and beautiful; and the *two* spirits mingled in *one*, and thus they became stronger.

WHY HAS IT NOT COME BEFORE?

THE following brief epitome of Pythagoras' philosophy will help to answer this question. His society was a philosophical school, a religious brotherhood, and a political association. He aimed at establishing the dominion of wisdom and virtue, a rational supremacy of minds, enlightened by philosophy and purified by religion, and of characters fitted to maintain an ascendant over others by habits of self-command. He taught that—

The end of philosophy is to free the mind from those incumbrances which hinder its progress toward perfection, and to raise it to the contemplation of immutable truth, and the knowledge of divine and spiritual objects. This effect must be produced by easy steps, lest the mind, hitherto conversant only with sensible things, should revolt at the change.

Conceiving an analogy between numbers and the intelligent forms which subsist in the Divine mind, he made the former a symbol of the latter. As numbers proceed from unities, as a root, whence they branch out into various combinations and assume new properties in their progress, so he conceived the different forms of nature to recede at different distances from their common source, the pure and simple essence of Deity, and at every degree of distance to assume certain properties.

The unit, or Monad, denotes the active principle in nature or God; the Duad, the passive principle, or matter; the Triad, the world formed by the union of those two; and the Tetractys, the perfection of nature. The Tetractys, or Quadrate, was the root of the eternally flowing nature.

Next to numbers, music had the chief place in the preparatory exercise, by means of which the mind was to be raised above the dominion of passion, and inured to contemplation.

He studied and perfected or advanced geometry. As to astronomy, he taught the earth was a globe, and revolved around a center of fire, and that the moon and other planetary globes are habitable.

God is the universal mind, diffused through all things, the source of all animal life, the proper and intrinsic cause of all motion ; in substance, similar to light ; in nature, like truth ; the first principle of the universe, incapable of pain, invisible, incorruptible, and only to be comprehended by the mind.

Cicero says, he (Pythagoras) conceived God to be a soul pervading all nature, of which every human soul is a portion. He taught metempsychosis. He had two kinds of disciples : exoteric, or public ; and esoteric, or private.

The former heard only general lectures, and lived in the world as the world did. The former, after a probation, were admitted to his full doctrines, and lived in common as to earnings, etc. They numbered 600 at Crotona.

These latter, after a sufficient progress in geometrical science, were conducted to the study of nature, the investigation of primary principles, and the knowledge of God. These were the *Theorists* ; those devoted to theology were *Religious* ; and others, studying morals, economics, and policy, were employed in managing the affairs of the fraternity, or sent to instruct others in the science of government.

The public building, in which the six hundred, with their wives and children, made one family, was called Omakoion, or public auditory.

Every day was begun with a distinct deliberation upon the manner in which it should be spent, and concluded with a careful retrospect. They rose before the sun, and repeated verses from Homer, etc., and had music, both vocal and instrumental, to enliven the spirits and fit them for the duties of the day. Then they employed several hours in the study of science ; then an interval of leisure, commonly spent in a solitary walk for contemplation ; the next portion of the day was allotted to conversation. The hour before dinner was passed in athletic exercises. Their dinner was bread, honey, and water ; no meat nor wine. The remainder of the day was devoted to civil and domestic affairs, conversation, bathing, and religious ceremonies.

E.

THE NATURAL MAN.

BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

THE child is the most natural of those who compose the family of man. It has not been schooled in the world's class of cunning art and trickery. It has nothing to conceal, therefore its feelings are portrayed upon its face, and its real character is displayed in its every look, and word, and motion. But as it grows up it begins to learn that its playfellows strive for the mastery, and that when obtained, they are proud of it. It soon sees that a seeming advantage can be obtained by the use of a little stratagem, a little deceit—a very little—not enough to constitute a crime as its ideas of crime have become developed. The playmate of our little fellow wants a top that is in his possession, and begins to tell him how he loves him, what a dear little chum he is, fondles, caresses, and flatters him, till the hands of our boy reaches forth the treasure and says, "Take that, Tommy—you can have it." In a few days some incident occurs in which Tommy and our hero are concerned, and the latter learns that his playmate's love and friendship were merely pretensions fashioned for the occasion, and from that moment he distrusts him. But this is not the end of Tommy's influence. The deceived child, as opportunity offers, tries his own hand at the same game, and, meeting with equal success, is led on to study other "ways of the world;" and soon graduating from its primary school, he leaves the elementary principles and enters the broad arena of worldly scheming, forgetting Nature, its harmonizing laws, and its peaceful requirements.

Entering the field of trade, he finds every man's hand raised against him. Every imaginable device, every cunning sort of trickery, he sees resorted to; and one and all striving by every means within the line of lawful procedure to get in his own possession the property of another. And this "line of lawfulness" is often overreached; by some with impunity, by others when the act can be concealed or the officers of the law

eye of whose executor nothing can be concealed; whose officers no wealth can bribe—that law of God established in nature—omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent.

The child, now a man, mingles with men of business. Having left by degrees the paths of Nature, he finds but little difficulty in suiting his rule of action to the new conditions that surround him. Long accustomed to act from the force of outward circumstances in opposition to the lulled and quieted natural man within, he feels impelled in self-defense to do as others do, and treat those about him as thieves and robbers, each aiming at his purse, and seeking to take the bread from his mouth. He adopts the motto, "All's fair in trade," and his dearest friends in social life he hesitates not to treat as foes in business relations.

He grows old in business—a perfect adept in all the ways of the world; becomes rich; is looked upon as a *very* respectable man, a shrewd manager, a sagacious merchant. Suddenly he feels an impulse to give; donates a thousand dollars from his fortune of three millions to some popular institution, forgetting a brother who works like a slave to earn the living of a dog; and lolling in an easy chair, with wines at his right hand and a waiting servant at his left, he reads in a morning paper a eulogy on his *Christian* behavior, and a desire, modestly expressed by the editor, that others would go and do likewise.

Do likewise! No! *never*. Never do as he has done, man with a mind. Stifle not the divinity within you. Learn not to disregard the promptings of Nature's laws though the wealth of a Cræsus be the recompense of such a course. But rather listen to its teachings; and though no fortune be at thy disposal from which to take the pittance of a thousand rusty dollars to purchase gratitude, thy wealth will be scattered among thy fellow-men, and thousands of human hearts struggling to do right will follow the example and bestow upon thee a thank-offering more true and priceless than ever the sordid pen of popularity portrayed.

Be natural. That is the greatest of all laws. Christ gave it when he said, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you." It is "natural" for man to wish others to do him good. It is "natural" for him to want honesty of purpose and sincerity of works to be exercised toward him in his intercourse with others. If men were natural—if they followed the silent teachings of Nature which dictate to them what they should desire from others, they would treat others in the same loving, brotherly way.

Be natural. Nature is all harmonious. All its laws act in unison.

There are no wars in Nature, no disturbances to the mind of him who can look at it in one broad, extended view ; for to such a mind its mighty convulsions are but the results of mighty causes, and in harmony with a mighty whole.

The religious teachers of the past have condemned Nature. Hence they consigned infants, because they were the most natural, to everlasting burnings ; and as soon as a child could comprehend blessing from cursing, it was taught to hate Nature, and aspire to some incomprehensible state of unnaturalness.

God would not have created it in a state of Nature, if that state would condemn it eternally to torment, should it by some mishap leave this world ere it had passed its years of infancy. Blind leaders of the people ! They could not, or would not, believe Christ when he told them they must become *like* little children in order to enter the kingdom of heaven. And these blind leaders are about us now. With solemn faces and monotonous words they wage their war of condemnation against the most direct manifestation of God—Nature. They say the natural man is in enmity against God, and in the same hour adopt the words of Christ, and tell us to “become like little children”—the most natural of mankind.

Look at a child before it has been influenced by the art of man's device. When it is perfectly natural it obeys natural laws, and they *never* lead astray. There is no concealment of design, no selfishness of purpose, no obstinacy of will. I know you will tell me that children have all these, and that they are the prominent characteristics of childhood. But I reply that such elements are not natural, no more than a tree is natural with unseemly trunk and awkward branches. Nature would make it fair and beautiful, but unfavorable circumstances have intervened and thwarted its purposes. In like manner may the circumstances of parentage and surrounding conditions change the result of the first cause. A deformed child is not natural, whether the deformity exist in body or in mind.

Nature is not wrong. It is not governed by chance, but by strict laws, and when those laws are obeyed she works out her designs perfect and true.

Men are not natural. They have been educated in another school, and have become puny and sick in body and in mind. From what can be learned of the North American Indian, before the pale-face met him, we look upon him as Nature's nobleman. See, in his then happy and healthy condition, the man that Nature would make. His views of his

present and future state; his sublime conception of the Great Spirit, though immature, excelled those held by what were known as the "civilized nations" of the earth. *They* had Gods innumerable; heavens without number; hells of countless degrees of torment. *He* had one Great Spirit, and one wide hunting-ground. And immortality—while the learned of Greece and Rome were doubting, conjecturing, and trembling over the graves of friends, as to a future life, *he* was rejoicing in the firm conviction of an immortal state of existence beyond the mound. And from whom did he learn so great a truth? Why, from Nature, poor, down-trodden, despised, crucified Nature, which lisping childhood has been taught to scorn, and manhood to avoid. And Inspiration walked down the path which Nature had marked out, and led Revelation to the Indian's honest soul.

Let man discard as authority all books, all opinions; let him learn of Nature. Reason is of Nature, and its limitless capabilities the thought of man can never exhaust. God never made a revelation to man that was not presented to him by Nature's outstretched hand. Let us, then, love Nature, for it is God's angel, sent forth to lead us into his more immediate presence.

CHELSEA, Md.



THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Hours come and go unnoted and unknown—
 Days are unmarked until beyond us flown;
 Weeks roll on weeks, and months on months are piled,
 And thus the years escape from time exiled.
 Our life is gone—then back to it we turn,
 And o'er the precious moments weep and mourn.

Better it were to catch the golden grains
 Of passing time, no after prayer retains—
 To catch the sparkling moments as they fall,
 And with a miser's relish hoard them all.
 How rich, how princely were to us life's dower,
 If we would seize and save each passing hour!

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER VI.

SKEPTIC.—When we last discussed this matter, you said that on this occasion we should take up the New Testament.

SPIRITUALIST.—Yes, and I am ready to refer to its pages, and to abjure Spiritualism if it be not there found to be the religion of Christ.

SKEP.—Let us take all things in order. We have begun the examination of texts in the Old Testament, but it seems to me have not finished it. You have intimated that you consider the term “prophet” synonymous with medium in the Spiritualist’s acceptance.

SP.—Yes, and I reassert it. The prophecies of the Bible were all given through mediums. We will not differ upon terms. If you dislike the word *medium*, you may furnish a better.

SKEP.—I have no objection to the term. It means, I suppose, a person through whom, or through whose influence, a departed spirit can manifest his presence or convey an idea.

SP.—The definition suits me. Now, as you prefer to continue the examination of the Jewish Record further, we will omit the Testament of Christ for a future opportunity. Conversing with spirits was much practiced in ancient times. All the nations of the earth had their seers. Babylon and Chaldea had prophets—see Isaiah, 47th chapter. The Gentile nations were not as much civilized as the Jews, and their mediums were ignorant, of course. The Romans had their soothsayers and their oracles—they were mediums—at least some of them were, and the others were either dupes or impostors.

SKEP.—Do you liken the soothsayers of old times with the prophets of God?

SP.—Balaam was a soothsayer. (Joshua xiii. 22.) Many of the prophets are spoken of as soothsayers.

You lay some stress upon the term, Prophets of God; let us understand the term.

SKEP.—Yes, let us not confound those who conversed face to face with God Almighty with the Pagan sorcerers.

SP.—I doubt their talking with God directly. It is asserted in many places in the Bible that the Lord appeared unto the prophets, that the prophet saw the Lord, etc.; the cases are too numerous to require reference. Now we have in the sacred writings the distinct and unequivocal assertion that “No man hath seen God at any time.” From which it appears that either the term *Lord* was addressed generally to any spirit, or else that those primitive people did not understand the matter. That the term did not generally mean God will be found by reference to Genesis, 18th chapter, which begins: “And the Lord appeared unto him in the plains of Mamre. And he lifted up his eyes and looked, and lo three men stood by him: and he said, My Lord, if I now have found favor in thy sight.” And in the account of the burning bush, it reads: “The angel of the Lord appeared to him in a flame.” When Samuel, then a child (1 Samuel iii.), heard his name called at night three successive times, Eli sent him back and told him that if he was thus addressed again, to answer, “Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth.” In Numbers, 23d chapter, 3d verse it reads: “And Balaam said unto Balak, Stand by thy burnt-offering, and I will go; peradventure the Lord will come to meet me: and he went to an high place.” 15th verse it reads: “Stand here while I meet the Lord yonder.” The words God and Lord are occasionally used interchangeably; but as it is distinctly asserted on the highest authority known to mankind, that “No man hath seen God at any time,” we can not suppose that any of the prophets saw the face of the Almighty.

SKEP.—I shall not differ with you there. It is not probable that He has ever been seen by man.

SP.—If orthodox Christians were wise, they would not insist that the Almighty gave his fiat every time it was uttered by some one of the Jewish prophets, “Thus saith the Lord.” That was the ordinary prefix to their laws, which were almost universally given them through prophets, and they, whenever they were inspired, credited the inspiration to the Lord. By understanding the term as indicating only the authority of an angel, or a spirit, there would be less inconsistency. By that authority the Jews were ordered to conquer many nations, and to kill all, men, women, and children. Others they were to conquer, and kill all the old and the very young and all the men—the girls to be reserved for slaves; that authority stated that he would harden Pharaoh’s heart so that he should not let the Jews go; by that they were ordered to borrow jewels and clothing of their masters and mistresses, and to spoil the Egyptians; by

that they were ordered to buy *slaves* (Leviticus xxv. 46), to be an inheritance for their children forever, etc., etc.

SKEP.—I can well believe that God never ordered these things

SP.—All prophets used the same term, "the Lord." Sometimes it is, "The Lord appeared in a dream," or, "The Lord spake unto," etc., or, "I heard the voice of the Lord." And as the prophets were numbered by hundreds, it is difficult to understand that God spoke direct or appeared in person to so many, and some of them, from their subsequent behavior, not deserving of such a favor.

SKEP.—Did you say *hundreds* of prophets?

SP.—Yes. Refer to 1 Kings, 22d chapter, 5th verse: "And Jehoshaphat said unto the king of Israel, Inquire, I pray thee, at the word of the Lord to-day. Then the king of Israel gathered the prophets together, about four hundred men," etc.

These were the king's prophets, or mediums. Doubtless there were many thousands of private mediums, as there are at this day.

SKEP.—Then you must include the sorcerers and witches against whom laws were enacted.

SP.—Yes, I mean them all. Some were true and some were false, as is now the case.

In 1 Samuel, 10th chapter, is an account of a company of prophets with a band of music. In the words of the text, it is "with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them, and they shall prophesy." A man of God (1 Kings xiii.) was killed by a lion for disobedience. Prophets were commanded not to prophesy. (Jeremiah xi.) They were punished for prophesying. (20th verse.) It was declared as a punishment (Micah iii. 5, 6), that the prophets and seers and diviners should lose their power. There should be no answer. By these things you will perceive that prophets of all kinds were numerous among the Jews. Hence statutes were enacted to suppress them, the kings and priests reserving to themselves the privilege of consulting them. In the time of Saul, when he wished to consult with Samuel through a medium, he had to go into a neighboring town to find one. He himself had been a medium, but had sinned so deeply that his spirit-friends left him.

SKEP.—Was the statute directed against the *prophets*?

SP.—Not ostensibly. They were called false prophets, under which name any one could be arrested and killed. Kings and judges were tyrants in those days. When Nebuchadnezzar could not learn from his wise men what he had dreamed, he ordered them all to be killed. When the kings of the Jews heard unpalatable things from spirits, the poor me-

dium would be killed. The greater part of the prophets known to us were persons already in power as priests or kings. Their prophecies would be respected.

SKEP.—I can easily understand that royal and sacerdotal prophets would be listened to with favor.

SP.—Read the thirteenth chapter of Ezekiel, which begins: "Prophecy against the prophets of Israel that prophesy, and say thou unto them that prophesy out of their own hearts, Hear ye the word of the Lord. Wo unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit and have seen nothing." You will see by this that there was the same doubt and perplexity then as now, one prophecy contradicting another.

In these days we sometimes compel the spirit or the medium communicating to take an oath, as if in a court of justice, so we may better depend on what he says. You will find the same thing done, 1 Kings xxii., and where also it is shown that they seek a "prophet of the Lord," to confirm what the four hundred prophets may say—and this one, Micaiah, says to them: "Hear thou the word of the Lord (19th verse): I saw the Lord sitting on his throne, and all the hosts of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And the Lord said, Who shall persuade Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his [Ahab's] prophets. And he said, Thou shalt persuade him, and prevail also: go forth and do so. Now behold the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets."

Do you suppose that this "*Lord*" meant the Almighty Ruler of the Universe?

SKEP.—No; I can not imagine him making such a bargain with such a spirit for such a purpose. Moreover, as he *saw* the Lord, it could not be God—for no man hath seen God at any time. But I do not understand this matter. I must ask my minister about it. But I can not believe that the prophets of the Bible were only *mediums*.

SP.—*Only mediums!* It is much to be able to commune with a higher intelligence. "All inspiration is of God." It does not come direct to us. I wish it did, for then there would be no mistake. In all ages the word of God has come to man through his messengers or angels. He sends us word—he does not speak direct. Therefore, though the light comes from heaven it shines through a colored medium. Only a me-

dium! Why, Samuel the prophet was only a medium. The first he knew of it, he lay on his couch, and heard his name called by a spirit. Such things occur every day in New York at this time. Eli told him to answer, and say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." That shows what was meant by *the Lord*.

You say you can not consider the prophets of old as only mediums. At any rate they acted as our mediums now do. See Numbers xxiii. 15. Balaam says to Balak: "Stand here, while I meet the Lord yonder." "And the Lord met Balaam, and put a word in his mouth," etc. Exodus xxiii. 9 reads: "The cloudy pillar descended, and the Lord talked with Moses." In Numbers xi. 25 it reads: "And the Lord came down in a cloud and spake unto him, and took of the spirit that was upon him, and gave it unto the seventy elders: and it came to pass that when the spirit rested upon them they prophesied, and did not cease," etc. And the spirit remained upon two of them. In 1 Kings xiii. the king stretches out his arm, and it is convulsed. This is no unusual thing. I have seen many an arm withered in that manner. In the same chapter are these words (18th verse): "He said unto him, I am a prophet also, as thou art; and an angel spoke unto me by the word of the Lord." In one passage, the terms, "Man of God," "Seer," and "Prophet," are synonymous—in another "Prophet" and "Dreamer" are the same.

In 1 Samuel xvi. it is said of Saul that the Spirit of the Lord departed from him, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. To be troubled with a *mischievous spirit* is the lot of more than half the mediums of the present day.

SKEP.—I do not clearly understand yet how mediums of our times can be matched with the prophets of old.

SP.—There were great and good prophets in those times. The greatness of the Jews as a nation—all their glory, and the perpetuity of their name—are the results of their true prophecies. Modern prophets have been known but three or four years—Jewish prophets were known for centuries. We must not compare the works of a few years with those that loom up from the long centuries of the past. I have looked at this matter carefully, and can see no difference between the mediums of Jerusalem and the mediums of New York—the names of things only being different. Ezekiel, 1st and 2d, describes himself as a medium—or uses the same language to describe the matter that I should. The greater part of them were mediums for impression, by far the best kind to convey general information. Not the best to convince a skeptic of the fact of spiritual communication; but of that the Jews had no need, for they sup-

posed it all to be the Spirit of the Lord, at least each medium claimed that through him the word of the spirit was reliable. That they conversed with their deceased friends, is proved by the record. Saul and Samuel were personal friends. When Samuel died, Saul went to talk with him through a medium.

Among the ancient prophets were many who had the faculty of seeing spirits, called in the Bible the "*open vision*." Many others had psychological visions, the commonest of all the exhibitions given to mediums.

SKEP.—I do not understand the term.

SP.—A psychological vision is given to one, either by a spirit or by a mortal. I can give such visions to susceptible persons just as they have been given me by spirits. It is only to magnetize one to the point of impressibility, and then *will* him to see. In such case, whatever is imagined by the operator will be seen by the medium.

Such visions were seen by many of the Bible characters. Jacob had presented to his eyes an emblem of spiritual intercourse with men, in the ladder whereon spirits ascended and descended, and the spirits clearly intimated the future greatness of Israel because of talking and being guided by good spirits.

The dreams of Joseph which he told to his brethren were undoubted revelations to him, through the agency of spirits, of his future greatness. So of Solomon's visions. By such a process was Moses comforted in his great discouragement. He was allowed (Deut. iii.) to see the promised land. At the time of his death he was again given a vision of it. (Chap. xxxiv.) There are many allusions to psychological visions in the Scripture, for we can not suppose that these men actually *saw* all they spoke of as having seen. The vision of the cherubim, for instance, and Micaiah's vision of the Lord in heaven surrounded by his angels.

SKEP.—I am not yet prepared to vulgarize the ancient prophecies so much as to consider them only statements by mediums, though I will admit that there seems to have been a means used by God to communicate with man similar to that which you allege the spirits take to communicate with mortals. Indeed, I am a little surprised; for I had not, before our conversations, supposed that prophets were so numerous of old; that they prophesied with musical instruments; that lying spirits spoke through them; nor did I suppose that every great man among the Jews in those times had his *corps* of *prophets* whom he consulted upon important occasions, as in the case of Ahab.

SP.—Yes, it was so. To consult a seer, a prophet, a wise man, a man of God, a soothsayer, was a common practice with the Jews. Pos-

sibly they conveyed this practice to the Egyptians ; but the use of human magnetism was known to them (Egyptians) a thousand years before Moses, and is recorded in the hieroglyphs. Thousands and millions of men have consulted spirits without knowing it. Those who consulted the Oracle ; those who in all ages have magnetized a patient to the impressible condition, and then asked questions ; those who have prayed to be instructed and guided by *dreams*—all these have been answered by spirits, generally those of departed friends.

SKEP.—You remember the laws enacted against sorcerers ?

SP.—Yes, and I think it was right to have such laws. The ignorant people ran wild with notions they did not understand. They devised new ways to prophesy. They imagined that the secrets of the future were to be obtained by incantations and by magic. All were seeking for a knowledge of the future, in the same spirit that sends so many to consult a fortune-teller. Some imagined that they could see peculiar indications in the brains of a calf, or the entrails of an ox, or the lungs of a heifer. This led to the inordinate slaughter of such animals. Some grew crazy with their excitement on the subject, and did nothing but consult soothsayers and prophets. Some sought in foreign modes of divination to get the information desired. All these things gave rise to the laws which existed among the Jews, and which have existed among almost all people against sorcery, divination, witchcraft, etc. Even now it is charged upon Spiritualists that some of them go mad in their excitement from talking with spirits ; and truly there are many who place implicit reliance upon whatever may be told them by a spirit. Such men are foolish, if not crazy ; for a spirit, as such, does not of necessity know any more than a mortal. There are spirits of high wisdom who can see much farther than we can, and who can in many instances foreshadow the future to us. But these cases are rare. The future is the province of the Almighty. Few that we can converse with have entered there. A large number of spirits venture to prognosticate, and their prophecies sometimes are fulfilled. Those which are fulfilled are talked of and heard of ; the others are not often alluded to. So people go in thousands to a fortune-teller. The results of the prognostications we only hear of in the cases which were guessed right. I do not draw a comparison between prophets and fortune-tellers. The latter are generally impostors—always so when they assume that they can tell the future. Prophets sometimes err ; they sometimes mix up their own thoughts with what is inspired into their minds, and sometimes, without any inspiration at all they speak what is in their own hearts. (Ezekiel xiii. 2.)

Throughout the Old Testament there are complaints that the prophets prophesy falsely. See Ezekiel xxii., where occur these words: "There is a conspiracy of her prophets; they have devoured souls; their priests have violated my law; they have put no difference between the holy and the profane. Her prophets, seeing vanity, and divining lies unto them, say, 'Thus saith the Lord, when the Lord hath not spoken.'"

If you were a Spiritualist, and in the habit of seeing what can be done by spirit-agency, the acts of the ancient prophets would be clear to you; you would read the Bible more understandingly. One would hardly suppose that the comparatively unenlightened people of those days could be wiser in an important matter than the people of to-day. Yet the Hebrews, in the times of the prophets, knew how to consult with spirits and obtain much information not otherwise attainable. It is said of Daniel (i. 17) that he had understanding in all visions and dreams. We can not tell whether or not he and his fellow-countrymen, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, consulted with spirits as we do, but from the text it may readily be inferred. Daniel desired time, and consulted with his companions, and then was it given to him in a vision.

SKEP.—Before we discontinue this matter, as it appertains to the Old Testament, I should like to understand better how you make out the word angel to be a spirit. I have always supposed an angel to be a messenger from God.

SR.—The word has more than one signification, though that is the most common. In Gen. xviii. Abraham talks with angels. It is a little doubtful from the text whether they were other than mortals. In the next chapter two angels call upon Lot. I see no reason to suppose them other than mortals. The term Angel meant a messenger, and nothing more, until "Angel of the Lord" was used so much that the phrase was abbreviated to "angel." In Judges, 2d chapter, the term Angel is unquestionably used as a mortal messenger. The commentators generally agree on that. In Judges xiii. 3, where an angel appears unto the wife of Manoah, it is equally certain that it is a spirit. The angel seen by Balaam was a spirit. The angel that appeared to Moses (Exod. iii.) was a spirit. The angels seen at the door of Christ's sepulcher were spirits; Moses and Elias, seen at the Transfiguration, were spirits; and cases are very numerous where spirits have been seen and described as angels.

Where it is said, Ps. xci. 11: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands," spirits are certainly intended. It is one of the beautiful offices of

spirits to watch over those they love. Daniel, sixth chapter, says : " My God hath sent his angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths ;" 7th chapter : Thousand thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him ;" 9th chapter : " The man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, *touched me*, about the time of the evening oblation." Mark that in this case the angel Gabriel is called a *man*. In Daniel, 2d chapter, it reads : " There is none other that can show it before the king, except the gods whose dwelling is not in the flesh." In 10th chapter it reads : " Then there came again and touched me one like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened me." This looks very much like one of the ordinary cases of a spirit's magnetizing a man and restoring him to health. Angels seen in dreams may be the open vision of a spirit, or a psychological vision, or even an accidental dream. Each case must be determined by itself.

In Genesis xxxii. it reads : " And Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him." These I suppose to be spirits, and from the context infer that Jacob was a very susceptible medium. He saw these spirits with " open vision." In verse 24 it reads : " A *man* wrestled with him until the breaking of the day." It is not stated that it was a spirit, but as Jacob speaks of it in these words (verse 30th), " I have seen God face to face," we may infer that it was not a mortal. Moreover, he refused, as spirits often do, to give his name.

SKEP.—Still you do not account for the many wonderful miracles wrought by the prophets and by God. It may be that the miracles were executed under the agency of angels, or that prophets were directly empowered to do so. How do you account for Elijah's being taken bodily to heaven ?

SP.—I can not account for an impossibility. That he was not taken into the spirit-world clothed in gross matter, I feel very certain. That such an appearance was present to Elisha I do not doubt. Let us look at the story of Elijah. That he was a medium is evident. (1 Kings xix.) The word of the Lord came to him in a cave. The angel of the Lord came again and touched him. And he said, Go forth upon the mount. And behold the Lord passed by * * * but the Lord was not in the wind—nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire—and after the fire there was a still, small voice. And there came a voice unto him, etc. All this shows that Elijah was a prophet, and could hear the voice of a spirit. When he and Elisha were about to part, the latter asked for a double portion of Elijah's spirit. Elijah's answer was, " If thou see me when I am taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee ; but if not, it shall not be

so," which is, as I interpret it, "You ask to be twice as good a medium as I; if you can see my spirit when it takes its flight, then you will be."

That spirits can lift a man up in the air, we have had proofs. Mr. Gordon, Mr. Hume, and Mrs. Henkins have been carried about a room by invisible hands and held suspended in the air.

SKEP.—The facts you allude to of mediums being lifted up and carried round the room, are attested by witnesses whose word I could not doubt. Among them is Dr. Gray, of this city. But by far the most important thing for you to prove is, that when the Jewish prophets said "the Lord," they meant only a spirit, or that it was but a spirit, whether they understood the matter or not.

SP.—Yes; I am aware of the importance of it. The world has so long been in the habit of putting a vague meaning to the word spirit, and ignoring the resurrection of the body in its proper sense, that it will be hard to make them believe that a holy spirit means only a good and true spirit, or that a spirit means any thing real or tangible, even to himself.

The terms, "and the Lord spoke," "and the Lord appeared, and "thus saith the Lord," occur very frequently in the Bible. It would be derogatory to the character of the Supreme Being to suppose that he acted directly in all the affairs, small and great, in which "the Lord" of the Old Testament figures. In 2 Kings xx. 1 it reads: "In those days was Hezekiah sick unto death: and the prophet Isaiah the son of Amoz came to him, and said unto him, Thus saith the Lord, Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." Hezekiah prayed for a longer term, "and wept sore." Then the word of the Lord came to Isaiah, * * * and said, "Behold I will heal thee; and I will add unto thy days fifteen years." Think you that this was *God*, in whom is "no variableness or shadow of turning?"

SKEP.—No; I can not suppose that God, who knew (as he knows all the future) that Hezekiah would live fifteen years, would tell him that he should then die and not live.

SP.—I will recur to the cases (or, rather, some of the cases) where the prophets *saw* the Lord. They could not see *God*. Exodus xxxiii.: "There shall no man see me and live." Genesis xxxii. 30: Jacob wrestles with a man (a spirit) till the breaking of the day, and he then says of the matter: "I have seen *God* face to face." Moses saw the Lord in the burning bush—Exodus iii. Exodus xxxiii.: The Lord speaks with Moses face to face. Solomon sees the Lord—1 Kings ix. He sees him—2 Chronicles vii. Isaiah sees the Lord—Isaiah i. The

Lord appeared of old to Jeremiah—Jeremiah xxxi. Christ was seen by the disciples and by five hundred of the people—1 Corinthians xv.

SKEP.—You have spoken of “open vision;” what am I to understand by that?

SP.—The accounts of seeing “the Lord,” or angels, or spirits, must be understood differently, according to the circumstances. In Numbers xxiv. 16 is an account of seeing the Almighty, “being in a trance, but having the eyes open.” In 1 Samuel i. it reads: “The word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision.” Open vision is alluded to elsewhere in the Bible. I understand it to mean “the discerning of spirits;” having the interior sense opened, so that one sees a spiritual form as he would see a material form. Other visions are psychological.

I will quote a few more texts, without much order, elucidating the general subject, and finish our special reference to the Old Testament.

In Exodus xxxii. “the Lord” repents. Judges iv. “the Lord” sells Israel. 1 Samuel xv. “the Lord” repents of making Saul king. Ezekiel xv. “the Lord” hath deceived the prophet. Amos iii. 7, “the Lord” reveals his secret to his prophets. It can not be that the term means God the Creator.

For the meaning of the term Angel, in almost every instance it clearly means a spirit. In Acts xii., when Peter comes, they do not believe he has come in the flesh, but say, “It is his angel.” The term is used throughout the Bible in that sense, with a few exceptions, where it means a mortal messenger.

“The still, small voice” is a beautiful expression for the voice of a spirit. In Isaiah xxix. is this: “The voice low as of one who hath a familiar spirit.” I could multiply the allusions to spirits in the Bible till you would weary to hear them; but I think you will not doubt now that the Jews of old talked with spirits.

W.

THE FUTURE OF THE BELIEVER.

NEW YORK, *March 16th*, 1854.

THE Circle of Progress met at Mr. Sweet's. All present. Mrs. S. was influenced, and said :

All subduing and beautifying are the influences thrown around us by our intercourse with those who have outlived all the impurities and vanities of earth. Without the connecting link which binds the spheres together by a spiritual affinity, man could not, without infinite labor, rise much higher in the scale of existence than the animal. His spiritual nature, not being called forth nor acted upon, and his grosser faculties having the ascendancy in all things, the germ of his immortal being would become buried in the earthly rubbish which surrounds it, and it would, indeed, be faint and puny in its first flight from its prison-house of clay. Without the divine breathings which are daily shedding their light down upon the infantile weakness of the soul, and inciting in it hopes and longings for a future glorious existence, how little would it regard its own immortality !

Many of those who daily hold intercourse with beings who have passed from among us, and who in their love and affection call us brothers and friends, when changed from the earthly to the spiritual world, will tread its courts with familiar steps, will inhale its balmy breezes, and scent the fragrance of its flowers as though it were the home in which they had ever existed. The life spent here would seem like a dim, disagreeable dream, a troubled remembrance which soon becomes dimmed by the dazzling distinctness of the unclouded light, which shows all things fair and pleasant. Such souls have only been staying here in anticipation of reaping the reward of their good works. Such only live here to do their Father's pleasure, that they may hereafter bask in the light of his countenance. To them the earth is naught but earth. It contains nothing so precious as the immortal souls who move upon its surface. It is but a stage whereon souls undergo the transformation necessary for their further and higher elevation in the scale of eternal progress. And those who have quaffed the goblet of heavenly nectar

while tarrying here upon the borders of earth-land, are blessed, for they have shaken hands and communed with angels, their brothers, who have drawn near unto them and filled their souls with the music which comes on the wings of the morning from the far-off city of God. Man need no longer sit in darkness nor uncertainty because of his future. He need not bow his head with grief, nor dissolve his heart in tears, because of the awful punishment which awaits those who step aside from the path of rectitude. The Deity now shines forth in all his beautiful attributes of love and mercy; and the intelligent soul that seeks for light and wisdom from on High will, ere long, be convinced of the loving-kindness and forbearance which He has ever exercised toward the most ignorant and guilty of his children. They are not now met by stories of a frowning and angry God—one who will take pleasure in pouring out the vials of his wrath, and executing judgment upon the defenseless heads of the children whom he has created. But they now see and know that their Father is just, and careth for all and every one of his creatures; and to those who will receive them shall be given angel-guides, invisible but ever near and watchful, to guide them aright. Now, children, wanderers upon the face of the earth, draw nigh with your hearts, and let your aspirations ascend, so that you may be comforted with the consolation which cometh from the great Fount of all comfort, of all joy. And they who need a physician shall be made whole.



BRIGHT and beautiful gems of thought are often wrapped up in the covering of materiality which mankind have thrown about them. Their beauty is thus clouded or concealed, but it is not lost. It still lives, and it will yet shine upon the world.

The soul struggles with a deep and mighty thought. It seems to find no compass within large enough to contain the great truth which is swelling and almost bursting its tenement for utterance. But it will not burst; it will not die. It has had its birth from the innermost recesses of the soul, and it has gone up to meet and mingle with other developed truths which have been given from time to time to man. It has expanded his soul by its beauty, and it leaves a bright, green spot whereon the angels love to gaze. It is but making ready the inner chamber of his soul, and beautifying it for the reception of greater truths and higher wisdom from the interior courts above.

THE SECOND BIRTH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14, 1853.

THE Circle of Progress met at Dr. Dexter's. Present, all but Judge Edmonds.

Mrs. Sweet was influenced, and spoke as follows, the communication purporting to be from Swedenborg:

The human soul, when first awakened from the slumber of its material nature to a consciousness of its spiritual being, presents a strange medley of conflicts and changes in its transition state. Where the material consciousness of the individual has so long retained the ascendancy, it has become vested with a strong authority, as it were, and a mighty struggle oftentimes ensues between the two opposites; and when the spiritual germ of our nature first begins to develop itself, it is so mingled and interwoven with our material being that we are at a loss to distinguish the difference between the principles which sway us, and often stand trembling almost (feeling so uncertain, as though we stood upon the edge of a precipice), not knowing into what depths of insecurity our plunge may lead. But gradually in some, and more rapidly in others, the spiritual nature assumes its empire, and we then see things as we never saw them before.

There is a new and strong principle takes root and grows up within the soul, constantly strengthening and sustaining the feeble and fluttering efforts which the spirit is making to burst from out the bondage in which it has been held for so great a length of time. And when the soul becomes able to rise so far beyond its accustomed position as to look abroad upon the wonders everywhere held out to view, it becomes filled with strong and beautiful emotions; and the vastness and wisdom of the Creator's works are so impressed upon that soul at times in all their magnificence and glory, that it fain would shrink within its own insignificance; that it would shrink back again to its former position. For to the freed soul its upward flights are grand and glorious, in comparison with the narrow and time-trodden road in which it before had wandered.

No wonder if a fluttering and trembling should seize upon it while learning its first lessons of joyous freedom.

The soul that has entered upon this path, has indeed undergone a mighty change—a change for the future, which has not to be repeated in the future—for this change is a passing from death unto life; it is the birth of the spirit while yet in its earthly temple; and as it expands in strength and wisdom, it has indeed passed through the bitterness of death, which is not to be experienced ever again in the form.

Oh! the spirit, after undergoing this first change from dark to light, is enabled to look beyond with a bright and peaceful hope in the blest exchange which awaits him. He but looks forward to the slumber in which he will experience a forgetfulness of the ills attendant on the body, and will awaken to behold the glorious reality of all his former dreamings and imaginings.

Man's soul, after having become thus quickened, feels a consciousness within himself of his hold upon eternal life. He feels his spirit going out into the vast regions of infinite space, and endeavors to grasp an atom of knowledge wherever he can find it. He is no longer willing to grovel on earth and taste of earthly pleasures and earthly hopes, and to be led by the teachings of those whose inspirations have become dim in the awakening glory of this new era. But his soul pants for something more, something higher, something better, more heartfelt, more tangible than he has yet become acquainted with; and he is now ever yearning, ever soaring upward, for there has been established an affinity between the soul of this individual and the Principle from which he emanated. The connection between the life-giving principle and the germ has become more apparent; and now he is ever drawn upward in his aspirations after truth and purity; and as that soul becomes identified with his spirit-affinities, the material loses much of its authority to act upon its spirit-being. He now regards it as a covering for material use, to be thrown aside when no longer needed to contain his spirit when on its earthly mission; and truth, virtue, and love become a daily inspiration of his soul. His spirit becomes so saturated and bathed in the light of wisdom, that he indeed feels the immortal part of his nature has become so quickened and vitalized, that he but needs to look within to find an answer to his innermost cravings after the knowledge which places him upon a firm and imperishable basis as regards his eternal and ultimate destiny. The external elements may be in confusion and disension, and the surface of all other circumstances may become ruffled and chaotic in their dark dismay, but the soul that has thus been able to take

hold upon his high prerogative and claim his inheritance, by building it up and beautifying it while here for his future residence, may indeed look away and beyond the scenes of earth, and feel that while he has lived upon its surface as an obedient servant to his better intuitions, inasmuch as he could plainly perceive them, is like the bird on the wing, who, when the first note of welcome from his mate salutes his ear, is ever ready to soar away and meet with joy his waiting companion ; for there is a beautiful reunion which takes place between the freed spirit of man and his affinities, who have long guided his footsteps on earth, and whom he now may behold face to face, and with them travel onward to behold the eternal mysteries of the glorious unfolding of the wisdom of God.



THE PRAYER OF SOUL.

WRITTEN FROM IMPRESSION BY THE SPIRIT OF MRS. HEMANS

MRS. H. A. ADAMS, MEDIUM.

I.

DIVINE PROTECTOR ! let my prayer
Be wafted on the morning air,
Bright as the bird that soars on high,
Light as the breeze which fans the sky,
Swift as the light'ning through the air,
Let all invoke the morning prayer.

II.

All nature flows in rapturous lay,
Life beams in one eternal ray ;
One anthem swells the choir on high,
No cadence of the peal shall die,
But, floating on the breeze of love,
The silent offering soars above.

III.

The prayer of soul—the soul of prayer,
How unrestrained upon the air,
As perfume from the beauteous flower
Is breathed in sweetness more than power,
So let our incense fill the air
With deep humility and prayer.

THE DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

MRS. ABBY T. HALL, MEDIUM.

PROFOUNDLY sublime and awfully glorious is the awakening to spiritual life, beyond the slumber of death. Saw you ever the first glowing beam of the morning? Faintly it commences, but soon a full blaze of light and beauty covers the whole scene. The birds sing in the new joy of another day. All animated nature raises a hymn of praise to Him who gives to night its dominion and to morning its glory. So shall the soul of the good man rejoice as it slowly awakens from the night of death. One by one its powers of perception and realization are aroused; one ray after another is reflected to it, and soon the full measure of spiritual life is unfolded, and the glad freedom from earth's trammels is felt.

The first emotions are of devout gratitude and homage; reverently we bow ourselves down, and, in a posture of deep humiliation, exclaim, Lord, is it I? Then the sweet music of heavenly praise meets the ear, and the welcome of kindred spirits fills the soul with joy. The beauties of our new home open to us and captivate us with their ever-varying scene of splendid magnificence, while breathing through all and pervading all is the sweet peace of contentment and the holy joy of satisfaction. Around us on every side are the impressions of our heavenly Father's presence, not vague and indistinct, but living and active, every thought an expression of his goodness, every sensation a tribute of gratitude, each sound harmonious with this breathing music, and every rejoicing spirit dressed in the garb of love, beaming with the glad promise of progressing and progressive life.

Are we indeed one of this glorious company of angels to do His will and share his bounty? Is there no awakening from this bliss? As on earth, we have found all things fleeting and transitory, we fear the result. Is there no illusive spell thrown around us which will be withdrawn? We fear the permanency and the reality of our new-born existence. Is this great chart of redemption revealed to us by resting in the embrace of death? If so, proclaim him the restorer, the regenerator, the friend of man; take from him the scepter of terror, and place fresh flowers upon

his bier. Dress not the heart in sadness that another is added to the glorious company beyond the grave, but rather rejoice that one more freed, happy spirit walks the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

We are now indeed clothed upon with immortality ; the pure affections of the heart find full employment ; all that is of God is raised to participate with him the joys of this advanced perfection, this state of beatitude and bliss. When the great sheet of his love shall encircle all in its embrace, then will the folds be full with the lambs of his flock, and no straying ones be heard, saying, Show us the way, the truth, and the light, for all shall rejoice in his care and protection.

You have asked a description of my feelings as I awoke to spiritual consciousness, but they can not be portrayed. You can not comprehend the glories around me, for I need language adequate to describe them, or the glowing pencil of seraphic touch to draw them for you. I can only give you a faint gleam of heavenly light and love ; but O, there is fullness of joy that for you they bloom also.

I am only admitted a short time before my loved ones to this happy realm. I see here the resting-place, the reunion of broken circles ; they show forth the joy yet in reserve for us also. Then patient wait His appointment, who sees the end from the beginning, and fitly joins them in his pleasure, making our greatest trials the truest ministers of his love.

Your loving friend,

BENJAMIN THOMPSON.

Nov. 1852.



THE CROSS AT SUNSET.

High culminating on a spire,
The cross at sunset shone ;
Sublime it blazed in golden fire
Upon its holy throne.

So in the spirit's sunset hour
Gloweth faith with golden light ;
The Christian's hope—religion's power—
Are then divinely bright.

W.

SECTS IN SPIRITUALISM.

It has been often alleged by the opponents of Spiritualism, that it would split into sects and be torn by internecine quarrels. We propose to examine this question briefly, and also the question of the good or evil tendency of such dissension.

It is a mooted point among controversialists, whether or not the cause of Christianity has been injured by the many divisions of its adherents; whether or not even Mohammedanism has been detrimental to the progress of truth, and whether or not all the heterogeneous faiths of the civilized world have retarded the advent of the great millennium of universal brotherhood.

As a general rule, no large body of men can be made to agree fully on the minor points of a faith. There must be as many opinions, considered in all their details, as there are minds to entertain them. Upon axioms of exact science men may be made to accord fully—they being never matters of feeling, the reason is brought to bear upon their examination unbiassed. It is quite otherwise with a question of faith in a special theology, in taste applied to art, or in opinion applied to politics. In these, different minds must think differently, and feelings must vary. Every argument, every fact, must make a different impression upon each different organization; hence no one is accountable for that belief which is always a matter of necessity. Every man's taste will be the result of his education and experience, combined with his organization; and thus there must be infinite diversity among men. Still more likely is there to be difference in political opinions, since another important element enters into the question—the love or hate of a man, combined with his taste, interest, or benevolence.

In the question of divisions, as applied to matters of taste and politics, few will assert that a bad effect is produced by them. We can, it is true, imagine so pure a taste that it would be best for all the world to agree in it, and yet even then something would be lost in diversity and contrast. We can also imagine, each one for himself, a kind of politics in which it would be well for all the world to agree. Whether or not this perfect accord would as easily develop the intellects of men, unfold

new truths, rouse to action, stimulate enterprise, and aid universal progress, is a serious question. As it is, the controversies of politics, like the storms upon the ocean, prevent the great sea of mankind from stagnating. They have other uses. Opposing parties watch each other with jealousy and with fear. They are ready at any moment to proclaim upon the house-top a contemplated wrong of the community by their opponents, a mischievous policy, or a usurpation of power. As the ruler must always be better informed upon the immediate affairs of the state than the people, were there none to watch their actions and sound the alarm, they could take advantage of the circumstances to enslave the state or oppress the inhabitants. Certainly it is best that there should be schisms in politics and differences in matters of taste.

On the collateral subject of sects in religion, and their good or bad tendency, there will be less harmony of opinion. We assume, that there are races of men on the earth at this time who have not the mental capacity to understand a pure and high-toned religion—races who are so little removed from the brute creation, that *spirituality* could not be comprehended by them, except as embodied in the idea of a Fetish, and to whom even the idea of a God must be connected with a graven image, or it could not be entertained at all. The spiritual and pure religion appropriate to the most cultivated portion of mankind would be unsuited to them, and of necessity they must worship God, if they worship Him at all, under a different form of faith; for a primitive people require a primitive religion. The aborigines of North America, from their peculiar organization, evidently require a very simple faith. A complicated system of theology they could not comprehend, and it would be useless to them. Could the tribes of Esquimaux, Kamschatdales, Kanakas of South America, Fegees, Bushmen of Australia, or the caudated nomads of Central Africa comprehend the ethics and the theology taught to their enlightened auditories by Mr. Chapin and Mr. Beecher? It may be doubted if any of our modern systems of religion could be instilled into the minds of those races, even if they were taken in infancy and carefully educated. As they are different from us in organization, so they require a different faith and a different mode of worship.

It may be alleged that truth is appropriate to all, but this could not be. That truth can not be appropriate to the mind, which can not be comprehended by it. Truths have a certain indeterminate or relative character. God alone is absolute in all qualities; all other things are relative. All the truths known to man are, strictly speaking, only approximates to the truth which is in God. That which would be a truth to a cultivated

European, could not be such to a native of Borneo or Owyhee. Undoubtedly it will be the same in the next state of existence. The life of the savage will be as much apart from civilization there as here; and different races will be as much separated. The time may never come when the beings of God's creation will agree upon abstract truths. Perhaps it is not desirable that they should do so. It may be seriously doubted if God, in his infinite wisdom, has intended ever to unite the diverse races of men of this earth, and the races equally diverse of countless millions of earths, in one brotherhood. It may, perhaps, be intended that ultimately every race shall in itself form a brotherhood, and be united in love. That seems a reasonable hypothesis, but it can be nothing more. Mankind can never know these things, for they have no means of acquiring the information. Spirits can not tell them, for they do not know. Mysteries will be piled upon mysteries forever. Instead of the denizens of the universe of God uniting in one faith at some distant period in eternity, it is more probable that they will forever diverge, separating as widely from their starting-point as the rays of light fleeing from the sun.

Perhaps it would be admissible to assert that there are *many kinds of truths* appropriate to the many kinds of organizations, and that there is, practically, no such thing as pure truth (except its embodiment in God), but that it is entirely a thing of degree. If all truths, and all kinds of truth, can not apply to the same mind, neither can the same religion. With regard to the *sects* among Christians in general, and especially among Spiritualists, the case is a little different. They are not of widely-differing races, nor very diverse mental organizations. They could receive truths of a near affinity, though not identical. Possibly within a few hundred years the worshipers of Mohammed may unite cordially with the disciples of the Romish Christian Church in Europe, and yet it is to be doubted. The sensual Mussulmans require a tangible sensuality in their future heaven; and a radical change must take place in their habits of life before a pure and spiritual religion would suit them.

With the Protestant associations in the great church of Christ, there are almost as bitter animosities as there are between Papists and Presbyterians. Assuredly the orthodox church of New England would as soon unite in harmony with Romanists as with Unitarians. Perhaps it would be well if all those who take the New Testament for their guide of faith, would unite like a band of brothers; perhaps it would not. If all the Christian world were united under one organization, how long would it be before a schism would occur? If it remained united, how long would it be before corrupt men would seek and obtain power in it,

and turn it into an engine of harm, as religion was turned in the time of the Crusades? Experience has found it safest for people to govern themselves. The larger the empire, the less possible does this become. That direct representation which a town would have, selecting its delegates from the body of the people, ceases to exist in a centralized government, where a small number of elected officers speak for many millions of people, and very rarely represent them truly. When men govern themselves, they are generally well-governed. They respect the authority, for they admit its legitimacy. When others, and unknown persons, govern them, there will forever be discontent. No man can easily adopt the will of another in place of his own.

To govern a church, it requires the same policy as to govern a state. The nearer the connection between the governing and the governed, the better is the harmony, provided the members are of those who think and feel like individuals. They may be a slavish herd, and follow the beck of a master, but they do not, in that case, constitute an association. It is a despotism.

The question will soon rise before the world, for the first time, upon the sects in Spiritualism. It will be questioned whether the inevitable divisions among its adherents will do good or harm. As it is destined to spread over the face of the globe and become a great religion, numbering its millions in every clime, and embracing diverse races of men, it is a moral impossibility that it can be united under one standard. The great truth of spirit-communication, in its protean shapes, will be the basis of all. But upon that broad platform will rise a thousand sects, or kinds of association, differing in small matters, but agreeing in all things which are really important. These may be more harmonious, one with another, than are now the Christian sects of the world, and probably will, for their faith is more practical and more pure. As truth is developed, and men become enlightened, the sharp points of sectarianism will wear away, and eventually all will be harmony, whatever the differences of opinion.

In the abstract, it would seem to be very desirable that perfect harmony should at once be established among Spiritualists. But the case admits of a reasonable doubt. There are vast truths, and in infinite numbers, to be developed. A perfect calm and harmonious brotherhood among the believers, however conducive to immediate happiness, would not bring forth the great truths for which the world is waiting. The Spiritualists would sleep, and the great ocean of truth would stagnate. But in the infinite number of discussions to arise out of little differences

of opinion, thoughts of great beauty and truths of mighty import will spring.

It is not all who move upon the sea of life, that sound its depths in search of the pearls of truth. Almost all skim along the surface, some riding upon the crest of the wave, and others engulfed beneath it; many spreading sail to catch every favoring breeze of fortune, many lying supine upon the water and floating toward eternity, and many wrecked and in despair, waiting for the last wave, which shall dash them upon the shore. Few ever cast their lines deep into the water, still fewer dive for the treasures which lie below. Many would not gather the pearls of knowledge and beauty if they were floating upon the surface, yet amid the myriads of millions there is a handful who are ever ready to plunge fearlessly into the dark mysteries, and battle with the monsters of the deep for the treasures which they guard. But the time passes on, the world rolls upon its axis, and at each turn presents a new phase to the view of the sun. The world, too, develops like a budding-flower. Its full bloom will come, and the fruit will follow in due season. The face of truth must change, even as the face of the earth changes. Where men are now sounding in mid ocean, and vainly striving to reach the bed, in the course of time it will rise above the waters, and stand out a fair continent in the light of the sun, and then a little child shall better see the sublime truths born of eternal progress, than do now the far-seeking and untiring philosophers.

Certainly truth will prevail, and the sooner for the conflict of discussion. If, then, it shall be the destiny of Spiritualism to separate into sects, and not immediately unite in a harmonious brotherhood, we may reflect that good will grow out of all that seems evil; and whether united or divided, its destiny is to bless and beautify the world.

W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE :

Gentlemen—Since I wrote a few days ago, I have read your editorial, and find the information desired, in reference to being placed in communion with spirits, somewhat set forth, but not in sufficient detail to satisfy me. In your instructions, page 49, you say, "They may sit at a table or not. Without a table, how are we to know the presence of spirits? Above all things (as I wrote before), I want to be convinced of the truth of your doctrine. If there is a God and providence, why don't the spirits talk with all, or through all? or why are not all men mediums? God has power, and why not at once (if he desires the happiness of his creatures) place the thing beyond dispute? I like the spirit of your article, the "Evils of Authority." It shadows forth a state of human existence of which I have been dreaming all my life. But to disenthral man from the oppressions of authority, you will first have to destroy or conquer the great demon of selfishness. You seem to cherish the idea that the spirits of our kindred still love us more than they do others. I have long been convinced that we have no right to love our relatives more than we do strangers. There is nothing but selfishness in this. It is instinct in all animals to cherish and protect their young, but for reasonable creatures to carry this principle further, is nothing more than the very worst selfishness. Why should I furnish my children with a superabundance of food and clothing, while my poor neighbors are starving? It is not natural; it is selfish. I have not the shadow of a doubt but that it is my duty to love, to feed, to care for, in every respect, your children, as I do for my own. Suppose at the birth of one of my children the midwife had stolen it away and substituted one of yours, being born at the same time, would natural love cause me to kick my own child out of doors and hug yours to my heart? There are many other subjects in this connection that I have thought much about. The interest on money, speculations of trade, the manufacture of a thousand foolish articles wholly valueless, and a general system of false education in and out of school.

Respectfully, O. EASTLAND.

CARROLLTON, June 13, 1854.

BE KIND TO HUMAN FRAILTY.

Be kind to human frailty,
Be patient and forgive;
If God should punish sin with death,
Who of us all could live?
Be kind to human error,
Even to sins be blind;
It is not ours to judge of men—
Remember, God is kind.

Be kind to all, whatever
Their crimes or errors be;
Love will lead man from sin and shame
To prayer upon his knee.
Anger and hate will bind him
Down in the chains of sin;
Never till love points out the course,
Will he the way begin.

Be kind to human error;
'Tis not for all to know
The truths that on the gospel wait,
Or be redeemed below.
But future worlds shall open
To them the Book of Life,
That here on earth as on they toiled
Was closed or veiled with strife.

Light will flow in upon them,
Light in the spirit-world;
And the banner of salvation then
Be to their eyes unfurled.
For here ends not probation,
When life's steep path we've trod;
There's time for every sinning soul
To come and worship God.

Then as the Lord is loving
To all on earth that live,
And will forgive the greatest sins,
So let us, too, forgive.
We all shall need forgiveness
At the judgment-seat above;
Then let us meet man's faults and sins
With kindness and with love.

ON THE LOCATION OF THE SPIRIT-WORLDS, ETC.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE :

Respected Brothers—I have been a medium for spiritual communications for the last five years, but at first received them in answer to prayer, and supposed they came directly from God, until, in answer to prayer, I was informed that they came from God through the agency of disembodied spirits. During the last six months I have received much instruction concerning the road of moral progression, and am preparing my communications for publication ; but in answer to the proposal concerning the location of the spirit-worlds, on the last page of the first number of the SACRED CIRCLE, I have thought proper to send you this communication, to be used by you as you may think proper.

I have received the most of my communications from my sister and my father. They tell me that the road of moral progression is from the earth upward ; that the division into spheres is only imaginary, and only recently introduced, to enable them to describe the road of progression to their earthly friends. They also tell me that spirits differ in their divisions of these spheres, and that it would be well if the inhabitants of this earth would agree on the division of them, and in accordance with the description which has been given, and that then spirits would all describe in accordance with that division. They say that spirits of the different spheres do not associate together as the children of this world do, so that it will be easier for us to make this division than it would for them. They consider the condition or place where we are born to be the first sphere, and that grade of progression which carries us through the judgment they call the fourth. They have not given me any description by which we may know the condition of the spirit-worlds, and they can not tell me the distance of either of them from the earth ; but they are well pleased with the description of them which has lately appeared in a work published by Dr. Gridly. They tell me that this is of small importance, and will not help a spirit in this world or the next one in its progression. Still, they say some spirits, who are not very far advanced, take much delight in answering all the questions that may be asked them by the inhabitants of earth, and devote much of their time to this kind of inves-

tigation, but do not advance as fast as those who think less of this and similar subjects.

They tell me that there is a descending grade, which might also be divided into descending spheres; then that sphere in which descending spirits become totally depraved, and given over to the hardness of their hearts, should be called the fourth.

I asked them if they did not think that the lower spirits would yet be brought to see light, and started on the road of progression? Father said that he did not know, but then gave me the following text: John i. 5, "And the light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehended it not." From this he gave me quite a discourse, and it would appear that he convinced himself that they would not be made to see light if they had descended far; but said that if they had not descended too far, they might, through a course of management similar to that described in Judge Edmonds' visions, be brought to see the power and majesty of God, and turn to seek for his glory.

The following will show that there are spirits which will lie under the most solemn oaths I am capable of administering. I have a young lady in my family who is an excellent medium. After she had fasted three weeks I was requested to mesmerize her, and informed that she would see and converse with the spirits. I can now mesmerize her in one or two minutes; then she sees the spirits, and describes them with the utmost accuracy in every particular of their former developments. She also converses freely with the spirits who are in the fifth and lower half of the sixth spheres. They tell her all about their friends and acquaintances, and as many test-questions as we see fit to ask. I have received many communications and some predictions from the spirits through her, and never have received one which has proved to be false; and we are never troubled with evil spirits when we sit by ourselves for communications; but when we sit for communications in the company of others we have had spirits who would lie under the most solemn oaths I was capable of putting, and claim to be the spirit called for, notwithstanding they could not tell a straight story about any thing, or spell any where near correctly. Then I have thrown the young lady into her clairvoyant state, and she would see none but a dark, black, dismal-looking spirit. It used to make her fairly shudder when she saw them. I pray for those spirits, and they leave our company. Father tells me that evil spirits will not come into our company and stay in it, unless they find sufficient evil to attract and defend them in it.

I once asked my sister if she believed there was a devil. She said

she did not know, and was not prepared to express her opinion. She further said, that spirits did not spend their time investigating sectarian questions ; they knew that the acts of love, virtue, and truth, in a word, progression, made them happy, and that it was as natural for them to labor for progression, as it was for the inhabitants of this world to labor for any thing they fully realized they were in want of. She said all would know this if they would make use of the light which shone around them.

I afterward asked my father if he believed there was a devil. He said that he did not think there was ? I then asked him, How so much evil could have come into the world, if there was no self-existing evil influence to pervert God's works and lead man into iniquity ? After some hesitation, he said that he was not prepared to answer that question, and wished to have this subject postponed for two weeks, to allow him time to reflect and inform himself before he expressed any further opinion. I then said, Taking the world as it now is, would there be sufficient evil influence in the world at large, independently of a devil, to lead men so far astray and influence them to commit so many evil deeds ? He said that he did not think there would be.

At the expiration of two weeks he referred me to his promise, without its being previously thought of by me, and then said there must be a self-existing evil influence which might be called the devil ; that if there was not, taking God and all good influence upon the one side, to operate against the evil influence of earth's inhabitants on the other, there would be one continued and straightforward road of progression, without any intermission or cessation.

Several more questions have been asked, and several more communications have been received, but they are not peculiarly instructive, and I will leave it for the reflection of others, hoping that we may hear from those who can obtain more information upon this point.

O. D. WILCOX.

EASTON, P.A., *July*, 1854.

COLLOQUY WITH A SPIRIT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE:

I have been urgently solicited to send the following communication from spirit-land to some paper devoted to the progress of Spiritualism; if you think it of sufficient importance, use it as you think best. I will here remark, that the early history of Washington had been the subject of some research among a small circle, owing to some new views held forth by a foreigner as to his real birthplace, and some thoughts elicited thereby as to the value he would put upon any additional honors or fame now awarded to his memory.

At a private sitting in Brooklyn—a lady medium, by table tipping—it was announced by a spirit of a friend that on Saturday, July 29th, at 3 o'clock "Washington desired to speak to me." At that time the same medium, etc., present, the same spirit-friend announced—"Washington is with you."

Question.—Will he communicate?

Answer.—Yes.

The alphabet was then called for, and it was spelled out immediately, without one mistake, the following:

"What are this world's treasures to immortality—or the rewards of fame to glory in paradise? Fame is indicative of the soul's aspiration to Heaven, and is the ostentatious display of the world; but immortality is the gift of God."

Q.—Will you sign your name to this?

A.—George Washington.

Q.—Have you any thing else you wish to say?

A.—Yes. For this country I wish all the peace of a good Providence, and all the improvements of science and art for its advancement in the scale of this spiritual era. I wish all to believe.

To my dear countrymen and fellow-workers in the reformation of oppressive government: finish the work I began so long ago, and be at peace with all nations.

Q.—Why is there not now such strong-minded, brilliant men in this country as in its earlier age?

A.—Because of the great diversity of talent abroad on the earth, and the general diffusion of knowledge; formerly it was more concentrated.

Then followed questions and answers about the political state of the

country which it might be unwise to put in a public journal, and advice to the writer valuable to the individual but of small importance to others.

A second sitting was appointed by the same spirit, the same persons meeting, and the following was given :

Q.—Is Washington present ?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Can I serve you in any way ?

A.—Yes, by spiritual interest and giving to the world my words.

Q.—Would not the world call me crazy or deride my communications.

A.—Do not let your love for the world debar you from spiritual life which is now open before you. I wish to communicate through you.

Q.—Have you any thing to say for your country ?

A.—I wish my countrymen to stand by each other to defend it in the hour of danger, and love it as I have done. I will be with them in all their struggles which are for good results.

The character and style of the above, so like the terse, well-weighed words of the great father of our country's happiness, make me the more willing to place them before you, although I would not willingly place my name in print ; it will be given to the editor (if required) as hostage for the truth to the letter, of the above, to say the least of them, most singular and forcible sentiments.

R.



BEAUTY.

ALL things were made in beauty. Look abroad
 Upon the mighty handiwork of God !
 Is aught unworthy of Almighty Power,
 From starry hosts to even the simplest flower ?
 Unworthy wisdom infinite is aught
 Upon the earth in all the works he wrought ?
 Oh, all the universe below, above,
 Was made in wisdom infinite and love.
 Whate'er in good is beautiful, and when
 The Almighty made this fit abode of men,
 And on it as upon a footstool stood,
 He looked upon it and pronounced it good.
 And then each flower and plant beneath his gaze
 To beauty sprang and hymned their Maker's praise.

REVIEW.

"PRACTICAL INSTRUCTIONS IN TABLE-MOVING" is the title of a work sent us from London. We have read it with attention, and have been infinitely amused. It commences by giving the history of the rise and progress of spirit-rappings and table-moving in the United States, calling the phenomena "the mysteries of the new religion;" says the Misses Fox kept the secret of the means by which they produced the noises; and calmly intimates that there is nothing spiritual in the matter. That which is amusing is, the perfect innocence with which the writer proceeds to give instructions to all the world on the subject, recognizing no such circumstance as a "*medium*" in the matter, but admitting that some persons can produce the effect better than others, because they possess a *stronger will*.

The first instructions are about vibrating a pendulum, as he calls it. Any thing being suspended by a string, and held between the thumb and finger, may be made to vibrate in any manner according to the will; and if two persons hold it, then according to the *stronger* will. This is an old device, and amounts to nothing. When the finger on which the thread hangs is held firm upon the corner of the mantle-piece, or on any other immovable object, the strongest will can not move the pendulum, at least we have never known this experiment to succeed under such circumstances. It is easy to accomplish the feat when the hand is not fixed in its position, as the *will* in question will be sure to sway it in the right direction. We have often done it, and we imagined it was the effect of will, but a more rigid investigation proved the fallacy.

The writer next takes up "turning the hat," and prescribes the mode by which it can infallibly be done. He says the hat or table operated upon *will always turn with the sun*. It is needless to expose this error, as there are few in this country who do not know that it will turn in any direction, if it turns at all.

He next takes up "table-moving." The book is illustrated by a plate representing a party of eight persons seated round a table—four ladies and four gentlemen. According to the precise instructions of this author, they connect the hands all round by touching the tips of the little

fingers, the right placed over and the left under. He says "this condition is as necessary to give out the necessary fluid as an alternate piece of zinc and of copper in a voltaic pile." He also says, with equal absurdity, that the "phenomenon is never produced if any other communication or contact exist, either among themselves or with persons who do not form the chain." He says also "the object to be moved must communicate with the earth," and hence can not be *raised* up. He says also that the rotary motion produced by a table may be turned to account as a motive power! and thinks it should be introduced into places of amusement for the gratification of children! According to this writer, if a person were placed in the center of the circle, instead of a table, he would be made to revolve by the same agency. He speaks of various accidents liable to happen, and of the effects produced on the operators. Among the latter are headaches, fits, convulsions, pain in the arm, and drowsiness.

We venture to say, that any person moderately versed in the production of physical manifestations at circles, would enjoy a hearty laugh over this innocent book. It is tinged with so pure a verdancy that it is impossible to read it soberly. The author professes to be a physician, and, like a large proportion of that fraternity, is slightly inclined to materialism. He sets aside the *spirituality* of the matter with a sneer, and takes it for granted that a new motor has been discovered.

Spiritualism never seems so well proved and established as when we see the futility of the attempts to controvert it. If a theory be assumed to explain the phenomena which we witness (denying that spirits produce them), we see at once that the hypothesis can explain but a few of the facts; that it is necessary for the skeptic to ignore the greatest and the best-proved of the phenomena. For instance, an attempt is made in this book to explain the moving of tables and other material objects. If it were admitted in the writer's premises that a table had ever been moved when no visible hand touched it, his theory would have to be entirely reconstructed—none of his arguments would apply to such a case. Again, if it were shown that a table or a hat had turned round in a direction contrary to the course of the sun, his theory fails. Again, if a table could be made to move without the fingers of the sitters overlapping each other in a particular way, his theory fails. In like manner will all theories fail (if brought to the test of examination) that do not admit of the agency of spirits. If the theory of this English author is good, then there never was a *mental* question answered by the manifestations—there never has been any intelligence manifested in the movements of

material objects, and nothing has been done except by the direct agency and contact of persons. Probably there are few Spiritualists, even children, who do not know better than the author of this work.

We present a few extracts to illustrate what we have said :

The discovery which now demands attention has, from its very origin, been connected with many singular circumstances. Made known to the world by two girls, who were probably ignorant of the importance of the phenomena, it is mixed up with the practice of a sect, and by its reality insures the success of the most absurd superstition and the most ridiculous belief; lost as it were, amid the mysterious practices of a strange religion, attributed to the presence or intervention of angels, or spirits, this discovery remained for four years the *appanage* of a few visionaries, and the exclusive privilege of fanatics.

At length the new religion leaves its cradle, crosses the sea, and finds no shelter on the old continent except in the classical land of mysticism and idealism. But while the American mysticism rises on the pinions of imagination into the worlds of marvels and superstition, that of Germany, always grounded upon reason, only wanders and loses itself in the highest spheres of the human mind; the one may be said to be the consequence of speculation, and the other the result of the exaltation of positive faculties.

Owing to these two distinctive characters, Germany alone, of all the nations of Europe, could credit the strange tales of the religious sect of America, and, at the same time, separate the true from the false, the real from the imaginary. To Germany, indeed, we owe the knowledge of the marvelous phenomenon which is the subject of this book.

How has this phenomenon been discovered? By what mysterious intuition have two American girls displayed a new horizon to the wondering public? Is it chance, that presumed agent of so many discoveries, which has brought into contact the hands of these two girls, and revealed to them a power till then unknown? Is it a tradition hid in the prairies, which has been discovered to them by some grateful negro? I know not; but the day will come when they will declare what part they claim in the discovery, and whatever may be their disclosures, their names henceforth belong to history.

In 1849, three girls—Anna Leah Fish, and Margaret and Catharine Fox, two sisters—prompted by an unknown impulse, united to form a religious sect, the want of which, since the departure of the Mormons, had been generally felt by the Americans—that strange people, always fond of novelty.

This association was not of long duration, for at the first meeting of the sectarians, which took place on the 14th of November of the same year, the two sisters, Margaret and Catharine Fox, alone appeared.

Whether Anna Leah Fish had been initiated into the mysteries of the new religion, or had been made acquainted with the practices which were to uphold and render it acceptable, I can not say. At all events, Anna Leah Fish never appeared in public with Margaret and Catharine, and they alone visited the cities of the Union.

The Misses Fox gave their co-religionists the name of *Spiritualists*, because they attributed to themselves the power of holding communion with the spirits of the dead. These spirits forewarned people of their approach by a rumbling noise, not unlike

that produced by striking on some hollow object, and also by a rotary motion of the tables around which the believers and the conjured spirits took their places.

As has been observed, the first meeting of the Spiritualists took place on the 14th of November, 1849, at the Corinthian Hall, Rochester. The precursory signs of the approach of the spirits, the rumbling noise and the motion of the tables, took place, as Margaret and Catharine had foretold.

These phenomena, especially the latter, made a deep impression on the assembly, who forthwith appointed a commission to ascertain whether any fraud had been practiced. Whether the favorable report of the commission, solely composed of men, appeared rather the result of politeness than of truth, or contained restrictions which the difference of sex commanded, a second commission, composed entirely of females, was appointed, who submitted Margaret and Catharine to a minute examination, but did not discover the existence of any mechanical agent likely to produce the phenomena alluded to. From this moment the reality of the conjured spirits was no longer doubted; and they were acknowledged as beings perfectly material, though invisible.

Thanks to these authentic trials, the sect of the Spiritualists received sanction, and in a short time the number of its adepts increased accordingly. Eight hundred of them assembled last year at a meeting, of which I shall take a sketch from the pen of my friend, Mr. William Depping, a contributor to the "*Illustration*."

"Among the measures adopted," says Mr. Depping, "we must notice a decree which authorized quarterly meetings, and the foundation of *harmonic communities, or spiritual circles*. Each of these communities, which included an equal number of votaries, was modeled after the human body: the president representing the *brain*; the vice-presidents, the *nose* and the *mouth*; the secretaries, the *eyes* and the *ears*.

"After the adoption of these measures, the orators came forward. One of the gifted ascended the pulpit, and began to read a true and authentic report of a congress of spirits at which he had assisted. Another communicated to the assembly a letter which had just been received from the spirits of Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and other celebrated Americans. 'We must abolish marriage; we must abolish families!' cried out a third, who undoubtedly wished to bring back the polygamy of the Mormons. A tall and stout Irishwoman, who in case of need might have made good her arguments with her fists, rose up to answer this curious speech, and stand up for the rights of her sex, when frightful cries were suddenly heard; a woman in the gallery gesticulating as much as if she belonged to the sect of the Quakers, screamed out: 'Oh! I feel like to shake any body or thing! Listen! and I will tell you all that I have done since I was twelve years old! * * * repent, my friends, for the time is at hand!' Thereupon one man, nodding his head by fits, began to twirl his arm round his head; another rolled on the ground; a third turned like a top; a fourth wrote fancied revelations upon a piece of paper, and so forth. One of the members, who had remained quiet and collected in the midst of this hubbub, said the nonsense ought to be put a stop to. He, although the most sensible person in the room, was thereupon turned out, and the meeting dispersed."

I shall, in another chapter, show that we ought to be more indulgent than Mr. Depping toward the persons who are under the influence of the new fluid; the coolest minds, the strongest constitutions are submitted to an action, powerful in proportion to the protraction of the experiments, and to the number of individuals who participate in them.

We must not then wonder if the cerebral excitement produced by the strangeness

of the double phenomenon, and the presence of eight hundred adepts, should have given rise to acts of folly and mad speeches. The persons under the influence of the new fluid are not more out of their senses than haschich drinkers or opium eaters.

The discovery which has induced me to write this book may be compared to photography and etherization; like the latter, it acquaints us with an unforeseen principle endowed with a new power, which, at a future period, will be better known in its extent and in its applications.

But, in the mean time, isolated experiments have been tried more with the view of *ascertaining* the phenomena than of studying them scientifically. Is it not premature to look for the cause, and to classify the laws which guide it in the organic or inorganic world?

I have shown that among the agents of the physical world, those fluids which are most similar in their effect to this new fluid, such as electricity, caloric, and terrestrial magnetism, could not be recognized as the cause of the movements performed by bodies in the peculiar circumstances.

Among the vital actions, there are some, for instance, that of the nervous system, little known, and till now imperfectly studied, obscured by numberless theories, and overloaded with all the strange facts which medical science can not account for, and which seem somehow to bear a relation to table-moving: my observation which relate to sexes, constitutions, nervous affections, leave no doubt on this subject.

But is there in the phenomenon nothing but a mere nervous action? Does not will, that forerunner of intelligence, play a more important part? and does it not distance even the reason which *directs* and the arm which *acts*?

Is then table-turning a moral phenomenon, an unqualified manifestation of the will? Certainly not! At least in the well-known conditions of the phenomena of moral life. Who ever thought of transmitting his thoughts to inorganic bodies? When man succeeds in making himself understood and obeyed by an animal whose wild instincts had not yet been mastered, he became the subject of wonder, and even admiration, like Van Amburgh and Carter; but on reflection the means employed were soon discovered. The animal, as it was argued, has wants, the non-satisfaction of which subdue its instincts and its strength; there are slavish necessities, such as hunger, etc., which soften the wildest nature, and it was again said: these men whom we now admire are only the more or less skillful imitators of our forefathers, who knew how to entice the horse from the prairies, the cat from the forests, the dog from his lair, to subdue them for their use.

But is it the same with inorganic bodies? Where are the mysterious organs which perceive the command of my will? Through what occult communication does my thought reach the table, and make it as passively submissive as the muscles of my body? "Walk!" says my mind, and the table walks. "Turn!" and it turns. Prodigious! But then, minerals! they also have organs, nervous threads, intelligence. "Turn!" says my will to a dish, and it turns. "Oscillate!" says my thought to a watch, and it oscillates. Is there then, according to some philosophers, a universal soul, diffusing its divine rays through all natural bodies, according to their organization? At all events, they may be made to perform actions neither electric, magnetic, physiological, nor psychological. They obey a force whose nature is unknown, and of which science has not yet ascertained the laws.

LOVE OF NATURE.

I LOVE the earth, the trees and flowers, the grass, the very sod,
And love to greet them in the morn fresh as they came from God.
I love the water spread below, the blue sky spread above;
The waves, the stars, the trees, and flowers, I look upon with love.

I turn from cities to the scenes where man has never trod,
From burning pavements to the moss, from streets to turf or sod.
I turn from jarring strife of men to where the wild birds sing,
Where love and harmony speak out in every living thing.

The flowers are crushed and desolate wherever men have stood;
I find them joyous on the mount amid the shady wood.
I seek them at the top where waves the old oak's gnarled limb,
That I may higher reach to heaven and nearer come to Him.

'Tis not amid the haunts of men, in cities filled with life,
Where struggling in the race each one with selfishness is rife
It is not there my spirit turns, for I would be alone
In silence such that I can hear the angels' whispered tone

The whisperings of that brighter world I ever love to hear,
And do not check the rising sigh nor stay the falling tear;
Ashamed not then to be a man, my human heart is free
To open all its inner rooms where God alone can see.

No curious eyes behold my grief; if unseen forms divine
Are there beside my wretchedness, their tears will flow with mine.
But as upon a mother's breast I fling me on the sod
Where surely mortals there are not—where surely there is God.

Thus do I seek the ancient wood, where 'mid the oaks and pines
Lingers the dim religious light where noonday never shines;
Or climb the mountain's brow to meet the morning's earliest glow,
And converse hold with angels when first they come below.

OF WHAT USE IS SPIRITUALISM?

How often is this question asked of us! How often it is said to believers, supposing it to be true that the spirits of the departed do converse with us, what good does it do?

The question is pertinent, and well deserves an answer. To give one in full would require many pages, but in detail, and from time to time, as may be convenient, we will try to give it.

Facts speak louder than words, and we will let them tell their own story.

We met a man in the course of our mission West, last winter, who for several years had been engaged quite extensively in distilling ardent spirits. He was successful and enterprising in the business. He kept some twenty men in his employment. He bought a great deal of grain, and kept large sums of money constantly in motion. He was the great man of the village in which he resided. He was rapidly becoming rich, and his little place was growing up around him, as the center and the source of its prosperity.

He became a Spiritualist, and the conviction was worked in his mind, that his business was injurious to his fellow-man, and that it was wrong for him to continue it. So he resolved to abandon it. His neighbors remonstrated against a course which would strike such a blow at the growing prosperity of their town. The bank in the vicinity, with which he had done his business, joined in the remonstrance, and offered him every facility for carrying it on. It was pointed out to him how much he would thereby depreciate the value of his other property, etc., etc.

But all in vain. His belief in the doctrines of Spiritualism told him that his business was enriching him at the expense of the moral happiness of his fellow-man; and at a loss to himself of from \$6,000 to \$8,000, he abandoned it, and sought other and more innocent channels for his capital and his enterprise.

* * * * *

In the course of the same journey we met a young man, who was the son of a deacon of one of the bluest of the orthodox churches of the

"Down East." He had been educated in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and from his early training he imbibed the doctrines, so often repeated in his presence, of foreordination and eternal damnation. He, in a measure, believed in the doctrines, or at least he knew no better; but, unhappily, he could not draw from it the same consolation that his father did; for finding in himself the constant uprising and ascendancy of propensities which warred against his religious instruction, he could only infer that whatever might be the deacon's ultimate fate, his own must be that of condemnation—that he, at least, was one of those to whom an eternity of evil was awarded. His conclusion then was—and it surely was not, under the circumstances, an unnatural one—that it was no matter what he did, he could not by his conduct alter the fixed decree of Heaven, and therefore he resolved that his life here should be as happy and as free from restraint as he could make it. His father, though not poor, was not wealthy, and was unable to supply the son with the means of personal indulgence to the extent desired by the young man. He therefore resorted to other means of raising funds, without pausing to inquire into their strict rectitude. In other words, he became a thief before he was fourteen years old. He was an adroit and dextrous one, and with great success stole his way through school and through college, until, at about the age of twenty, he became an assistant teacher in an academy near his father's residence. Here he continued his evil practices, and found a congenial spirit among the lads committed to his charge. The two in company were for a while successful thieves, but at length they were detected. They were arrested and thrown into prison, on a charge of having robbed a peddler. This young man applied to his father for aid, and he was bailed by him in the sum of five hundred dollars. As soon as he was enlarged he absconded, leaving his father responsible on his bail bond. He afterward saw in the newspapers that his companion was tried and convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary.

He, in the mean time, assumed another name, and traveled West. For over three years he visited many of the large cities of the West, and lived entirely by stealing.

His life, it is true, was exempt from toil, but it was far from being a happy one. He was not only in constant apprehension of detection, but his heart ever told him how sinful was his career. Yet why alter it? for he had been taught that nothing he could do would change or affect his future, and that the very existence of the propensities which influenced him was a certain indication that that future must be miserable. He often asked himself, if perchance it might not be that his father's doc

trines were erroneous? For awhile he sought to find out, and he visited the churches of various denominations, and listened to many preachers, but everywhere he heard the same pernicious doctrine, that his future depended not on himself, but on fate. He then thought that perhaps he erred in supposing himself one of the condemned, and that there might be hope for him. So he sought for evidence of that, and tried, as the phrase was, "to get religion." He tried amid the stern and austere professors of Calvinism—amid the excitement of camp meetings—amid the stately forms and ceremonies of Episcopacy, and even among the superstitious observances and vassalage of Romanism. But all in vain. He could not "get religion." Wearied of the life he had so long led, tormented ever by inward promptings, from which he could find no relief, and despairing of the future, he determined on suicide as his only resort. With a good education, and of at least tolerable mental capacity, he was sinking under the weight of the early errors he had been taught, and could find no refuge but in infidelity and suicide. Yet he struggled against such a conclusion, as revolting to something within him that ever whispered such could not be the destiny of man.

While thus struggling he happened, quite accidentally, to witness some spiritual manifestations through a rapping medium. He had intelligence enough to investigate, and mind enough to reason on what he witnessed. He soon saw, as thousands in like circumstances have done, ocular evidence that man does live after the life on earth. He soon learned, as all may learn who will inquire, what is the condition into which, on dying, we shall be ushered. He soon discovered how grievous had been the errors which had been instilled into his youthful mind. And to him, as it had been to many others, it was demonstrated that man is indeed a free agent, and can work out his own salvation.

He paused at once in his downward career. He determined on a thorough reformation, and when he called on me, he was earning an honest livelihood, and had for some time entirely abstained from all of his former evil practices. He had traveled nearly a hundred miles to see me, and to tell me his story. With eyes filled with tears, with a voice trembling with emotion, and with deep humility of manner, he said to me, "You see before you a confirmed thief reclaimed, an intended suicide arrested in his madness, by the much despised spirit rappings! Oh! for God's sake! go on in your good work. Pause not from fear of what man may do, for there are many—many hearts that are silently praying for blessings upon you."

* * * * *

One other instance and we have done with this topic for the present. Here we will let the man speak for himself.

—, LAPEER COUNTY, MICH., July 25, 1854.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—In the flesh I am a stranger to you, and in all probability ever shall be, but in spirit I have held sweet communion with you. Yes, blessed be God! through your teachings on Spiritualism I have been delivered from the blackness of infidelity. For twenty-five long years I sought for the pearl of great price and found it not, until my soul was entirely enveloped in the black pall of infidelity. But my deliverer has come. My heart swells with holy gratitude as I pen these lines. Yes! Blessed be God! In me there is hope and gratitude which words can not express—*eternal life!* I know you will excuse me for troubling you with these few lines. *God bless you*

Yours, with due consideration,

God speed to you.

* * * * *

And yet another letter received even while I am penning these lines, and evidently from one who is trembling in advanced life, and whose hair is "silvered o'er with age."

GREENSBORO, HENRY Co., INDIANA, 7th month the 25th, 1854.

JUDGE EDMONDS, DR. DEXTER, AND OWEN G. WARREN:

Esteemed Friends (Editors of the Sacred Circle)—Herein I send you five dollars for the benefit of poor widows, or other poor people, who are not well provided for otherwise, according to the best of your judgment. Or if you can not find such suffering humanity, you may dispose of it to promote Spiritualism where it is needed most, and will do the most good.

I send you a lock of the hair of my head as a token of my love and good-will for your circle and the spirits. You may dispose of it as you think proper.

We gave the five dollars to assist Miss Dow in her "Ragged School." Excellent woman that she is, and consistent Spiritualist, who acts rather than talks! She has left her happy home in the country and come to this city, where, without seeking pecuniary reward, she humbly and earnestly devotes her life to the education of the poor and ragged children whom she picks up in the streets of this great city of wealth and crime.

And yet what use is there in Spiritualism?

THE SELF-SATISFIED.

October 16, 1858.

At a meeting of the Circle of Progress, through Mrs. Sweet the following manifestation was made :

Friends, I would like to give you the first experience of a man in the spirit-world, who left the form satisfied with himself, satisfied with his prospects of heaven, satisfied that his life and actions had entitled him to the fairest seat in the land of gladness. He lived a smooth and pleasant life, in conformity with all the forms and ceremonies required of him by the church where he paid his weekly worship. He gave alms to the poor, assisted the needy, upheld with his means all societies which seemed to be of a goodly character. Thus he lived a pleasant and easy life, in anticipation of a pleasant and easy entrance into the heaven which his mind had dwelt upon as the incarnation of every thing beautiful and holy.

Having passed the shadowy gates of death, he supposed he should be at once taken on high, and he stood waiting for some one to accompany him there. He was approached by one whose countenance showed deep thought, high resolves, and mighty attainments. By him he was welcomed and led upward, till they came to a strange-looking country, and he asked his companion why it was that it should look so uncultivated ? It seemed to be a beautiful land, abounding in hills and dales, and with diversity of scenery ; but there was a rough look, a want of cultivation apparent. Its inhabitants seemed honest and industrious, but they bore the same rough, unfinished appearance ; and he asked why every thing was so crude ? His companion said he would soon explain it, but that was to be his home—he would become an inhabitant there. “But,” he added, “let us hasten on, I have much to show and tell you ; but when thou shalt return from our journey, thou wilt see the propriety of what I have said.”

So they continued their journey to countries smoother and more highly cultivated.

After a great length of time apparently to the stranger—for he was

made to see the distance with mortal senses—they arrived at a beautiful city. Now, indeed, thought the stranger, I have found heaven. What a glorious place it is! He was led around and through the city. What grandeur and sublimity everywhere met his eye! How perfect and uniform every thing was! Spirit-hands alone could form it. Behold, how beautiful the trees! how inviting their shade! how grateful their color! He begged to stop and lie down in that shade that he might enjoy the happiness that everywhere invited the weary traveler to repose of mind and body. But his companion led him on. And he gazed up into the sky, where clear and beautiful seemed the pure vault studded with stars shining like gems of rare brilliancy. There was such an air of repose, of heavenly calm resting on all things, he fain would have tarried to enjoy its beauty.

They arrived at a land where the broad and beautiful streams were dancing in the moonlight, and where there seemed to be sounds of music and of joy constantly wafted from their ripple. How gloriously bright was every thing there! A soft, silvery atmosphere seemed to pervade it, clothing it in a mellow and heavenly beauty, yet bright and clear as though bathed in the light of the noonday sun. Presently his ear caught the sound of soft and gentle music. How softly it fell on his senses, and lulled his passions to rest, by its purity elevating his soul to a communion with worlds yet unknown beyond the stars, to a communion with something still higher, the great Fountain of purity and light, the Center of love, that great Divinity which fills the universe!

Then he indeed began to feel as though he was an unfit inhabitant for that lovely place. He was approached by several spirits. They gazed kindly upon him, yet as if he was a stranger. They did not seem to recognize him as one of themselves, and he moved along with a lonely feeling. He noticed that all seemed intent on some purpose, or were busy in some errand of usefulness for their fellow-beings. He seemed the only idle one. He saw, also, that they were clothed in bright and flowing garments, which seemed to float around them as with a flood of light, but which did not encumber their progress, seeming to be a part of themselves, and making up the form of the spirit. How expressive were their looks, and with how many different emotions!

As the stranger passed along with his companion, he said to himself, "This is truly a more elevated heaven than ever my weak imagination could paint; it is ten thousand times more beautiful than my soul ever conceived. Yet it is no place for me. I look so coarse, so unlike every one here, that my soul shrinks within itself, nor wishes to mingle where

all seems to bear the impress of wisdom and elevation far beyond me. Can it be that I am not prepared for heaven? How sad it makes me feel! I thought there was prepared for me a mansion in the heavens. But the more I gaze about me, the more I feel my unfitness to mingle with the bright throng—to inhabit this bright land. My soul seems very small. Its coarseness appalls me, and seems to shut me out from all these vast and glorious scenes. It can not surely be that those who inhabit here ever possessed souls so narrow as mine. They must be from other planets, from other worlds, where wisdom has developed them. Their countenances are so beautiful, so highly exalted in expression—their tones are so mild, and yet soft as music, they seem to penetrate my soul like angels' voices. Their proportions are so perfect, their motions so graceful and easy! Oh! take me back! Take me away from this glorious world, with my dark, gross body, back to that rough country. I feel I belong no part or parcel with these glorious beings, whose beauty sheds light on all around. They can not mingle their beauty with my deformity. Their purity overshadows me, and mingles not with my grossness. Lead me away; I am unfit for this place. I entered it with a proud and pleased and happy heart, for I had an idea that the beauties of heaven were to be enjoyed by me. How humbled I feel! How unfit I know myself to be to tarry around these pure spirits!"

The spirit who had acted as his guide heard him in silence, and led him slowly back toward the country which was so rough and uncultivated, where, having arrived, the elder and more experienced spirit thus spake to his companion:

My son—thou hast been permitted to see thyself as thou art. Thou canst judge, without being told, how suitable to thy spiritual development would be the country and companions thou hast been introduced to. Thou canst see to what a point of development thy spirit has reached in its upward aspirations after the pure and holy truth which comes from on high. Thy life and education, if they have not led thee into many great errors, have deprived thee of many great advantages. Thy soul has been merely taught to look up, as the heathen does to the Sun, to the Great Spirit, and ask protection, mercy, and forbearance. Thy prayer has been selfish in many respects. Thou hast prayed only for good to thyself, and to those who, as thou thought, were like thyself. Thou hast gone through with forms and ceremonies in obedience to the law of man. Such puny laws never emanated from a higher Source. His laws rule the universe, are illimitable, never ending, unceasing and glorious in all their searching and working. Beginning with time, they

end but with eternity. But thy soul was taught to respect man's puerile laws, to give heed to their teachings, and thou shut out from it the bright and glorious revelation which is open to the inquiring and earnest heart of every seeker, who reaches up to seek it at its fount. Man's spirit in all ages and nations hath ever mounted up, broken away from the conventionalities of customs and laws, and has been gladdened by showers and streams of glowing light and beauty from the great Fountain itself. Canst thou not see where thou wert a sluggard, sleeping on a bed of roses—and while others were pointing thy way to heaven, thou foundest it an easy way? The good thou hast done shall be rewarded. No good thing is overlooked by the great Father, for goodness brings its own reward. Dost thou not feel how much of heaven thou hast lost by leading a sensuous material life—the life of a happy, contented Christian as you called it. The mind of man should never be contented to remain stationary, but be ever grasping for higher and nobler things, ever untiring, for thus it will be ever advancing to attain some new idea. And now, my son, I see that thou art fully awake to thy true position, and have learned a profitable lesson, and I see high and holy resolves budding forth within thee. Had thy mind been opened before, had some impulse been given thy soul, how it might have grown in wisdom!

This country is like thyself and thy companions. It possesses every attribute of beauty and usefulness, yet how rough it seems! Thou perceivest it has not been made useful. Every thing is in its first crude unpolished state. Even so is thy heart. Thy spiritual body is in just such a position. All around you have been taught the same lesson, and whether they have profited by it thou canst tell from their progress.

And now thou mayest begin to develop the spiritual part of thy nature, which is so gross as to disgust even thyself. The beautiful country shown thee is indeed a heaven to those who dwell there, because their lives, the growth and development of their spirits have raised them to that sphere, and thou likewise must labor and progress as they have done, until thou shalt attain to gifts which have become their heritage.

Think not the glories and joys of heaven are but formed to please the sensuous eye of man, to feed his appetite for ease and comfort. Think not that the life of the pure and good is spent only in praying and praising God. Oh, no! The beatified and purified spirit is one continual prayer, a never-ending adoration of the majesty of the Most High; but there are other duties and objects. The immortal soul has other work than singing and praying forever. It has a grand labor to perform, which begins with its entrance to the spirit-world, carries it from one stage of

progress and perfection to another, until it becomes pure and beautiful, and divested of all earthly grossness and passion, and approaches nearer the great Center of light and universal love.

Oh! it is a mysterious and glorious life which the immortal spirit enters on when freed from its earthly body!"

And now what grand and beautiful thoughts arose in the mind of that spirit! He exclaimed, "Oh! my life was indeed a short dream, even a dream without one pleasant vision, save a heaven of ease. But now I begin to realize I am indeed an immortal soul, one who by his own efforts must rise, learn, walk, labor, and work out his own salvation. I now feel that I have indeed an inheritance in the skies, incorruptible, which will be mine, but I must labor to attain it.

"How pleasant will seem that labor, and how thankful my spirit feels even now, that I am not obliged to mingle with the dark and unprogressed minds that annoyed me on earth! I have great duties to perform, great lessons to learn. Oh! what a field there is before me—what a land of promise, glowing with immortal light, immortal reward, and a glorious certainty of attaining what I labor for. Could I return, I would speak in tones of thunder to earth. I would bid them throw off the shackles which have so long bound them to earth as beasts of burden. I would bid them soar with me into realms of space and light, to be free and glad in their boundless liberty, and laugh with joy as little children, because of their new-found happiness.

"Oh! heaven is near, and yet far away. It is in the human heart, where light from heaven flows, but the actual heaven is far distant from this gross and darkened body of sense and matter, as far off in its majesty and purity and glory from sight, as the farthest star the eye can see—the farthest flight of imagination. Purify yourselves then, prepare to enjoy that beautiful country, and your lives shall be an unending hymn of thankfulness and joy to your Father in heaven."

THE MISCHIEFS OF FALSE TEACHING.

FROM the newspapers of the day we cut the following ‘*Confession of a Murderer.*’

[From the Malone (N. Y.) Gazette, September 23.]

A FULL CONFESSION OF JAMES MADISON BICKFORD,

Executed at Malone, on the 22d day of September, 1854, for the murder of John B. Secor, in the town of Franklin, June 6th, 1853.

“It having pleased Almighty God, in his justice, to bring me under the sentence of the law, for the murder of John B. Secor, and being about to suffer death in such a manner that others, warned by my example, may be more afraid to offend, I desire, as I hope to obtain God’s forgiveness of all my sins, now to make free confession of the particular offense for which I am condemned.

For the most part, I have resided from childhood in my father’s family, and have lived in as much purity as is common to boys of my condition and circumstances. That I have fallen into many youthful indiscretions it would be useless and sinful for me to deny; but in one instance only, as far as I can now recollect, have I ever been guilty of vicious or criminal conduct till I fell into the fatal error which has brought me under the solemn sentence of the law—the particulars of which I will now relate with as much precision as my memory will permit.

On Sunday, the 5th of June, 1853, I attended public worship in the forenoon at the school-house at Thomasville, otherwise known as Dickinson Center. When the meeting had closed I remained a short time in the entry, and had some conversation with the young people of my acquaintance. On leaving the house, I discovered two men riding past with three horses each, very much in the manner related by several of the witnesses on my trial. This was the first time I ever saw these persons, or of my having any knowledge of their being in the neighborhood or the country.

And now, and not before, I formed my plan to waylay and rob them of what money they might have upon them. I went home and remained about three-quarters of an hour. I then returned to the school-house to attend the second service, and continued there till the service had nearly ended. When I left, I went in search of my father’s horses. Having found them, I engaged my brother Benton to accompany me a short distance in the direction of the fishing-ground east of our house, where he supposed I was going, as had been previously settled upon.”

[Then after a dry, cold, unfeeling detail of the circumstances, the confession proceeds:]

“I have thus given a true history of this deliberately planned murder of a man who never injured me, and of whom I had no personal knowledge, together with a de-

sign of perpetrating a second murder. In God's justice, I have been convicted, and am now to suffer the penalty affixed by the law upon those who are guilty of this high offense.

I acknowledge my sin against God, and sincerely wish I could restore to the father and family the son and brother of whom I have so wantonly and wickedly deprived them. As I desire the forgiveness of Almighty God for this sin against Him, so do I most earnestly pray that his fatherly goodness will ever be over those whom also I have so grievously injured.

As I am soon to pass into an endless and unchangeable state, and my future happiness or misery will depend upon the few moments which are left me, I hereby acknowledge this statement as a full and true confession of the dreadful crime for which I am to suffer.

I further desire to confess to the Father of Mercies the sins of my whole life; and also to give all the satisfaction in my power to every one whom I have in any wise wronged or injured, that I may not fail to find mercy at our heavenly Father's hand, for Christ's sake, and not be condemned in the dreadful day of judgment."

Signed this 18th day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four.

J. M. BICKFORD.

This sad tale gives rise to many melancholy reflections.

The crime was meditated on Sunday, and just after attending divine service. After it had been concluded upon, the church was again attended, and the young man proceeded immediately from the church service, to which his education had accustomed him, to the perpetration of his crime. Smarting as we are under the injustice that is constantly being done to the faith of Spiritualism, by the secular press of the day, will it be unnatural or unkind for us to pause a moment to ask what would have been the hue and cry against us, if a man had thus proceeded directly from a Spiritual meeting or a circle to the commission of a crime? Already are all who are of our faith held responsible for the vagaries of the fools or fanatics who may be found among us, as well as in all other societies. Already are we charged with the errors and impurities even of those who, not being of us, yet take advantage of our freedom of discussion to pilfer an opportunity of giving utterance to notions as revolting to us as they can be to any, as repugnant to Spiritualism as they are to any doctrine known among men. And had this unhappy convict gone to the commission of his sin direct from one of our meetings, even though he had attended there only to rob, to sneer, or to condemn, it would have been long before we should have heard from the "respectable press" of the day, the last of the imputation that such were the legitimate tendencies of our doctrine. And more especially should we have been edified with the holy horror of the religious periodicals who would have been shocked at the awful influence of a faith which nevertheless teaches, as

its most important tenet, that the injunction to "Love one another" is a matter of practice, and not profession only.

But let this pass as one of those manifestations of Christian charity to which orthodoxy has ever subjected a fearless search after truth, and turn we to another and more important consideration.

We have *italicized* the passage in the extract which most struck our attention, and to which we call that of the reader. "AS I AM SOON TO PASS INTO AN ENDLESS AND UNCHANGEABLE STATE, AND MY FUTURE HAPPINESS OR MISERY WILL DEPEND ON THE FEW MOMENTS WHICH ARE LEFT ME!"

Such is the language put into the mouth of this unhappy man, when just about entering upon eternity—such the sentiments with which his mind was stored as it was about entering on, to it, an unknown and untried being! Whence were they derived? From the preaching which he had that day been once and again listening to? From the early lessons instilled by erring teachers into his infant mind? From the prevailing belief of the community amid which he had been educated, and whose decorous observances he was so careful to practice?

Whatever the source, one thing is plain, that when meditating his crime in the church, when proceeding from the church to perpetrate it, and when standing on the gallows, just about entering upon eternity, he was fully imbued with the doctrine—which, with many, to doubt is heresy—that it was not necessary for him to work out his own salvation, but that if he would confess and say, even at the last moment, that he repented, he had no more to do, but that his sin would be atoned for by another, and that through the merits of that other, and not his own, all would yet be well with him.

Alas! for an error so disastrous to this unhappy wretch! Alas! for those who teach a doctrine so pernicious! And thrice unhappy they who hug it to their besoms as an incentive to a life of vice, in the hope that one solitary moment, amid a long career of sinfulness, may be found in which they can say, "I repent!"

Ushered into an "unchangeable state?" Where, either in nature or in revelation, can any support for such a doctrine be found? In man and in matter—in the vegetable and the animal kingdoms, we ever see all things moving continually onward. In all of creation, from the merest particle of inanimate matter to the soul of man—its ultimatum—we see above all things progression stamped everywhere. We never see aught of man, from the cradle to the grave, but what indicates the presence of this law. And why then teach a doctrine so disastrous in its conse-

quences, so totally at war with every thing we see around us? Why teach it? Let us not venture to say, lest we might harshly misjudge our erring fellow. Let it content us to lament the prevalence of the error, and seek to remove it. Let us be earnest in our efforts to teach man the truth, that he must work out his own salvation: that this life is but a preparation for the next, and the next but a continuance of this; that he enters the next with all the propensities and misdirections which he may have imbibed here; that his destiny is, from the womb to eternity, ever to progress toward perfection, and that as he advances or retards that progression in this, his primary existence, so must his existence in the spirit-world, for long, long time, be either happy or miserable.

When this mighty truth shall have overcome the error and prejudice which now envelop man with their dark pall, and shall have taken its abiding-place deep in the human heart, we shall witness no such unhappy exhibition of crime meditated in the sanctuary of God, perpetrated on its very threshold, and flying to his presence steeped in ignorance and blasphemy of His high and holy attributes.

Let us not despair. The truth is already marching over the land with giant strides—sometimes covertly, sometimes openly, yet still moving on—and occasionally speaks even from high places. One instance is now before us. He who has lately been chosen Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island, only two years ago preached and published a sermon worthy his high calling and his spiritual nature, acceptable to the most earnest believer in spirit-intercourse, and now shown to be agreeable to the modern faith of his church. We extract from it, in grateful contrast with the terrible dogmas instilled by orthodoxy into the murderers heart:

“I have now closed my argument, and would be glad, if time allowed, to pass to the survey of another most interesting question—What are the conditions of our future existence? But as it is, I can only allude to one or two general points, and then leave the subject to your individual reflections.

1. In the first place, provision will undoubtedly be made hereafter for the culture and the exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties of our nature. Heaven will not be a monotony. All which belongs to our nature, that is not sensual and sinful, will there find free scope for its development. Nothing, then, which we here learn, is lost. No elevated taste is cultivated in vain. No healthy affection withers under the touch of death. There are strains of melody, and sights of beauty, and holy friendships in the spiritual world. Every thing which God has made on earth, and which man has left untouched by sin, is only a symbol of something grander and more resplendent in reserve for the holy hereafter. What music will be heard in heaven! What prospects will charm the eye! What thoughts will be uttered there! What emotions will be enkindled there! What variety of employments, and yet nothing

servile, nothing selfish ! How is it, then, that we shrink from the future ? Why does eternity come before us as a cold, blank void ? a sea without a shore, moaning and groaning under a starless sky, where the soul floats like a helmless wreck, solitary and despairing ? Because there is a stain of corruption on the soul which needs to be washed out ; because the sense of sin makes us afraid.

2. In the second place, we observe that to the righteous the future will be a constant and unending progress. The law of this progress may be essentially the same as it is now, only it will operate under greatly improved conditions. We shall never reach a point where we shall stop and make no further advance ; for then there would lie before us an eternity without occupation. All mortal creatures are capable only of a limited improvement, because theirs is a limited existence ; man must advance forever, because he lives forever. The time will no doubt come when we shall look back upon all that we have acquired and done in this world as we now regard the experiences of our earliest infancy, and we shall wonder that we then thought ourselves so wise.

3. And finally, our future destiny will be in precise accordance to our deserts and characters : we shall reap what we have sown. We shall begin our life hereafter as we close it here. There is no such thing as separating the man from his character, and there is no such thing as separating the character from the destiny.

What a tremendous appeal therefore sounds from the other world, to those who are living in sin and alienated from their God !"

Doctrines like these, which are Spiritual from top to bottom, and differ *in toto coelo* from the crude and pernicious dogmas of orthodoxy, now receive, by the election of Dr. Clark to the Bishopric of Rhode Island, the sanction of one of the prevailing religious denominations of the country.

It matters not a straw whether the promulgator of them takes open rank with us or not. Perhaps they may be more effective for coming forth in so respectable a form, instead of the offensive garb of our despised faith. It is enough for us that they are proclaimed from the pulpit, for they are of His mighty truths, and are so consonant to the human understanding, that come from what source they may, they can not fail to perform their proper office of regenerating man and purifying his heart.

WASSAIL BOWL.

BY JOHN N. MAFFIT. THROUGH MR. HOYT.

He sat him down in the calm, still night,
That man so lone and drear;
The fire-flies flitted by in his sight,
And a voice seemed whispering near:
Though brighter glowed the fire-flies' lamp,
That voice awaked his fear.

It told of friends in the greenwood shade,
Of the winding-sheet and bier,
Of the pleasant things that his little ones said,
Who now were sleeping there.
And the fire-flies flitted by in his sight
While he breathed a sorrowing prayer.

Then surged his mind like the tempest's howl,
His thoughts so lone and drear,
And he flew away to his wassail bowl
To drown his deep despair.
And the fire-flies flitted still in his sight
To drive away his care.

"Oh! wassail bowl!" I heard him say,
"My lips shall press thy brim,
For thou canst drive these cares away
That cause my brain to swim."
Though the fire-flies flitted still in his sight,
The light of his soul grew dim.

Then a specter rose from out his cup—
The man so lone and drear;
It raised its bony fingers up,
While shook each limb with fear,
And the fire-flies flitted still in his sight,
In vain his heart to cheer.

"Oh! list thee, man," the specter said,
"Peace dwells not in the bowl,
'Tis a burning lake whose fires are fed
To charm and drown the soul."
And still the fire-flies mocked his sight
To the distant thunder's roll.

SPIRITUALISM.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. DEXTER.

VOLUME II.

THE manuscript of this work is now in the printer's hand, and the volume will be on the shelves of the publishers, ready for delivery, by the first of November.

It will be about the same size, and at the same price, as the first volume. The character of its contents, however, will be somewhat different. This volume will not be as desultory as the former. It is confined chiefly to two topics—Progression, and the actual life in the Spirit-world—the former as didactic teaching from Lord Bacon, through Dr. Dexter, and the latter as revelations through Judge Edmonds, and other mediums associated with that circle. The latter constitute the bulk of the volume. We give below some extracts from one of the sections, from which our readers can form some opinion of the character of the work.—*Spiritual Telegraph*.

SECTION XX.

Sunday, Oct. 2, 1853.

The circle met at Dr. Dexter's. All present.

It was written :

You will observe the influence of the spirits on other members of the circle than the Doctor, as it will be impossible to influence him much to-night, as he is really sick. But what I have to say through him will be said now, for I find it very difficult to write.

Some time ago you were reminded that a careful examination of your hearts was one of the real tests of your progress toward purity and truth. To-night it is proper, after all that some of the circle have seen and witnessed, that this examination should be made ; and of others, too, the question should be asked, Have all the intentions of life been true ? Have we desired to conform to the principles that we acknowledge as our guides, and have we in every thing acted knowingly, as we ought to have done ? Have we entertained toward others any feelings but those which are consonant with love ? Do we regard God and his laws with true affection ? Have we progressed ?

Friends, 'tis not alone that we believe, but do we act ? Are there no secret purposes which may retard our progress toward immortal perfection ? The spirits surrounding you, and who are with you daily, are the

witnesses of many noble, virtuous, and glorious aspirations for what is indeed the real purpose of life; and when we propose these questions, we do so because ye are indeed the chosen vessels in which the truth, as it is of God, is to be distributed throughout the world. Be ye perfect, even as God is perfect.

BACON.

Mrs. Sweet then asked the spirits if they would take care, while communicating through her, that she did not commit any error, or allow her own mind to mingle with their teachings.

It was answered :

My dear Mrs. Sweet : You, as all the rest of the world, are not yet perfect. That the spirits influencing you are aware of the peculiar feelings of your heart relative to the manifestations through you is known to you, for you have been told so before now. Therefore depend upon it, and let it satisfy you to-night, forever and aye, that if you do not say what you are impressed to say, you shall be immediately stopped short, and shall not go on until you are brought under the full influence. This is enough for all you wish to know.

One word more : After Mrs. S. has spoken, then the Judge will be influenced, and then the circle had better separate, as the Doctor needs rest.

I wrote what I did in the commencement, for these are thoughts that make their impress on the spheres. Oh ! that our whole thoughts and acts were indeed measured by the standard of the vision on the cross—that it is not indeed in dying that Christ redeemed the world, but in living and exemplifying the glorious principles of God's truth in every act of his life.

The spirits then caused me to feel their influence, and after sitting in silence for some time, during which I saw much of what is hereafter recorded, I exclaimed,

Oh ! what a fearful ordeal ! What a day of judgment !

I had again ascended that path leading to the fountain, and there again approached that bright spirit who presided over that community, and by whose side I had on former occasions stood erect in the pride of my anticipation, that I could be like him. But now with what different feelings did I approach him !

Since I last met him I had seen what sin was—how fearfully dark and corrupt is the heart into which it has been permitted entrance ! how loathsome in its daily life ! how terrible in its consequences, amid the despair that seemed to have no end ! I had seen the dark spirits in whose breasts have raged, with undisputed sway, all the passions of our material existence. I had seen how lasting on the soul were its un-

happy effects ; and how impossible it is, when the soul is free from the material garment and its aids to forgetfulness, to banish or suppress the memory of aught of the past. And now, as I approached that bright spirit, this lesson was uppermost in my mind, and it was in deep humility, growing out of a burning recollection of my evil past, that I approached one so pure and bright. How unlike the proud aspect that once marked my approach to him was the deep humility which now bowed me almost to his feet ! He stood near me alone ; the other spirits who had accompanied him when I first approached had seemed to be conscious of what was before me, and, unwilling to mortify me by their presence, had, with sorrowing and sympathizing countenances, retired. The expression of his countenance was different from what I had ever seen it before. Its benevolent tone had now a sad and mournful hue, and he seemed to feel as if he fully realized the depth of my despondency, though he had never himself had so much cause to regret.

He kindly took me by the hand and led me toward the house where my wife resided. As I approached it, I saw her standing by its entrance with the same mournful, sympathetic expression of countenance, yet beaming with hope and encouragement. As I passed her she seized my hand, and, by gently pressing it, assured me of her sympathy and affection, at the same time that she thus awoke within me, with terrible vividness, the recollection of all my wrongs to her. My conductor led me to an inner apartment in that house, and left me there with the remark that it was my residence ; and though by the preponderance of good over evil in my life I had been able to ascend to that level, and in some respects live with my wife and children, yet I was not pure enough to associate fully with them, and, for the present—at least, whenever I retired from the busy scene around me—that was my closet, and was to be occupied by me alone. Thus speaking he retired, and I was left alone with the memory of the past.

The room was long and spacious, and had but few articles of furniture in it. A bed in one corner, a few chairs, and an altar standing in the middle of the floor, were the chief. But I did not notice that much, for my attention was at once drawn to letters printed on the walls of the room, in colors of black, of red, of silver and of gold, and which covered all the walls all around the room. With those letters were thus recorded all the events of my life—the good, and the evil, and the mixed. Thus they stood out before me, and turn my eyes were I would, that record was present. I did not much observe the lighter letters, the darker ones seemed so much to preponderate—at least, at the earlier periods of life.

I observed that some of the events had been obliterated by heavy, black lines drawn through them ; but then and thus were brought up before me many events of early life, which I had forgotten amid the bustle and stir of subsequent events.

It was a terrible ordeal, a fearful waiting for of judgment. I buried my face in my hands to hide, if possible, the sight from my view. But in vain ; for memory, painfully awakened by the record around me, was busy in its duty of retribution, and I prostrated myself before that altar, in deep humiliation at the sense of what I had been, and, with a torn and contrite heart, fervently prayed to God that that terrible memory might pass from me. While thus prostrate, my wife entered the room and gently led me from it. No word was exchanged between us. My heart was too full to speak, and in silence I retired from a scene which had shaken my soul—of whose strength I had proudly boasted to myself—until its weakness had seemed that of infancy, and its dependence on something more than its own power was but too manifest.

As I came out of the building, I found the presiding spirit awaiting me.

He called my attention to a volcano in the distance that was throwing its fires up into the heavens, and emitting from the summit of its flame a dense black smoke. I observed that the top of the mountain, which had once towered high into the air, was now partly burned off. Its lava had, in times long past, ran down its sides, and contributed to fill up and elevate the valleys, and now it was pouring forth ashes, which, falling in thick showers on the surrounding country, was creating and enriching the soil. I perceived also that its sides, or crusts, were burned very thin, and must soon, by the operation of those fires, be consumed and fall within the crater, and the rough places of earth be made smooth, and its barrenness be converted into land fit for human habitation and human wants. As I was regarding this, the spirit said to me, Thus in all nature, in man as well as matter, the same law obtains. As in this mount its center must be burned out by those raging flames before it can be made to beautify nature around, so must the human heart be purified by its internal fires—first throwing out its lava to fill up the deep hollows of its existence—casting off from its bosom its foul, black smoke, and fertilizing all around it by the consumption of its own impurities and the production of a material that is capable of enriching, beautifying, and leveling what remains.

As the rugged parts of material existence are softened and beautified by the never-ending operations of God's laws, so it is in man ; and in proportion to the density and quantity of the contents of these material

prominences, so must the fire that burns them out be more intense and more enduring.

Such, he said, is the law now operating in man. If the human soul had preserved its level, there would have been no lofty mount to consume ; but if there be elevations, they must be destroyed. He bade me remember the lesson, for it was true, not alone in that instance, but everywhere and in every thing. The law of progression was the same everywhere, operating in the same general manner always alike, and always in man or matter producing the same results.

And now, he added, take care that while the dark spirits may hail you—as some of them have done—as “Man of God,” the brighter spirits may not have occasion to say to you, “Man of Sin ;” for think how far you, who can be approached by those dark spirits, must be from those near whom they can not come. And beware, lest in reproaching the overweening self-conceit of others, you be not prompted by the influence of your own.

And now farewell, and forget not that the fire which burns, also enlightens.



LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

At the Circle of Progress, the revelations of the evening were prefaced by these words :

Children ! if in the enjoyment of each other's society you experience happiness, and in the interchange of thought you learn the better to appreciate each other's feelings, how much more will you enjoy that happiness of communion in the spheres where every thought shall be free from every gross and impure attribute, where the soul shall reflect its own harmony, and find in the response of your own that silent, calm, and holy unison which speaks of its divine origin !

God bless you all ! and give to each the earnest hope that in this life each may be able well to perform his part. Let one feeling find its echo in every spirit, and that is, Love without guile ; Love without selfishness ; and thus shall you be able to conquer peace so divine, that earth itself shall be the gates of heaven, for it is indeed the threshold of eternity.

SWEEDENBORG.

DR. DAVID CORY.

OUR mail of September brought us news of the death of this inestimable man. He breathed his last on the 8th of that month, after an illness of only a few hours, and thus passed away from us the mortal form of one who was inexpressibly dear to me as a friend, and as one of the ablest and most consistent professors of the spiritual faith whom it has been my lot to meet.

I would not make the columns of this magazine the vehicle of private griefs, but it is for the cause I speak, for its sake that I devote a brief space to the memory of one who was in very deed a most valued laborer in its field of usefulness, and whose example in that capacity speaks to us in words of living light, "Do ye likewise."

In the *Spiritual Telegraph* of October 7 there is the following just tribute to his memory :

On Friday the 8th of September, as we learn from the Waukegan papers, this distinguished friend of Spiritualism suddenly retired—at the age of 45 years—from the busy scenes of his earth-life to a realization of those sublimer realities which had long occupied his thoughts in hours of retirement and meditation.

Many of our readers will well remember that Dr. Cory contributed to the first volume of the TELEGRAPH several articles on the "Position of Christ in the Universe," and other subjects, which gave evidence of a clear perception of ideas and fine powers of ratiocination.

As we had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Dr. Cory, we are happy to give place to Judge Edmonds, whose more intimate knowledge of our departed friend qualifies him to speak the words which the occasion demands.—ED.

TO S. B. BRITTON :

Dear Sir—Will you allow me through your columns to bear my testimony to the memory of a good man who has fallen from our midst? A few days ago I received a letter from Waukegan, Ill., announcing his sudden departure on the 8th inst., and informing me that he had fallen a sacrifice to his professional exertions for a suffering fellow on the previous day.

Since then he has been to me himself, and told me that his disease was cholera, with spasms. He reminded me of many things which had occurred between us, thus perfectly identifying himself to me. He spoke to me of his wife and children, and of the friends he had left behind. He was very cheerful and happy, and congratulated himself upon the means he now had of doing good to man. A wide field, he said, was

open to him in the cause which he loved so well, and he should labor industriously in it.

He was a practicing physician in Waukegan, Illinois, and it was there that I first saw him during my Western journey last winter. I had previously held a correspondence with him, and when we met we were at once well-acquainted with each other.

I found him to be indeed a noble spirit. He was well educated, with a clear and comprehensive mind, and with indomitable energy and fearlessness in the cause of truth. He was far advanced in the knowledge which Spiritualism unfolds to us, and was entirely free from the credulity and fanaticism which unfortunately assail so many believers. In all his actions in respect to this cause he was governed by great good sense. He was self-sacrificing and indefatigable in his labors for the good of others. And he was accordingly held in high esteem in all the region around his residence. I often heard him spoken of by others, and it delighted me to see the warmth of affection with which his name was ever mentioned.

With him Spiritualism did not consist merely in belief or profession, but in action, and in that action the poor ever found assistance, the mourner found consolation, the ignorant enlightenment, the erring comfort and cheering hope, and believers an example of firmness and courage which brought to him and to them a peace which the world can not give.

He has gone from an existence where his noble spirit was trammelled by its material surroundings, and has been removed to a field of usefulness, where the glory of God is more manifest, where his sphere of action is greatly enlarged, and whence, as one of His ministering spirits, he can pour upon us who are left behind the holy influence which filled his heart while toiling here with us to lift man from the degradation into which ignorance and infidelity were fast sinking him.

Peace be with him, and the blessing of God, for he was one who indeed knew what it was to love God and his neighbor as himself.

Yours, truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

The subjoined paragraphs from a Waukegan journal sufficiently indicate the high estimation in which Dr. Cory was held by his fellow-citizens, as well as the composed and happy state of his mind during the last hours of his mortal career.—Ed.

"No event in the history of Waukegan ever cast such a mantle of gloom over its citizens as the announcement that this great and good man was dead. In the vigor of manhood, surrounded by loving hearts that seemed to throb only in unison with his own—a devoted wife, an unusually interesting group of children, a fond mother, confiding sisters, and earnest, ardent friends of all ages, sexes, and conditions—with a capacious and truth-loving mind, stored almost to repletion with literary and scientific knowledge, we had hoped that he might long remain with us in the bodily form, to love, to guide, to counsel, and instruct. But he has fallen a martyr to his own generous impulses. The extraordinary physical exertions which he put forth last Thursday evening, to restore to consciousness a dying patient, induced the disease with which he died the following morning.

"It is consoling, however, to his mourning friends to know that he left the earth-life in the full retention of all the faculties of his mind, and with full confidence in the revelations of the Harmonial Philosophy. He earnestly entreated his weeping family to dry up their tears—said he was acquainted with the road he was about to

travel, and entered on the journey without fear. He departed, not merely with a *hope* of future blessedness, but with the absolute *knowledge*—the unerring demonstration which his clear intellect had deduced from the science of Spiritualism—that his spirit-life would be one of increased enjoyment and continued progression, controlled by the same laws, and actuated by the same impulses which governed him here.”

It is not much that I can add to this. I was most struck with the good sense and kind feeling that ever governed his action. He lamented much, and was earnest in his efforts to arrest, the wild spirit of fanaticism which has seized so many who have embraced a faith which of all others is most simple, of all others most demands the exercise of good sense, the exertion of our reason and judgment. He used to lament, not merely because of its injury to individuals, but also because of its wrong to the noblest of causes, the vagaries of communism, free love, anarchy, and the like, which have seized upon so many. And in all his teachings, in his whole deportment, he firmly yet gently sought to lead his brethren in the path of good sense and simplicity. Gentle, unobtrusive, and kind in all his dealings with his spiritual friends, to the world at large, and particularly to the maligners of our faith, he was resolute, fearless, and unflinching. The enemies of Spiritualism found in him a formidable antagonist, while the seekers for light and truth ever realized in him a kind and gentle guide.

An unflinching advocate for the largest liberty of thought, he was yet a great stickler for order and decorum in all things. In his town he had organized an association, the product of which was regular service every Sunday, which was conducted by five gentleman—he of the number—taking each his turn to address the friends. The consequence was, that the Spiritualists there moved as one man in the cause, harmony, and order prevailed in all their action, and being thus united they respected themselves and were respected by the world. He did not fall into the too common error of mistaking the reverse of wrong for right, and rush into the utter destruction of a thing in order to get rid of a defect, which a little pruning would as effectually remove.

The last letter I received from him was about the time he received the news of the final organization of the “Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge,” of which association he was one of the officers. insert it entire.

WAUKEGAN ILL., June 28th, 1854.

DEAR JUDGE—I have to apologize for not having written before on the ground of a severe difficulty, to which may be added my professional and domestic avocations.

We are jogging along steadily, and the cause is slowly but surely taking root in honest hearts.

I perceive by the last *Tribune* that *we* have got promoted to office. I am much pleased with that move. It will give power and unity to the new faith which isolated effort could not. Our enemies are organized against the truth, and why should not we organize to sustain it? This organization will show the world that there are others than fools and fanatics and maniacs in the movement, men who can *reason* and "give, a reason for the hope that is in them." I look upon this as one of the most important, in truth, far *the most important* association of the age. If its efforts are wisely and judiciously put forth, it must produce a powerful influence on the public mind, and make orthodox quake in its boots ere long.

You have not forgotten, of course, your promise to come up and rusticate with us this summer—yourself and daughter, and the Doctor and his family. We renew our invitation most cordially. If possible to leave, come about the 1st of August, and we will shoot grouse, and have a good time generally. It will make just a pleasant summer excursion.

Give my fraternal regard to Dr. D——, and say to him, if he does not come, I shall challenge his veracity.

Yours truly,

D. CORY.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS

The news of his departure was communicated to me by the following letter from a mutual friend, who was one of his efficient co-laborers.

WAUKESHA, Sept. 26th, 1854.

DEAR JUDGE—Accompanying this letter in the "Waukegan Gazette," you will find a notice of the decease of our mutual friend Dr. David Cory.

This afflicting event has cast a deep gloom over our community at large; but in our society of Spiritualists—the organization of which he was the father and guardian—the word "gloom" is totally inadequate to express the depth and intensity of our mourning.

From his new home he has expressed a desire that I should fill his place as a local correspondent, etc. I will comply with that request (as well as I am able). Please address me accordingly.

Yours fraternally,

JULIUS C. SMITH.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, New York.

On the day that I received that letter, the Doctor came to me and had a brief interview with me through my daughter as the medium. Since that time I have had several interviews with him. They have been beyond description touching and instructive, characteristic at once of him and valuable to me.

Among other things he told me that he had directed Mr. Smith to write to me of his death, and watched when I should receive the letter, so that my thoughts being directed to him he might be able to approach me.

He told me that no language could convey to me an adequate idea of the brightness, beauty, and happiness of the existence into which he was ushered. He had breathed his last in the firm conviction of the truth of the spirit-revelations as to the future, and had found that in all things

he had been right in his belief, except that the reality far surpassed his expectations, and even the glowing descriptions I had given him.

He reminded me of an incident which I had forgotten, namely, that in one of our conversations about the great good that could be done on earth when the present race of Spiritualists should have passed to the spheres and returned to earth with better knowledge how to conduct the work, I had expressed my surprise that a certain believer whom I named, and who had been gone several months, had never yet returned to commune with us, and he said that he then resolved to himself that if he should pass away before I did, I should not make that complaint of him, and he had now come to redeem the promise he had thus made to himself.

He told me also, that on his entrance into the spirit-world he was received by all those spirits whom he had communion with while he was in the mortal form, and foremost among them was the spirit who had been instrumental in converting him to the faith, and who now took him by the hand and cried to him, "Welcome, dear friend, to your happy home! Now I can ascend to brighter abodes, for my mission on earth is happily finished!"

He also informed me that he had been permitted to witness the entrance into eternity of one who had enjoyed the same opportunity of spirit-communion which he had had, but who had allowed his worldly interests to interfere with his knowledge and his duty. It was to be his task, he said, to describe to me his entrance, and that of the other spirit, and draw the contrast, for the benefit of man, between their respective conditions.

Thus has our dear friend already entered upon his labor of love, upon his eternity of action for the good of mankind, and much as we may regret our loss in the withdrawal of his daily intercourse with us in the mortal form, we may rejoice for his sake, that he has so soon entered upon the enjoyment of his reward for a life well spent, and for our sake, that he can so soon and so usefully return to us fraught with lessons of love and of wisdom that can not but be of inestimable value to us.



POLITICIANS who fall short of the highest renown, are like actors: no appearance is so vivid while they are on the stage, no oblivion so complete when the curtain falls on the last farewell.—BULWER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following pieces of Poetry were sent us in a letter, from which we extract.

GALVESTON, Aug. 6, 1854.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—It is with no small degree of diffidence I have taken the liberty to address you a few lines on a subject of intense interest to me, and one I have every reason to believe is very near your heart, from reading your interesting work on "Spiritualism."

You are aware that we are far distant from the arena of those most wonderful truths which have from time to time been sent to us through the ordinary means of conveying intelligence to distant lands, and as yet have had no one acquainted with the subject to direct or give any instructions as to how circles should be conducted otherwise than through the *modus operandi* described in your book and some small works. The truthfulness of your work we never for a moment doubted, knowing the exalted source from which it emanated ; and feeling such an assurance, a few of us concluded to form a little society privately, merely to see if any thing interesting would result, and after finding myself much fatigued by sitting a long time without any result, I proposed to give it up as a hopeless effort, when my husband replied (who is a great believer), "Oh, no, we surely shall succeed if we are patient."

After a few minutes of quiet we heard distinct raps on the table, which surprised as well as encouraged us very much. The excitement was so great the harmony was somewhat disturbed, but we soon became more calm and continued, when the raps grew sufficiently loud to convince every one present as to the reality.

We then ascertained that the medium was a young lady 14 years old, by the name of —, daughter of Mrs. Dr. —. She almost immediately became developed as a wonderful writing medium, having written since the 5th of July sixty-one pieces of most beautiful poetry, a specimen of which I send you, etc., etc.

THE ANTHEM OF THE SEA.

It e'er hath pealed in strains sublime,
Since first began the march of time ;
When morning stars together sung,
And new-born earth with music rung,
Then over *all*, more bold and free,
Was heard the anthem of the sea !

At times it breathes a gentle note,
And sweetly o'er the breeze doth float ;
Then swelling high in chorus vast,
Borne, perchance, on the stormy blast,
Is heard in higher, grander key,
The fearful anthem of the sea !

The deep-toned bass in Nature's song,
It pours its mighty voice along ;
And far is heard the sounding roar,
As forth it rolls from shore to shore ;
A worthy praise, O God, to thee,
This glorious anthem of the sea !

Roll on, thou anthem, ever roll,
Thy chorus shout from pole to pole,
And bear upon thy roaring wing,
The notes of praise that mortals sing ;
And e'er till time no more shall be,
Roll on, thou anthem of the sea !

HOPE.

Sweet day-star of the heart ! thou light divine,
Immortal Hope ! be thou forever mine ;
Shine out refulgent on my sinking heart,
Nor ever may one risen flower depart ;
Though pale they are and fragile, let them bloom,
Abiding ever amid sun and gloom ;
Unbar the spirit's light, and bid it roll
A tide of sunshine round the darkened soul.

The shipwrecked sailor, clinging to the mast,
Looks to *thy* star, and parts with thee the last ;
The weary pilgrim on the desert wild,
In danger's hour has looked to thee and smiled ;

Thy glorious presence cheers the dying bed,
 When human aid and every friend has fled ;
 On stormy seas—in battle's bloodiest hour—
 Bright HOPE o'er *human* hearts extends its power.
 Should life's frail bark amid the storms be lost,
 And hapless thou on sorrow's wave be toss'd,
 Hope on ! and while a floating plank abides,
 Ride thou thereon in triumph o'er the tides ;
 The storm may pass—the darkness turn to day—
 And gentle gales may waft thee on thy way ;
 Some guardian angel ever lives above,
 For faithful *souls* the messenger of love.

Trust not in self alone, but look on high,
 To man's Almighty Friend—the Deity !
 When every aid and earthly friends are past,
 Lord of all good ! let HOPE forsake us last ;
 On death's black clouds, O may her bow of light
 Shine out, and, smiling, bless our closing sight ;
 Herald of Peace ! may it to us be given
 To cheer the *faithful* spirit on to heaven.

STANZAS.

Offspring of Heaven's Almighty King,
 Coequal with the Eternal Sire,
 Whose glories from light's fountain spring,
 Whose Godhead glows with holy fire ;
 Behold the gloom of night decay
 Before the lucid eye of morn ;
 While distant skies and fields display
 What splendors day's approach adorn.

But oh, untouched by wisdom's beam,
 The soul in error sleeps profound,
 And wandering in her sensual dream,
 Heeds not the scene of ruin 'round.
 Oh, sun of truth, divinely bright,
 Bid earth's dejected features smile,
 Scatter the deadly clouds of night
 That would our wayward steps beguile.

Bid my passion-storm subside,
 And hold the heart's emotions still,
 Dissolve the snows of human pride,
 Teach us to know and do thy will ;

Oh, pour thy sacred influence down.
 Let life's celestial dews be given,
 Let deathless flowers our Eden crown,
 And earth become the gem of Heaven.

Written by Ada in seven minutes, on the 15th of July.

The piece on Hope was written in less than ten minutes. The mother says that Ada never has read a poem, and only been to school in Texas about three years, being the only opportunity she has ever had of getting an education; her mind is active, but nothing uncommon.

TO A MEDIUM.

THEE, like the prophetesses famed of old,
 Spirits inspire with wisdom from above.
 Lore from th' eternal world, till now untold,
 Flows from thy lips in wisdom and in love.

Truths that have slumbered in the countless ages,
 Bright as the sun, yet veiled in clouds and gloom,
 Come from thy lips to fill the deathless pages
 That with pure light our pathway shall illumine.

Long have the prophets in the darkness slumbered;
 Cycles have passed while slept the glorious seers;
 Yet risen now, by darkness unencumbered,
 They bring us wonders of the far-off spheres.

And thou art gifted like the saints of old,
 And through thee speak the minds of ages past;
 In thee a holy prophet we behold,
 On whom Elijah's mantle has been cast.

Yet humble thou, and gentle in thy spirit,
 Though thou with gift of prophecy art crowned
 That bids thee mate with angels—thou wilt bear it
 Worthily till to thee the last trump sound.

COMMUNICATION.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—The question is often asked : What is meant by Spiritualism ? and although often answered in part, I have not as yet seen any consecutive reply which amounted to a synopsis of the whole belief of those who have investigated the subject, nor am I certain that my own views will accord with those of others. I am at least certain, however, that the statement I am about to make is in strict accordance with the various communications I have received ; and although they have been all of a disconnected or broken character, still the impression they have made on my mind is so indelibly fixed that the following may be taken as a just synopsis of the communications themselves. The present article will give none of the proofs necessary to establish the fact that spirits do communicate with mortals ; all that has been already established by yourself and others beyond a doubt. In some future article I may treat on that branch of the subject, and give various tests which have occurred with myself. The present purpose is rather to review the philosophy of Spiritualism apart from any of the current tests of the day, and I shall, therefore, commence with such an hypothesis as seems, from the communication of spirits, to be in accordance with the truth.

In the earliest imaginable period of creation all those substances we now know of as matter, and which the chemist informs us are composed of about sixty simple substances, were in a state different from that in which we are enabled to recognize them, and their condition may be better understood by the following :

If a quantity of smoke, gas, or other aeriform matter, with or without particles, held in it in mechanical suspension, be admitted under the exhausted receiver of an air-pump many times the size of the smoke or gas, it will expand at once, so as to fill the whole space, and of course in a dilated condition. The diffusion of the aroma of flowers is an analogous example in part. Bearing this fact in mind, we may conceive that before the aggregation of matter it was so divided and dilated in space as to be, in even its grossest particles, beyond examination by the

microscope or by chemical test ; but still every ultimate, however minute, had an existence as definitely as now, and this existence, or life-principle, has accompanied each particle through all time and through all the changes it may have undergone. This life-principle was coeval with its existence, and may be called the spirit of each particle.

Those who understand the laws of attraction, and of centrifugal and centripetal forces, will readily comprehend that motion is a consequence of such existence, and that no one ultimate could exercise motion without imparting it to every other particle in space. Let those who doubt the extreme divisibility of matter observe the following propositions : If in the cellar of a tall building a large amount of pig lead be deposited, and the upper part should be occupied as sleeping rooms, the inhabitants of those rooms will often be affected by lead colic, commonly known as painters' or Devonshire colic ; and consequently it is evident that lead is volatile, that minute portions have passed up with the atmosphere, and been received in the bodies of those so affected. Chemists tell us that they can detect a single grain of lead dissolved in one hundred gallons of water. A single grain of musk gives out its aroma for twenty years without any appreciable loss in its weight, and still a portion of the musk must have been received by every person smelling it. Who has not smelled copper, and if so, must not part of the copper have entered his nose ? If a single grain of iron exists in every million of cubic miles in space, as there is no end to space, there would be iron enough for the creation of a new universe. We may suppose, then, that in the chaotic period those things which we now know of as matter, either simple or compound, existed in this extremely divided state throughout space, and became subject to natural law. The natural philosopher has no difficulty in understanding that this great mass of dilated material would be continually attracted toward a common center, and would revolve, gradually assuming the spherical shape, and as the laws of motion are as constant as those of rest, once in motion it could never cease. Every ultimate, accompanied by its spirit, or undying principle, commenced its first action to obey those laws originating from itself, and arising from the divine will, represented by the spirit of all ultimates in so just proportion to each other as to be all-wise, all-powerful, and hence all good.

This mass, then, revolving as a sphere in space, would continually condense in size, until, by increase of velocity, and consequent increase of centrifugal force, portions would be thrown off which would forever surround the great mass in continuous motion, as the rings of Saturn now

do, that those rings, from the condensation of the central mass, and the segregation of themselves, would eventually break, become comet-like in form, until they, like the original mass, would form into spheres themselves, going through the same course of action, and eventually throwing off new quantities, which in turn would become satellites to themselves. Thus our sun emanated from the original central mass, and our earth, together with all our planetary system, was thrown off from the sun as our moon has been thrown off from our earth. Probably countless suns and systems like our own have been and are still being thrown off from the central mass ; for the law of progression emanated from the Divine will, and consequently formed of the spirit-influence of every ultimate in nature, and its accompanying spirit has controlled and will control their action for all time. God is resident then in every ultimate, and every ultimate has its spirit. Every combination of ultimates has a combined spirit approximating toward man in the ratio of the number of simples contained within it, and this rule may be clearly understood when applied to any one of the planets in its progress ; thus with our earth we find all the simples of nature in the rocks, but not all in any one rock. We find them all in the soil, because the soil is formed by the debris of all the rocks, and the solidification of materials received from the atmosphere, which itself emanated originally from the more material portion of the solid parts of the globe. We find all the simples of nature in plants, but not more than fifteen of them in any one plant. They all exist in animals, but not all in any one animal, until we reach man, who is but the result of progression, and is a consequence of natural law. Man, then, is a synopsis of creation containing nearly all the simples of which all substances in nature were formed, and with it a corresponding combination of spirit. Different men may contain, as the constituent of their bodies, different relative proportions of all the simples of nature, and hence they differ in appearance, in spirit, and in progression ; for as we find, by combinations of simples, new properties and results not belonging to either of their constituents, so by the combination of spirit in man, we find results superior to that which exists with the spirits of animals. He is more nearly the representative of his God, and the expression that "God made the world of divine man" is not without significance. The spirit of man, then, is the representative of the combined spirit of all that preceded him, and when parted from his form remains immortal, subject to progression, and a consequent close approximation to the divine spirit, God, which divine spirit differs from the spirit of progressed man, from being from all time an exact representative of the spirit of all nature, just

in the combination, and bearing an exact analogy to the combination of the spirit of all simples in their equitable, relative proportions. The spirit of man is wanting in this exact ratio of proportion as representative of all the ultimates, and hence its inferiority to the great Divine Spirit, and the difference between the spirit of one man and that of another may be clearly understood by the same rule; for spirit-like matter may differ in its powers as matter differs in its composition. The chemist tells us that nitric acid and sugar, either of which may be swallowed in a dilute state without harm, will, when mixed together, form oxalic acid, which is a poison, and thus we see that a new property arises from this combination not common to its integrants. Is it the matter, then, that acts as a poison, or is it the antagonistic quality of the spirit of each of its ultimates, or of some of their sub-combinations, that deranges the condition of his resident spirit, separating it from his form, and thus causing death from what is called poison?

Spiritualists believe that the spirits of men in the form sometimes exist in such combination as to recognize, and be in ready sympathy with the spirits of men not in the form, and that the material portion of these seers is in such relative condition with their spirits as to recognize what the spirits perceive. Such seers inform us that they perceive the spirits of the departed in a form surrounded sometimes by the spirits of what we call inanimate objects. Thus every leaf has its spirit, every animal, indeed every substance in nature, and each to the spirit-man, in the spirit-land, bears the same relation that the material world bears to the material man, that even a thought once perfected has form visible to the spirit-man.

The Spiritualist believes that by the exercise of his best faculties he imbibes such portions of spirit as elevate the character and quality of its general combination; and he believes that the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth was a combination more perfect than any that has preceded or followed it; that an attempt to follow the example of this Son of Man, and of God, tends to progress the spirit while in the form; that the subduing of our passions, the exercise of charity, such as was possessed by the Christ, enabling him to view the acts of others without prejudice, and the ability to perceive precise truth, is the obeying of God's will, or, in other words, following out the law of his progression as consequent upon the aggregation of his form and existence having its birth in the original configuration of the ultimates which, in their travel through nature, eventually made man.

Spiritualists do not believe that those portions of the Bible which bear

the impress of divine revelation, contradict their views in any one particular.

They do not believe in the existence of evil spirits, unless the less progressed be considered as comparatively evil, as compared with those more advanced. They believe that man in the form is but in youthhood, that true man is the spirit-man in the spirit-land.

They do not believe in the doctrine of rewards and punishments, but they do believe that evil is a consequence of offended law which is eternal as spirit, and the naturel emanation of its combination and progression. The law of nature is the law of God.

I have not attempted in the foregoing to trace the progress of the world from its first formation up to the result, man; for this has already been done by abler hands, and is no longer a matter of dispute. It is sufficient to know for our present purpose, that man is a consequence of progression, and not a special definite creation from new materials. We know him to be more progressed than other forms in nature, because he represents all the primitives of nature, and in degree the quality of every animal, of every plant, of every rock, and as these contain all the primary characters, nature's epitome.

The Spiritualist believes that to enter the spirit-world in a progressed condition requires a continual chastening of his evil propensities while in the form, the steady and constant determination to do no evil, to love his neighbor as himself, and to follow the Divine Will as manifested to him in nature's laws, and as exemplified by the advanced and progressed spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. He does not believe in special providences, but in the progressive action of natural law. He thinks his whole life should be one prayer of grateful feeling toward the Divine Will, and does not believe that God will make special exception in his favor in answer to his prayer, but that the suppliant is elevated by prayerful exercise, and that his ability to conceive truth is continually increased with every new acquisition producing increased ability.

The above is a hurried account of the impressions made on my mind by the different communications I have received from spirits, and it will give me pleasure at some future time to continue the subject, so as to embrace the different methods of securing communications, and avoid those apparent contradictions so common with badly organized circles.

PHŒNIX.

THE SEA HATH ITS STORY.

FAR beneath the crested billows,
Where comes never storm or breeze,
Slumbering on their rocky pillows,
Lie unnumbered argosies.
Human bones around are whitening,
● Pearls are scattered far and wide;
Costly diamonds sparkling, brightening,
Coins and gold on every side!

Sculptured marble, matchless carving,
Works of the sublimest art,
Pictures, all earth's praise deserving,
All are in the ocean mart.
But gold-freighted ships are little;
Art can spring on earth again;
But when broke the life-thread brittle,
What could snatch it from the main!

Faith can tell a prouder story
Than the legends of the sea;
That the spirit in its glory
Rose to immortality!
Gems may sink beneath the billow,
Art may sleep and gold decay;
But on earth there is no pillow
Whereon man can sleep for aye.



If there be a good in the world that we do without knowing it, without conjecturing the effect it may have upon a human soul, it is when we show kindness to the young in the first barren footpath up the mountain of life.—BULWER.

PLEASURE and pain, joy and grief, are but transient ministering angels sent from heaven to prove, reprove, and try the man, and stamp the probationer for a world of spirits.—S. B. E.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.

[About the middle of September I received the following letter from San Francisco At that time I knew not of the existence of the Magazine referred to, nor had I heard the name of its editor. The next day, I received the number of the Magazine mentioned, and now make no apology for inserting both the letter and the article in our work. The intrinsic interest of the article, the beauty of its diction, and the evident sincerity and good feeling of the writer can not fail to make it more acceptable to our readers than any thing of our own.—E.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 31st, 1854.

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—You will doubtless see an article published in the September number of the Pioneer Magazine (a Californian monthly), entitled “The Eventful Nights of 20th and 21st of August, 1854.” There is great doubt existing in the minds of some of our community as to whether said article is fiction or fact. I can only say that I know Mr. Ewer, the narrator of the incidents and the editor of the Magazine, that he is a thoughtful man, and entirely incapable of giving publication to so important a falsehood as this would be were it not true, and one calculated to do so much injury—that the little girl is living at the house where he boards. Furthermore, that I have seen Mr. Harris, who was present at the death-bed of Mr. Lane, and from him have learned that the facts are as stated. Furthermore, Mr. Ewer is a writing medium. I know that Mr. Ewer must have been very much annoyed by inquiries just on the eve of the departure of the steamers; some of whom I know he has sent off rather cavalierly, without giving them any satisfaction; therefore I went directly to Mr. Harris, from whom I learned that about him which I have written above.

With much respect, yours truly,

JAMES E. AUSTIN.

P. S.—I place you in possession of the above facts, and you know best how to judge of them. I have made inquiries, and can not but think the article is true.—J. E. A.

THE EVENTFUL NIGHTS OF AUGUST 20 AND 21.

BY F. C. EWER.

I AM about to undertake a task—here, in the silence of this room—to which I feel impelled by a combination of circumstances, such as I believe never surrounded mortal man before. I am hurried to its accomplishment—to the unburdening of my mind from certain strange intelligence, not only on account of an express order which I have received, the nature and particulars of which will more fully appear below, but

because I feel that I can only relieve my mind from its insufferable weight by laying before the public the occurrences of the last two nights.

I am in a house on McAllister Street, between Hyde and Larkin. The room in which I am seated contains little furniture, save a poor bed, a large pine table, one of smaller dimensions, and a chair. The paper I write on—this is the second night I have been here—I was compelled to bring with me, together with the pen, ink, and candle. At every whisper of the breeze, as it sighs among the bushes outside, I shudder and look around me, where lies the body of a man whom I knew not until yesterday; yet to whom I feel bound by a spell such as I never experienced before. And yet I know that all is over and quiet now. The hush of silent death is in this room; and I can distinctly hear my own breathing and that of a little child—she tells me her name is Jane—who is sitting on a box at the foot of the bed, and who, although young, is just old enough to realize that she is stricken by an awful calamity, and yet knows not whether the more to be amazed or grieved. At times she will come to my side, and the tears will rise into her eyes; but at a word from me she will check them, return to the dead body of her parent, and there gaze into the cold, still face, silently and with a mingled expression of awe and uncertainty. She, too, has been a witness of the events of the past forty-eight hours, and now that she is at last left alone she clings to me instinctively for protection—she knows not from what nor why. May God give me health and strength to support her and guide her in the uncertain ways of the dark future!

She has just stolen quietly to me, put her little arms about my neck and said—

“What are you writing, sir? Come with me. I am *very* lonesome. Come with me to father and make him talk.”

I kissed her upon that white forehead, and said—

“Hush, child! Father will not speak to us any more to-night. You shall go with me to-morrow, and we’ll take father with us.”

I led her back to her seat, and turned quickly, for the tears were gushing to my eyes. But I must hasten to my recital.

I shall endeavor to state the plain facts, as they occurred, as briefly and in as simple a style as possible. For I find that it is already half-past two in the morning, and I feel quite exhausted from the excitement I have passed through. I am aware that I shall subject myself to the taunts of the street, and be pointed at by the world as one of the “insane dupes of the spiritual rappers,” in laying before the public that which I am about to—and nothing but an imperative sense of duty (mistaken, it

may be thought by some) urges me to submit myself to such an ordeal.

I will not (at least upon this occasion) go into the *rationale* of "Spiritualism." The public are already sufficiently acquainted with the modes in which the "manifestations" are given, to understand thoroughly all I shall have to say. I will not speak of the singular facts of "Odism," which have been established by Reichenbach and Liebig, with a clearness only less satisfactory than that with which the truths of electricity are proven. I will not state that no evidence of the Odic fluid can be discovered in paralyzed limbs; I will not speak of the supposition, therefore, of the above-named physicists, that as mind can not act directly on matter, and as it is impossible by an effort of mind to move a paralyzed limb, the Odic fluid may be the condition necessary to lie between the mind and the arm or foot (which are matter) to account for the mysterious effect of the will in moving our bodies. The relation of these facts and suppositions is not at all necessary to the clear understanding of my story.

Night before last (the nineteenth of August), after I had retired and extinguished my candle, I was surprised on laying my head upon my pillow at discovering a pale, bluish brush of light at the other side of the room, apparently hovering over a portion of a tea-poy, on which is a Parian statuette of Venus, one or two daguerreotypes, a small pearl cross, and several other little matters of ornament. I was struck by the suddenness with which the light ceased to waver as I directed my attention to it. I started up, but immediately came to the conclusion that the strange appearance resulted from a diseased retina. (My eyes have been affected for the past six months.) I looked away, supposing, of course, that if the apparition could be traced to the cause mentioned, it would display itself wherever I gazed. This, however, I found not to be the case. And as I looked again toward the tea-poy, I thought I heard a series of faint tickings. Determined to have my curiosity satisfied, I now arose and advanced toward the apparition. The tickings here grew more active. I re-lighted the candle; there was, however, no unusual appearance about the stand. But I soon found that the sounds proceeded from a small pocket-compass that was lying thereon. I opened it, and the needle was trembling and vibrating quite violently over N. Soon the north pole moved round to the south-west, and back again; and so on, three distinct times—each time pausing a moment at N., trembling violently, then sweeping round and reaching the S. W. point with a jerk. Thinking this a very singular circumstance, I hurriedly threw on some

clothes, and sat down to watch it. After a pause, and while my eyes were directed intently upon the needle, it moved slowly round again, reaching the southwest point with a jerk—repeating this three times, and then stopping. It seemed to me to act almost with *intelligence*; and I involuntarily uttered, “What *does* this mean?” To my surprise—for I was a firm disbeliever in any thing like “Spiritualism”—the needle, as though in answer to my ejaculation, made a rapid circuit entirely round the card, passed the north point, and, resting for an instant at southwest, or rather over the fifty-first degree point, returned slowly and steadily to its place at north.

I now (half ashamed of myself) commenced a series of questions in whisper. Yet, although the needle seemed to act intelligently, I could not discover what was the nature of the intelligence (if any) intended to be conveyed, and why, after each series of unsuccessful questions and answers, it swept with more and more vigor to south, fifty-one degrees west. And at length I reluctantly retired.

Last evening, about ten o'clock, I received a note, written in pencil, which, I was told, had been left for me by a little girl. It was brief, and was exceedingly urgent in a request—nay, it was almost a command, that I should go out to the house of the writer—Mr. John F. Lane. It stated that I need fear nothing, but should start immediately upon its reception, bringing with me paper, a pen and candles.

I learned that the little girl could not read, but by showing the superscription of the note, containing only my name, had at last succeeded in finding the *locale* of my apartment on Kearny Street. But she had gone, and I could therefore learn nothing of the nature of the riddle from her.

I can not tell how, but by some strange intuition I associated unconsciously the note, with its singular request, its lack of any cue by which I could discover why my presence was required in a desolate and lonely part of the city at the dead hour of night, with the singular occurrence of the compass the night before. The only bond of connection between them, it is true, was the unexplained mystery that hung around each. But the human mind often finds itself at conclusions without any known steps by which it could have arrived at them, whose subsequently ascertained correctness staggers reason, and leads to the belief that there are mental processes and strange sympathies and connections in nature whose character and depths are to be sought for in the Infinite God alone. At length, however, I became convinced that some villain was working upon my curiosity, to entrap me among the sand-hills and rob me; and I determined not to go, and to pay no heed to the affair at all. But I could

not drive the subject from my mind, and at last I deliberately resolved, come what would, to go out to the spot designated and solve the mystery. For precaution's sake, I relieved myself of my watch and purse, put my pistol in my pocket, and procured a lantern before sallying forth.

At the corner of Kearny and Sacramento streets I met two of my friends—Mr. H. and Doctor L. Mr. H. asked me where I was going in that Diogenes style. In response I related the circumstance of the note, and my determination to see the end of the affair. The two expressed their willingness to accompany me, and we proceeded together. It was now half-past eleven o'clock. We passed without molestation out to the corner of Sutter and Mason streets, and thence struck off in a diagonal direction over the sand-hills toward Yerba Buena Cemetery. Contrary to our expectations, our devious walk to McAllister Street was undisturbed, save by the occasional barking of a dog. When we reached the corner of what we found on inquiry at a neighboring house to be Hyde and McAllister streets, one of my friends called my attention to a noise that sounded like a faint groan. We approached in the direction whence it came, and found ourselves nearing a small house that stands on the north side of the road, just before you come to Larkin Street. This was the house designated in the note. I rapped at the door, and the little girl who answered the call immediately, said—

“Father wants you to come in.”

Mr. Lane, who was lying upon the bed, reached forth his hand in welcome ; but was evidently surprised on seeing Mr. H. and the Doctor following me into the room. After apologizing for not having chairs enough for us, he called me to the bedside, and stated that he knew I must have been surprised at receiving his note ; that he was too weak to write more ; that he had told Jane to see me in person, but that she, becoming alarmed at her long absence from him, and at the lateness of the hour, had hastened back without obeying his instruction. He said that it was very kind of me to take so much trouble, but that he was a dying man, and had information of importance to make me acquainted with.

“But, my dear sir,” said I, “something must be done for you. Fortunately, one of my friends is a physician ;” and I called Doctor L. to the bedside.

Mr. Lane was evidently in the very last stages of consumption. In fact, the Doctor told me in a whisper that it was too late ; that nothing could be done, and that his end was very near.

He overheard us and said that he knew all ; that nothing remained for him but to fulfill a duty to me and to the world. Before proceeding to the

business before us, he told me briefly his previous circumstances—his early education, which was liberal—his poverty, and the fact that his little child—this patient, sweet little Jane, who, exhausted with watching, had laid her head in my lap and sunk at last into a slumber—would by his death be left alone in the world. He besought me with tears in his eyes to watch over her when he was gone, and see that she did not suffer. He did not care about her being poor. He expected she would have to work. He did not wish her to be a burden to me. But oh! he prayed that I would guide her footsteps away from sin and its influences; that I would instill into her a love of purity, and so guard her, that she would grow to womanhood an honor to herself and a blessing to those around her. I drew little Jane to me, kissed her, and satisfied the dying man by promising solemnly that I would do my utmost to comply with his last wish.

His mind was then apparently relieved from its only care, and he turned his attention to the business before us.

"My friend," said he, "I must premise my remarks by stating that I am a firm believer in the Great Doctrine of the present century; that we have at last reached that momentous period, when the spirits of the departed can, through the medium of a principle newly discovered, communicate their thoughts and wishes to mortals upon earth. I have been led to this belief by the surest of all processes—personal experience. When I am alone and find a table moving under my own passive hands—moving intelligently—moving in such a manner as to give me information of events which are happening in the distant East, and which I subsequently find to have occurred exactly as stated through this mysterious agency, nay, more, when I feel a nameless sensation—half chill, half tremor—running through my whole body, apparently penetrating to the innermost recesses of my brain, and find my arm and hand moved over the paper beneath it by some influence which I can not convince myself is not foreign; when I find my hand writing strange, grand thoughts, such as I never conceived of before—such as at times it takes me days thoroughly to understand; when I close my eyes and so divest myself of attention, that I know nothing, except that my hand is moving, and when I find afterward thoughts worthy of the angels penned, I can not but believe we are upon the threshold of one of the most eventful changes that ever occurred upon the surface of the earth. Geology has told us of mighty epochs in the far past history of the world. Look back, my friends. Remember that whole races of the animal and vegetable kingdom have been swept away—that whole periods of the world have moved into the still

past, leaving their history legible to the mind of a subsequent period on the everlasting rocks and strata. Remember that whole continents have gone grandly down and been swallowed up in the depths of ocean; that whole oceans have swayed in volumes around the earth—from pole to pole, from the Orient to the Occident. If we stand amazed, as we contemplate the mighty changes that rest entombed in the past, ever receding from us, is it unreasonable to suppose that other changes equally momentous are approaching the world from the future? O, deceive yourselves not; for mankind tread toppling upon the verge of a tremendous epoch; that in which Finitude can speak to Infinity—that in which the Greatest Seal shall be broken, and the secrets of hereafter whispered from strange intelligences to man! I know it—I know—know—”

Mr. Lane here sank back upon his pillow, exhausted.

I had stood rapt in wonder and admiration as I listened to such sentences coming from a man apparently so humble in life. The shadow of death stretching up to meet him seemed almost to inspire him. The deliberate enunciation with which the remarks were uttered, coupled with the soul-felt earnestness with which he spoke, impressed us all, and for a moment we stood at the bedside, gazing in rapt attention at that pale face with its spiritual expression and its closed eyes. The eyelids seemed to me so thin, as to be powerless to conceal the large, jet black eyes within, which almost appeared to be displayed *through* them.

I know not how long our silence would have lasted, had not the Doctor called my attention to the fact, that the last struggle of mind had hastened the dying man toward his dissolution; and that if he had any important information to communicate, we must be brief.

I looked again, and the large black eyes were upon us; they seemed larger and blacker than any I had ever beheld before—and Mr. Lane continued—

“I wish this conversation recorded. At first, I regretted that you had brought your friends with you; but I am glad that you have done so, as one of them can be of service to us.”

I then took the writing materials which I had brought, and after recording, as nearly as I could recollect, the remarks set down above, I delivered them to Mr. H., who moved the large table into the center of the room, and proceeded to take the notes which now lie before me, without whose valuable assistance I should have great difficulty in preparing these remarks for the press.

Mr. Lane resumed—

“As I have told you, I am not only a believer in Spiritualism, but am

a medium myself. Four days ago, I was informed by one of the spirits that he desired me to procure some gentleman, either connected with the press, or to whom the columns of some paper were open, to be with me during my last moments—that what should occur at our interview would be of importance. I knew none of the editors. I had heard, however, that you had devoted several months to the investigation of Spiritualism, and that you were previously atheistically inclined. The fact that an atheist should have looked into this matter with any degree of assiduity convinced me that you were a candid man, open to conviction. Was I rightly informed with regard to your previous tenets, and your investigations?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"I am surprised, then, that you have not exercised your advantages by publishing some of the extraordinary proofs of the science. I suppose you have recovered from your atheism, and that you are somewhat of a believer in Spiritualism!"

I responded that, with regard to the former, I was still quite skeptical, and inclined to a belief in materialism; and as for the latter, that my earnest investigations had only led me to the conclusion that it was an unmitigated humbug so far as any *spiritual* agency was concerned.

Mr. Lane appeared astonished, and after a pause asked me if I had any objection to remaining with him, and awaiting the result. I told him that I certainly had none.

At his request the small table was now drawn quite near the head of the bed. Mr. Lane, who was lying upon his back, stretched forth his thin, white hand, and placed it, with the palm downward, upon the side nearest to him, then closed his eyes as though he were settling himself for death. I sat at the end toward the foot of the bed, and was in such a position that I could see his face distinctly. The Doctor and Jane were at the opposite side of the bed, and Mr. H. seated at the table in the center of the room. After a pause the table tipped toward me, lifting Mr. Lane's hand. We all remained in silence, during which the dying man appeared to be putting mental questions; to which the table answered. At length he stated that the spirit desired to transmit a written communication. Paper and a pencil were procured. The sick man's hand was moved very gently, but the paper moved with it. I then secured the sheet with my hand, and the first communication was as follows, viz.:

"The Time is ripe. The great truth has entered into the circle of the world silently, and powerfully—as the 'still small voice.' There is sublimity in its silence. And thus it appeals to man. We can not trumpet

forth the truth. For voice is not to us as hearing is to you. We appeal to you through sublimity, and silence, and an unheard, though felt power. Behold, how the great change has manifested itself in every city, and town, and hamlet in America? This is one of the great voices of your great country. She announces the glad tidings—crying ‘*The gates of Death are open, the ladder of Jacob is reared, and angel voices are ascending—descending—from us to them—from them to us!*’ We are hovering above and around and among your republic of *thought*. It was the fitting field. Had the seed dropped too early, or upon the unenlightened, it would not have fructified. Years were to roll. Years have rolled. The intellectual soil was at last prepared, and the sowers joyfully went forth. At first the great change broke slowly upon man. It was right. There must have been doubters. But the Truth is mighty and prevails. The Spiritualists are numbered by hundreds of thousands. And thus as it is, that the seed has taken root sufficiently for permanence and ever-growth, spite of all calamity of skepticism and ridicule, it is right that you should advance one step further. Attend. The meaning of Death is the mission of this interview. Then mayst thou indeed exclaim, ‘Where is thy sting, and O Grave, where is thy victory!’ Attend, while the passing spirit performs his privilege and his high duty.”

Mr. Lane’s hand then ceased moving. The whole was calculated to render us breathless. After a pause I remarked, that the solemnity of this time would not, I freely confessed, permit me to doubt the honesty of the dying man. But I ventured to ask the spirit—if spirit it was—whether he would not give us some certain proof of the genuineness of the communication as a *spiritual message*.

Mr. Lane’s hand immediately traced the following—

“Willingly. The whole shall be in itself a test. For true it is, that one of the first elements of success in this new movement is, that you believe. *Mr. Lane shall hold a conversation with you prior to, during, and after death*, in which he will give you his experience of Death, and the facts and scenes, so to speak, to which he first awakes, after the heart has ceased to beat. Farewell.”

I willingly dispelled doubt from my mind, and was for a time lost in thought at the solemn import of the spirit’s message. The silence was only broken by the low sobbing of this dear little creature, exhausted, and pale and scantily clad, who, thank Heaven, has forgotten her affliction for a time in sweet slumber. Her dreamy eyes have seized upon my heart. Ah! what a shadow within them lies! Will she live to womanhood? Oh! will she always love and trust me, with all my faults?

Well-a-day! At length as I gazed into the emaciated face upon the pillow before me, the lids lifted, the large black eyes turned upon me, and with a faint voice he said—

“I am sinking—sinking.”

His eyes then turned upon Jane with a gaze of sadness, then rolled slowly round to me again. The look was enough. I leaned toward him, and assured him with a low voice that henceforth she should be my daughter. The little thing ran round to me and fell upon my breast sobbing violently.

“And now,” said he faintly, and with pauses between his sentences, “I am ready to die. I feel that it is good. It grows dim—dim—dim. I am losing earth—losing you all. I know that I live. It—it is a solemn passage, but what, I know not. Are you here? Touch me, touch me—that I may know that I live.”

I pressed my hand gently upon his as it lay upon the table before me. It was cold.

“Are you—are you here? Can you not touch me?”

I stooped over him and whispered into his ear that his hand was in mine.

“In mine? in mine? There is no angel here. What was it whispered? I am in no one’s keeping. I am passing—O,” said he, making a faint effort to rise, “O! that I could stay!—Janie—Janie—that—that this solemn journey were but over.”

Exhaustion had succeeded, and for a moment he ceased breathing. quietly re-spread his hand upon the table and resumed my seat.

“I seem hovering—I know not where. No one is around me—no one comes to me to lift me on through this solemn gloom. I hear nothing—solitary—solitary in this fearful way. This is—indeed—the valley—of the shadow of Death. Where are they, my friends of the Future? Is this *Death*? Is this the Future? *Is the spirit-theory then untrue?*” at last he cried in despair. “And am I—am I to live thus—*thus*? Oh! the fearful *Hell* of an Eternal Existence *alone*! no sight—no hearing—no God—no Heaven (as I had been told), no light—Great God! *no darkness*!—all thought! My soul is consuming—*consuming itself*!—Can I live thus forever? O! for annihilation, for any thing but this solitude! Why can I not peer through this gloom!—Horror, horror—where are these limbs of mine—I *feel not my body around me*! Oh! lost at length—lost to the green earth—and to my Janie—lost to the sweet harmony of companionship!—The *past gone*—the Future, a *blank*!—Great Eternity, am I a God? am I creative? will a world spring at my thought?—

Yes, I create—but it is *thought* alone—for that is of my own essence. I *must* be dead. If you are here and I am not yet dead, tell Janie I will *try* and seek her, I know not how. Tell the world that in death the spirit is fearfully and forever *alone* ! Tell the world that death is *terrib*—.”

The nervous twitching about the under jaw stopped ; and from the very instant when he ceased to articulate, I was startled by finding the table slowly rising and leaning toward the bed. And as the jaw dropped and the strange shadow of death swept down like a curtain over his face, the table rose quickly and pressed firmly and steadily against the bedside, as though it were attracted toward the dead body by an immense power.

We were all now around him. The Doctor, who was on the side opposite to us, slowly laid Mr. Lane's right hand, which he had been holding during the dying scene upon his breast, and we remained *gazing*, awe-struck at this strange death. I believe that, for a moment, my heart actually ceased beating. There was an oppressive pause, which must have lasted at least five minutes. During all this time the table maintained its inclined position, and we still stood speechless, almost breathless. At length we were awakened from our trance by finding the table quietly descending to the floor. It then commenced tipping on two of its legs with a gentle rocking motion. I know not why, but I shuddered at the thought of breaking the death-like silence, so I took up the pencil and wrote—

“ Will you finish what you were saying ? ”

Imagine our terror at seeing the dead arm and hand which had been lying on the table, strike into rigidity, as though it were a piece of mechanism pulled by wires—lift slowly from the table and move toward me. When it had reached within a few inches of me, like lightning it darted forth and down upon my hand in which I was still holding the pencil. Its fingers grasped suddenly and tightly around mine. The touch was as of an icicle. A nameless thrill and terror seized me. Mr. H. fell back ; and slowly the locked hands before me moved across the paper. The dead hand was so tracing the words that *I* could read them. *They were upside down to itself.* The following was the

RESPONSE.

“ No, not that Death is *terrible*. The silence and the solitude were *the Dying*—not *Death* ! Tell them that it was a fearful, silent passage to me and those before me. But that it shall be so no longer in *secula seculorum* ! Silent and strange—yes. But fearful—no. It was terrible

and has been terrible from its *uncertainty*. Every spirit hath known not when it feels that it has at length lost Earth, but it was doomed to silence and solitude *forever*! The struggle to know what it is, the futile efforts to see—to hear—followed by the great, all-absorbing consciousness and conviction that it is simply an *existence*, are fearful! But let the living listen! Hereafter, let those that die, be content to pause through the change; for the solitude lasts but a moment, when the dormant spirit gradually develops. *Then*, there was nothing around it; *now*, he knows himself and that into which he enters."

"Are you in the midst of spirits?" I asked aloud; and my voice seemed to resound unnaturally through the felt silence of the room.

RESPONSE.

"I had lost you for a time. I could see and hear nothing. I almost forgot the circumstances of my death. But then I was not dead. Slowly a sensation of lightness came over me, and I remembered all. I knew you all. I felt calm. I saw your motions as of something apart from me; very much as you look down through clear water and watch the motions of the strange monsters of the deep—whose element is different from yours—whose actions are sometimes strange and unaccountable—with whom you have nothing in common."

Here was a pause again for about five minutes, during which the cold, dead hand relaxed from around mine. At length I asked again,

"Are you in the midst of spirits?"

The strange invisible wires were pulled again, for the blue death fingers tightened around my own, and the locked hands traced the following

RESPONSE.

"I found myself gradually taking *form*—and *moving* through a long, grand, misty, undulating arch-way, toward a *harmony*, as it were, of far-off music. All was indefinite. I felt the intense consciousness of my own existence. Nothing more. At length, clearer and clearer I understood the new Universe into which I was entering, and a part of which I formed. I was alone. I heard no voice. But as I swept through the arch, I said as it were distinctly to myself this strange word, 'FORMS.' At length it changed to 'FORMS—MOTION.' After I had swept on still further, it changed to 'FORMS—MOTION—HARMONY.' And then after a pause, to 'FORMS—MOTION—HARMONY—THE ARCH.' Why I repeated them I know not. Soon I was, as it were, uttering 'FORMS—MOTION—HARMONY—THE ARCH—CONNECTION.' At length

the word 'BEAUTY' was added ; and finally I found myself repeating over and over again—

" ' FORMS—MOTION—HARMONY—THE ARCH—CONNECTION—BEAUTY—ETERNITY—ETERNITY—ETERNITY ! ' I knew not what it could mean. I know now. I will tell you more to-morrow night. I thought, and those in the flesh think, that all they conceive of is every thing that exists, save God and the disembodied spirits. Hence they call it the ' Universe.' I find myself now forming a part of a second Universe ; as I have formed unknown through all ages. All have lived and shall live forever. I know it in the dim distance. You are immortal as truly in the past as you shall be in the future. Finiteness at the beginning must lead to finiteness at the end, and as you shall live forever, so *have* you lived forever : for your life is *infinite*. I will explain to-morrow night. Your first stage was now self-sentient. Peer not into the past. It will not advance HIS GREAT LIVING. Look to the future. You are wearied. Remember Janie—see, she sits weeping. Farewell."

" But are you in the midst of spirits ?" cried I.

RESPONSE.

" O, wonderful—wonderful ! O, altogether inexplicable. As you may suppose the rose unto her leaves—as you may suppose music unto the consciousness of man—as you may suppose the harmonious, and ever crossing, and unheard, and dimly understood converse always going on between the elements of a landscape—the cascade and the rocks—the liquid water's ripples and the shore—the forest and the sunbeams—so do the hosts of the new universe around me hold communion with each other. Direct, not impeded—silent, and dreamily beautiful and sublime ! As different from the converse of man with man as is color from weight. Remember Janie—see, she sits weeping. Adieu."

" But I am *not* weary—I am *not* weary," cried I, quickly. " More—more !"

We asked and asked again for one more response—but one. The spirit had, however, left us. I wished to know if they experienced the passage of time in the other world. But not one word could we obtain. At the word " Adieu," the dead hand fell off from mine. The clock struck three—and bewildered with the strange occurrences of the night, and intoxicated with excitement, I staggered out into the air. My friends soon joined me.

[The article was too long to be inserted at one time. The conclusion will appear in the next number.—ED. PIONEER.]

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER VII.

SPIRITUALIST.—We can now resume our discussion of Spiritualism if you are prepared with your objections.

SKEPTIC.—I have thought of the subject much since we last talked upon it, and I have reëxamined the texts. I have prepared many objections, for I feel that you are wrong in the broad view of the subject, in the spirit of it, in the sense God intended we should take it. I can not gainsay the texts of Scripture you bring to support your argument, but think you pervert their meaning, or rather, misapply them. I still believe strongly that the days of inspiration are past, that miracles are past, and that we shall have no more special interpositions of Divine Providence until the last day, when the dead shall be called from their graves to judgment.

SP.—It is a common objection to *Spiritism* (if I may be allowed to use a shorter term than usual), that it is a new-fangled doctrine, and that if there were such a reality it would have been known ages ago. It is usual to claim for the inspiration given to the prophets a direct communication with God, the Creator of the universe. It is equally usual with all Christians to believe that the whole Bible is an unerring and infallible guide in all spiritual matters, and therefore any text of it is authority. Do you admit this?

SKEP.—Yes—most fully; God did speak directly to his holy prophets, so says the sacred Word, which can not lie. I consider any text of the Bible to be more true, if taken in its proper sense, than any other writing known to man.

SP.—We agree there. I believe the Bible to be a true record. There are many honest Spiritualists who believe it to contain errors. I am for the Bible, and believe it to be the expression of God's will to man. I believe it to be as harmonious and consistent with itself as any large number of works written in different ages and by different authors, and

bound up in one volume and considered *one book*, could possibly be after a thousand transcriptions by the scribes of all nations through many centuries of time. I believe it would be still clearer if we all understood the original language in which it was written, and could see the modes of life of the people, and understand better their figures of speech. Many difficulties are in our way. There are peculiarities in the Hebrew that make it difficult to translate. The habits of life of the people were very different from ours. The Jews, during much of the time recorded of them in the Bible, were nomadic tribes, living in tents, changing from place to place wherever there might be found pasturage for their flocks. They were also unlettered. Very few except the priests could read or write. Their civilization was about equal, and yet not quite, to that of the Arabs of the desert.

SKEP.—I presume you are right. In those primitive times there could have been few nations raised above barbarism. This made the interposition of God for his chosen people the more necessary. They were in darkness and he gave them light.

SP.—“God is no respecter of persons,” and I think he does not treat nations with partiality. Every human being is a child of God, and an equal sharer in his love. It is unjust to God to pronounce him partial—to say that he protected one set of men and destroyed others.

SKEP.—Yet such was the case, and whatever is, is right.

SP.—On that point we are at issue. We have not read the history of the nations that were cotemporary with the Jews, because from various casualties it has not reached us—or else because it was not written. The Jews, as a nation, loom up on the horizon of the past into an undue importance, because they stand alone in recorded history. There are countless nations whose story has not yet been told to earth, and probably never will be known to any, until better opportunities, and in another world, shall be offered to them.

SKEP.—It is enough for our present purpose that we agree in our belief of the Bible.

SP.—Yes—we agree to believe the Bible; possibly we differ in some matters concerning it. It is probable that you attribute to it a more sacred character than I do.

SKEP.—I reverence the Word of God. I bow my heart in adoration to that book of books, in which he has recorded his love and his will to man.

SP.—I respect it as a true record. I keep my worship for God himself.

Let us now turn our attention to the subject before us. We were to look into the New Testament to see if there was any Spiritualism there. We will turn first to those parts of it that allude to *spiritual gifts*.

SKEP.—I see you intend to construe those passages to suit your doctrine. I have always considered spiritual gifts as qualities or powers bestowed by Christ on his Apostles, when he sent them forth to preach and to work miracles to prove the Gospel.

SP.—If you please, we will take the book as we find it. It is given for our instruction, and we will therefore examine it as if it was spoken to us. I take it that we are not without the pale of its law, because we happen to live in this age instead of the Roman era.

SKEP.—The Scriptures are for all time and for all people.

SP.—Well, then, to our texts. In Romans i. 2 it reads: "For I long to see you, that I may impart to you some spiritual gift." So you see it was not Christ only who could impart them. Again, in Romans xii. 6, 7, it reads: "Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given us, whether prophecy or ministry." In 1st Corinthians i. 7, it reads: "So that ye come behind in no gift." In chapter vii. 7, it reads: "I would that all men were even as myself, but every man hath his proper gift." In Ephes. iv. 8, it reads: "Christ gave gifts unto men." In 1st Corinthians xiv., it reads: "Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy. I would that ye all spoke with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied. As ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel," etc. In 1st Peter iv. 10, 11: "As every man hath received the gift, so minister one to another. If any man speak, let him speak as the oracles of God." I think the spiritual gifts here alluded to, are similar to those we see in the many phases of Spiritualism.

SKEP.—There is the point where we differ. I consider them miraculous gifts, and only bestowed on the Apostles and saints of old. That dispensation is past.

SP.—I do not find any authority in the Holy Scriptures for the assertion that the time is past when we could have such spiritual gifts. I find nothing in them that I have not myself seen often—always excepting the great miracles, which, as I can not understand, I will not discuss. The most important record of the spiritual gifts of old is given in 1st Corinthians xii. The chapter is nearly all upon the subject, and describes the different kinds of *mediums*, as I should call it—*gifts*, as you will wish to have it termed.

SKEP.—I prefer the word *gift*. I consider the word *medium* as embodying the idea of this great modern heresy.

SP.—Well, we will speak of gifts then. Paul begins by saying: "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." "I give you to understand that no man speaking by the spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed, and no man can say Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit." "But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man, to profit withal." How do you interpret those passages? Can you make it out to be any thing else than allusions to the gifts possessed by mediums?

SKEP.—I do not see clearly what St. Paul means by the manifestation of the spirit. Go on with your quotations.

SP.—Well, we will proceed. "For to one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit." I can not see any necessity for twisting those words round to mystify their very obvious meaning. We see every day "the word of wisdom" given through mediums by an elevated spirit (once an inhabitant of earth), and we have information and knowledge of various kinds given by the same spirit. To continue, Paul says: "To another is given faith by the same spirit." Do we not all receive our faith from the spirits with whom we converse? "To another the gifts of healing by the same spirit." I have seen many miracles of healing wrought by those various gifts. It is one of the most common qualities among mediums—that of having the powers of healing. To be a medium generally one must have an excess of vital fluid. This can be imparted to those who lack it, and there are many diseases cured. Moreover, spirits effect cures through mediums that the mediums could not themselves cure. To continue: "To another the working of miracles." A good natural medium possesses qualities by which miracles can be wrought. It is a miracle (to uninstructed eyes) to cause a table to move, much more to make it rise from the floor independently, and go into another room, or to make a man rise in the air and sail round like a bird. Miracles of this kind are reckoned by hundreds in this country in the last six years. Yet, when the matter is examined, we find nothing in it which transcends the natural laws of the universe.

SKEP.—I can not understand the physical manifestations of spirits, so called. I require to be better acquainted with them before I judge.

SP.—St. Paul next says, "To another, is given prophecy." You will certainly admit that many prophecies have been made through mediums which have been fulfilled. I have known of many.

SKEP.—I have not been so fortunate. I have never seen any one whom I believed to be what you consider a prophet.

SP.—Well, all in good time, you will see such ere long. Paul next says, “To another, the discerning of spirits.” What do you understand by that?

SKEP.—Understanding the minds of men.

SP.—I understand it as it reads. I can not imagine a clearer statement. “To discern a spirit,” is to see a spirit. Mediums *see* spirits every day. *You* could see them, perhaps, if you would *seek* the gift. Suffer yourself to come under spirit-influence, and you would find yourself possessed of some of the spiritual gifts spoken of by St. Paul.

SKEP.—It is my duty to pray to God for spiritual gifts, that is, gifts of his spirit or his grace—and I do so pray. I do not pray to be a medium, because I am not convinced that there is such a thing in reality.

SP.—I am rather surprised that you will not accept of the obvious interpretation of the text. You generally insist that the texts you quote shall be combated in their literal form. But to continue: “To another, divers kinds of tongues.” What do you make of that?

SKEP.—I suppose that in those days the Apostles were gifted with the power of speaking various languages when under the influence of the Holy Ghost.

SP.—There is where we agree. The Holy Ghost was a holy spirit which spoke through the medium. I have myself heard an unlettered mechanic speak in various languages while under magnetic or spiritual influence. I have heard a medium, who I know did not know more than one language, speak in a foreign tongue which I understood well. I have heard a child, who did not even know one language respectably, speak in a foreign language, so that I held conversation with an old friend who had died some years previously. I have seen many cases of this kind, where a spirit made a medium speak in a foreign language. It is a difficult thing for a spirit to accomplish. The medium must be deeply magnetized, else the attempt will be unsuccessful. But I know how you will treat this argument. You will require to see this yourself before you believe.

SKEP.—You have judged me rightly. Moreover, in an argument you have no right to bring yourself in as a witness, you being one of the parties in controversy. I will give those facts their due weight when I have seen them and weighed them.

SP.—I mentioned the fact that spirits speak foreign languages through mediums, because it is a notorious fact. It is true that only the best mediums are sufficiently susceptible of magnetic influence to give utterance to words of which they do not themselves understand the meaning.

You, for instance, if required to repeat a sentence spoken to you in Arabic or Hindostanee, would find it difficult to pronounce a word, and it is probable that the practice of a whole day would be insufficient to enable you to do it. Nevertheless, if you were rendered unconscious, so that you could take no cognizance of the forms of the words, you might be made to speak them. I refer to Mr. Phinney, through whom spirits have spoken in many languages, and to Mrs. Sweet, who has been made to speak in several languages. Neither of those mediums has learned any foreign language, as I believe.

SKEP.—I have heard of these cases before. Both are celebrated as remarkable mediums. But I require to hear such things, and then I should wish to be sure that they had never learned, or partially learned, those foreign sentences, and by some sublimation of their faculties been made to speak them. I remember that about twenty years ago there was a European professor, who was a linguist, and especially an Hebraist. He was in the habit of reading the Bible aloud in the original. He had a German domestic, a girl of twenty years. She being ill, after a while began to talk Hebrew, and for many weeks astounded the professor and his learned friends by conversing with them in that language. I remember the affair made a great noise at the time, and many sage theories were propounded to account for the phenomenon. It was solved in this way. She had heard him read Hebrew, and had thus learned the language. It had become impressed on her mind, and when her faculties were sufficiently sublimated from some peculiar illness, her memory was awakened, and she uttered that which she could not have uttered in her normal condition.

SP.—I should explain the matter differently. The girl *conversed* with them in Hebrew, and used better language than they, and confounded them in argument. She was a very good medium, and some Rabbi among the spirits was speaking through her.

To proceed with the texts: "To another, the interpretation of tongues." This is a similar matter. One medium will speak in a foreign language and another interpret it. There is nothing remarkable in that. To continue: "The one and self-same spirit worketh all these." Of course one learned spirit could speak in a foreign language or interpret it—or give the word of wisdom, or the word of knowledge, or the word of prophecy—or could heal diseases or could work miracles. Again, in the text: "God hath set some in the church: first, apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that, miracles; then gifts of healings, helps, governments, diversities of tongues. Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all

teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret? But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet I show unto you a more excellent way."

SKEP.—This is certainly a very formidable array of texts for your favorite theory. I am not prepared yet to explain my view of the matter. I notice that St. Paul says, in conclusion (after he advises them to covet earnestly the best gifts), "But I show you a more excellent way."

SP.—I can not understand the meaning, as the succeeding chapter does not throw any light upon what he means by the more excellent way, except that he alludes to *charity*, and says, "Though I speak with tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or as tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gifts of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing; and though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I may give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. Charity suffereth long and is kind. Charity envieth not. Charity vaunteth not itself—is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth. Beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth. But whether there be prophecies they shall fail, whether there be tongues, they shall cease, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. And now abideth Faith, Hope, and Charity, these three, but the greatest of these is Charity."

I have quoted St. Paul's remarks on *Love* (as I interpret his "charity" to mean), because I think it will bear reading an infinite number of times. I consider it the best thing he ever wrote. This charity is "the more excellent way." Let a man's heart be filled with love to God and to all mankind, and he can not be in a more excellent way. He will then be as much a Spiritualist as I wish him to be.

SKEP.—But that is nothing new. It is the teaching of St. Paul. You must not arrogate it to Spiritualism.

SP.—I claim St. Paul for a Spiritualist—and claim that his discourse on charity is pure Spiritualism. We will proceed with our texts, for I propound nothing which has not the Word of God for its foundation. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know as I am known." "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part." What do you understand by this?

SKEP.—We shall not disagree on that. After death we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known.

SP.—Yes, we agree there. Spirits can see us now, but, in general, we can not see them. Then we shall meet face to face. To proceed: “God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit, * * * * which things also we speak, which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual” (1st Corinthians ii.). It seems to me that the teaching in this chapter is very clear. That which the Holy Ghost (that is, a good spirit) teaches us we impart to others.

SKEP.—I can not consent to your using the term Holy Ghost to mean a spirit.

SP.—Well, I will waive it now, and we will examine the question hereafter. To the text again: “The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned” (verse 14). What could be more true! There are thousands round us who can not comprehend a spiritual idea. No idea above the earth can enter into them. Of course they can not be Spiritualists—we do not wish them to be so. We rather prefer to have their antagonism. If there were no outside pressure, Spiritualists would not be so well united. What keeps a barrel in its form? It is the outside band, but for which the hoops would come apart and the heads fall in. The earthly and the gross who can not understand the use of Spiritualism, are serviceable to the cause nevertheless. They keep the Spiritualists united. The attacks from without prevent schisms within.

SKEP.—I know there are men and women that seem made only of flesh and blood. The soul seems wanting, and an animal instinct seems to have supplied its place. Those people are probably fit for the parts they have to play on earth. There must be earthly people.

SP.—Yes, the earth needs an infinite variety of minds—the larger proportion, in the present state of the world, must of necessity be gross and unspiritual. It is not to such our arguments are addressed. I quote again: “Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? Know ye not that we shall judge angels?” (1st Corinthians vi. 2, 3.) What shall we understand by that?

SKEP.—I will hear your interpretation of the passage.

SP.—If angels were a different creation from man, we could not judge them, but being their equals we can.

“Every good gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning.” (James i. 17.) If you admit that “angels” are spirits, and spirits of human beings, you can not deny spiritual manifestations, for the Bible is full of them.

SKEP.—On that point I am not prepared to speak. I am aware of the



dilemma. I know that the angel who gave the Revelations to John (Revelations xxii. 8, 9) says, when John was about to worship him as a superior being, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets." I can not understand the connection which modern *Spiritism* has with things like the revelation made to John.

SP.—Modern Spiritism and ancient Spiritism are identical. That is the connection.

SKEP.—I have never taken the view of spiritual gifts that you take. Sundry of my brethren in the church are said to be *gifted*. One has a gift of speaking, another has the gift of prayer, another is known to be spiritual minded—this is explanation enough of the words of St. Paul. I, at least, am satisfied with it.

SP.—So am not I. Which of your congregation has the gift of *seeing spirits*? Which one of them can work miracles, or heal diseases by the laying on of hands? Which of them can prophesy or speak, while in an abnormal state, in various languages? I fear the gifts of your church members (however well they may pray and exhort) will never reform the world and lift people up out of sensuality to spirituality.

SKEP.—I claim that these gifts are not now bestowed on men. The time is past.

SP.—I claim that now is the time—and that there never was a time when it was not seasonable to have all spiritual gifts, and through them to preach reformation to the world. I know very well that the earth has not been prepared for the truth, and is not prepared, but, thank God, there is a prospect that it soon will be. I know that in all ages the reformer has been a martyr, and the days of martyrdom are not yet past. The spirit of persecution is abroad—men's hearts are rife with it now—and we poor Spiritualists would be hanged, drawn, and quartered if certain intolerants could have their way.

SKEP.—Yes. The intolerants and zealots are not all dead yet. They would still persecute if they dared. Indeed, they do *persecute*, but they can not kill for opinion's sake—certainly not in this enlightened land.

SP.—No; they can not kill the body—they only lay their ban upon the heretic—they kill his reputation, if possible. They ostracise him; but the spirit of truth may be banished for awhile, but she will return; she may be persecuted and reviled, but she can not be destroyed.

You speak of the gifts of Spiritism being no longer bestowed on man, if ever. I admit that the world needed light from above by those special manifestations, more in the time of Abraham or in the time of Christ, than now. But all ages are alike in this respect, that people will perse-

cute those who advance new ideas. Witness Galileo—witness the crucifixion of Christ. No matter what the idea advanced may be, people will shrink from it and oppose it.

“Truths would you teach to save a sinking land,
All fear—none aid you, and few understand.”

SKEP.—It is an unhappy truth that men oppose the advance of new ideas in all things so that the world moves slow.

SP.—“But it moves though.” It is ignorance that causes this feeling. Men of great learning oppose Spiritualism violently because they are *ignorant* upon the subject. They are learned in the common sciences, but ignorant of the spiritual truth. I have noticed that men whose education has been one of routine, are too conservative for their own good. They go altogether by precedent, forgetting that progress is in that way impossible. All improvements, all inventions, all progress, as a rule, are among outsiders in any art, science, or profession. They are less enslaved by forms and formulas.

SKEP.—I do not approve of the opposition, or rather, of the kind of opposition which Spiritualism meets with. I am disposed to give every new idea a fair hearing. I like well the spirit of the old remark: “Strike, but hear me.” If I strike at your doctrine, still I *hear* it.

SP.—Would that all would do so, but they will not see nor hear, “lest seeing they should see, and hearing they should hear and be convinced.” I assert that there is not an intelligent man in existence, who, if he would examine this subject with a willing heart, could fail to be convinced. Nor is there an individual who would not become both better and happier for the belief.

SKEP.—I am willing to believe so. I have no feeling of antagonism to your doctrine, except so far as I consider it unsound. I wish that men may grow better and happier, but not by imbibing into their minds a delusion which might lead to their everlasting ruin. Show me, either from facts which have occurred, or from reason, or from the Bible, that your doctrine is correct, and I will gladly adopt it. I will hail it as I would a child that I had lost, though to receive it I should have to repudiate one that I had mistakenly adopted, and learned to love. I love the truth, and am a sincere seeker after it. I have not always been so. I *adopted* my faith early in life, and have been taught to think and speak of the Bible with reverence, and to obey its precepts with godly fear. Of course, I have understood the Word of God as my minister has explained it to me.

THE CYNIC.

November 10, 1853.

At a meeting of the Circle of Progress, Mrs. Sweet was influenced, she began by saying :

"Well, Judge, you are the queerest man yet. That tickles me amazingly. They tell me you have turned preacher, or teacher, which is the same thing—and I thought I would come and have a talk with you about it."

I asked, "Who are you?" "I am a man." "What is your name?" "It is n't Daniel Webster. But you would not know it, if I told you."

"According to your mode of reckoning time, I have been in the spirit-world about fifty years. I originally lived among the people called Puritans, and was brought up to conform strictly with all their creeds and notions of religious freedom. I was brought up among them, but did not always think with them. In my youth I was a straight-laced, sober-minded, long-faced, church-going member of the community. I thought there was no safety for me, or for any one, beyond the pale of that particular sect. I was constantly praying and laboring with all my might to convince others of the happiness they might find in doing as I did.

"Now, it so happened that I was obliged to leave the scenes of my youth, and live in a large city. There I was thrown into many different kinds of society, and urged to visit one expounder of the truth after another, as models of purity and perfection in his way.

"When I had heard one, I was confident he could not be surpassed, till I tried the next; and then my whole soul would chime in with the splendid talents and exalted purity of the last I heard; and thus I went on, dazzled with one, delighted with another, charmed with a third, convinced by a fourth, confused by all, and not knowing which was the truth-teller, which was the liar, or which the one I ought to follow. It seemed as though my former ideas were all hashed up, and the new ones were so confused and contradictory that I knew not which way to turn. I thought where so many different teachers abounded, there must be some one right, but I was not able to select that one from among the many.

"I became very uneasy, I, who had before been so calm and tranquil, and so well satisfied, walking in my straight and narrow path. But my

path grew narrower and was blocked up after hearing such a variety of opinions, and finally disappeared from view when I began to separate my thoughts one from another, and get my ideas in shape.

"This state of mind lasted some time, creating a conflict neither pleasant nor profitable to my peace.

"At length I came to the conclusion that I would discard every opinion and form my own, and I marked out my own course. I determined to see for myself whether there was within me any true, unerring guide to lead me right; for I reasoned: If I am a spark of intelligence emanating from God, the Great Sun and Center of all Intelligence, is there not within me enough to show the light by which to travel back to the source whence I sprung? and I said, I'll try. I'll wait and seek, and if the Bible, which I have so much and devoutly revered in early years, is not a vain and empty fable, I will knock, and it will be opened to me. I was not mistaken; gradually light broke in on my firm-bound soul. It was so new and strange that it frightened me, even though coming in little flashes. I would sometimes start back affrighted when receiving an answer to my inmost thoughts, and I was led to ponder deeply and alone. Not alone, as I now find, for I had bright and glorious companions unseen by me who were trying to whisper into my dull and leaden-hued mind thoughts of wisdom to enlighten and assist me in my earnest researches. And now, as I began slowly to emerge from the confines of my former resting-place, I encountered many enemies; some called me hypocrite, some heretic, some atheist, some crazy. But I stood unmoved, for the hope of eternal life which had been nigh being extinguished in my breast had become firm and strong. And when men opposed me with stale arguments borrowed from others' minds, how I despised them, for I leaned on myself. How I looked inwardly and felt there was that in me which had taken hold on eternal life. No bandying of words, no ridicule or opposition, could turn me aside from the path I had chosen for myself, for I felt that the energies of my soul had been called forth in its conflicts, and I was daily growing stronger, and being sustained with more than human power.

"When I thus rose up against opposition, and in spite of prejudice asserted the truth as I felt it in me, they were ready to stone me, and said I was mad because I had dared to think for myself and speak for myself. Still I lived on in my madness, and most happy it made me, and not only me, but some few brave hearts who through my instrumentality had been brought to feel the truth as well as enjoy the blessing of thinking for themselves.

"Having lived near in accordance with the ideas I professed to believe, I laid my body down, and my spirit took its flight to its next and better habitation. Oh, well I remember as my remains were borne to the grave, how the by-standers said to each other, 'The teacher is dead—the man who saw and knew what no one else ever heard of—he's dead, and now has not even a minister to breathe a prayer over his remains. Fit burial for such as laughed to scorn the teachings of the holy men of God who by their zeal and knowledge are redeeming mankind.' I was not mourned—not regretted—I saw it all, but it did not grieve me. I had made myself a mark to be shot at, and had made myself obnoxious to all who professed to be truth-loving Christians, not by my opinions so much as for the great and unusual liberty I had taken, of thinking for myself and drawing my own conclusions. But my entrance into the spirit-world was remarkably pleasant and joyous. I was welcomed by many who had been considered while in this world as lost sheep, as having no claim on eternal life, because they had no name in the Christian Church which would lead to eternal life, as was supposed.

"It would be vain to try to tell you my astonishment and gratification, and also the deep awe with which my soul was filled, when I beheld how closely connected with the lower world are the inhabitants of the next sphere above us. Why! I saw innumerable spirits constantly gliding through the air and approaching persons on earth, holding communion with them in tones that only their hearts could hear. I now saw how the secrets of knowledge had been given to me, and how I had been able to take a fast hold on eternal life while surrounded and advised and strengthened and led on by wise spirits, when I had once taken myself from under the control of mortal minds. I saw how unceasing and untiring were the efforts to enlighten and guide mortals, in every class and denomination, and trying to approach near to them, when not repelled by the grossness of their material nature. I saw how they strengthened good resolutions, how they purified and elevated man, unconsciously to himself, and how their ennobling influence was surrounding his daily path.

"Think not that if left alone in this gross material form, and in this material world unaided by any spirit-influence, you would be able to hold communion with bright and glorious spirits.

"Oh, what a beautifully descending plane of spirits there, between the higher regions and the lower earth. They who mingle continually in our midst are shrouded from us in a veil of dark and shadowy material existence, which obscures from them the brightness of the spheres; but

as they ascend where the atmosphere is pure and spiritual in its light, how gradually and distinctly they change in color, like stars in the firmament!

"I saw them mingling with all classes here, and many dark spirits too. It made me sad and sorrowful to see so many ignorant and malicious wanderers, who were invisible to mortal eye, mingling their evil influences with their benighted brothers of earth. I saw where bright spirits were repelled: it was by the closer companionship which the dark ones maintained with the individual who thus repulsed the bright visitant, who would fain advise him and tear him away from his dark associate. This grieved me, and I turned away from earth and began the exploration of my new home. Every step I took I felt myself growing stronger and more free, and I felt myself filled with a great gust of gladness to find myself surrounded by such beautiful companions. I was very unlike them in my outer garb, but still my heart claimed companionship with their spirits in its love. I gradually felt the material part of my being giving away as I became more and more filled with the invigorating influence of the atmosphere surrounding me. Surrounding each spirit was a soft and lovely halo of light which reflected on me; and the combativeness of my nature, which had displayed itself so strikingly in the human form, melted away under the influence of their love and their gentle instructions. My life had been a rugged, and in many respects a stormy one. I had given away much to the animal passions of my nature; I had not exercised as much as I should, the law of love, and forbearance, and kindness. How deeply I now regretted the want of them. How coarse and ungainly my attributes made me seem amid so many gentle and loving beings! so I began to shake them off, to labor away those grosser and uncurbed portions of my character; and thanks to the loving kindness which ever surrounded and aided me, I succeeded in effacing one by one the crudities of my former existence.

"I am but a scholar yet, and in a low class. The characteristics which marked my former life have not entirely left me. I am everywhere known by my gruff and uncivil manner. But enough of that. I am preparing myself for a great work in future that is pregnant with good to honest and earnest inquirers and with great joy to me. If by my assistance I can aid one soul in its search for truth, I shall make one step toward the brightness above me.

"How little you know of the brightness of heaven! How gross to your senses do you make the purity of the sphere of celestial joy appear! And why is this? Because of your material nature, because of your imagin-

ings being tinged with the grossness of your bodies, because your spiritual parts are so undeveloped you can not conceive of any thing so pure and sublimated as the essence of the atmosphere in which spirits live.

"But as you lose sight of material things in connection with those which are spiritual, you will be carried above and beyond the limits of this earth, and your spirits be able to taste of the glories we speak of when telling you of heaven and its purity; and your souls may on this earth be so elevated and purified, that you may ascend far beyond the stars, and revel high up in the light which will be poured in upon your being when it shall have loosened itself from the fetters of earth, so as to be placed in uninterrupted connection with the messengers of Love and Light who only exist when in that light.

"My errand here, Judge, this evening, was to tell you how much I admired your course, how glad I am to think you are independent enough to think for yourself, and speak what you believe to be true. I have sympathized with you in many of your feelings. My course resembled yours, though my nature was not cast in so fine a mold. Yet it was led to see its early errors; and when the truth was made apparent to me, though not so pleasingly as to you, I held on to it, and the hold which I took was so firm and strong that it carried me clear out of this world into the world of spirits, and when I arrived there, the most beautiful of it all was, that I had not been mistaken when I learned to trust the immortal promptings of my own spirit.

"I am but a blunt old man yet. I like to talk as I used to. My speech was never very pleasant. My nature was ever blunt but truthful, and I leave you to-night with the earnest prayer, that the Father of Love may expand and beautify every soul here present, and make it strong in the labor of redeeming man from error, and raising him up to the dignity of his manhood, showing him the beautiful light ever shining on his footsteps, leading him up, up, far up to his native home, his birthright above the skies."

Here ended the communication, and on a brief conversation with him we learned he died in England 50 years ago, at the age of 90; that during his life he published a book called "The Memoirs of Sir John Pensley," which was his name; that he left no children, and that his wife died ten years before him, etc.

WHAT IS DEATH?

THE following poem comes to us with this letter from a valued friend, and gives the best explanation of its origin. We should be glad often to hear from our correspondent and his gifted *protégée*.

July 10th, 1854.

JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—The following poem was written through spirit-influence by Miss T——, a young lady of our city, a member of our circle, and the best developed writing medium we have. It purports to come from a Dr. Waterman, a spirit who has been with us in our circles from the commencement, and particularly with Miss T., conveying, through her, most exalted ideas of future life, and lessons of practical wisdom, such as none but the purest and best could impart. This poem was written at the request of the *mother* of Miss T., the *subject* having been chosen by her at the request of her guardian spirit, Dr. Waterman, and evidently composed with reference to a widowed mother with a heart bowed down with grief from the loss of a partner, taken away suddenly by cholera, and two children by other causes, and left with a large family, without resources, to struggle with the cold charities of the world—a lady, however, of strong mind and great energy of character. I will only add, the friends of Miss T. all acknowledge the Muses have never inspired her to write poetry, and that she has not the capacity for such a poem as this. If you agree with me that it is worthy of publication, and will give it a place in your SACRED CIRCLE, I doubt not it will be read with interest. You may remember the writer of this, having had the pleasure of meeting you with Dr. Dexter in May last, since which I have not ceased to remember you *both*, and watched with great interest your efforts in the noble cause. May God give you health and strength and wisdom to enlighten and cheer the friends who are seeking after truth.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

WHAT IS DEATH?

DEATH! is it to die!
 To close the ever-laughing eye,
 To hush the voice of mirth,
 To take the last heart-rending gaze
 On blighted hopes of earlier days,
 So soon returned to earth?

Death! is it to have the loved not near,
 Only in mocking dreams to hear
 The loving accents and the gentle tone—
 To clasp them to our hearts awhile,
 To feel the kiss and see the smile,
 Then wake to find them gone?

Death! is it that we dread and fear,
 When we feel the time of his coming near?
 No; 'tis the shroud—the pall—
 The grave—its darkness and its mystery,
 That we can not fathom and can not see,
 For the mist that hangs o'er all.

Death! is to be born again,
 Not to a heritage of pain—
 To darkness—and to night,
 Not to misery, sorrow, and sin,
 Not to joys that shall die again,
 But to fields of living light.

Death is the bursting of every chain
 That ever would bind us to earth again;
 'Tis the breaking of prison bars,
 Whence the soul leaps forth in ecstasy free
 Forever, and ever, and ever to be
 Dwelling among the stars.

And then with wings that never tire,
 Upward and onward, higher and higher,
 It soars to *Him*;
 And then with the source from which it came,
 Free from secret remorse and shame,
 It dwelleth from every sin.

Mourner, who weepeth the loved and the cherished,
 That grew weary and fell by the wayside and perished,
 Shed not a tear;
 They, the loving and the true hearted,
 They, the lost and the long parted,
 Are gathered here.

THE BETTER LAND.

Mother, thy children are kept from sin ;
 Guarded, protected, and led to Him ;
 Wife, thy partner is here,
 Love does not end with the last cold kiss—
 With the half-breathed words of tenderness—
 They are here, all here.

Death ! O why should mortals dread thee ?
 · Releaser of every pain,
 Thou breakest into them a life
 Thou canst never take again ;
 Thou givest for this scene of troubled woe,
 Pleasures without alloy—
 Thou givest for grief, remorse, and fear,
 A life of unending joy.



THE BETTER LAND.

THEY tell us of a better land
 Where we toil and drudge no more—
 Where thankless labor wears us not,
 And earthly wants are o'er ;
 Where tears no longer flow
 From the crushed or wounded heart ;
 Where sickness in our frame
 Has neither lot nor part ;
 Where decay no more is known,
 And all the ills we bore—
 The pains, the griefs, the sufferings all,
 Are gone forevermore.

Shall we pause to seek that land—
 Shall we dread to reach that shore,
 Where the minds of all the storied past
 We know have gone before ?
 How blest to hail that band,
 Who are waiting our embrace ;
 To grasp each friendly hand,
 And greet each loving face ;
 To press the ones that long on earth
 Were cherished in the heart ;
 And side by side with them go forth,
 And never, never part !

THE NEW CITY.

MONDAY, 8th May, 1854.

At the Circle of Progress the following was given through Mrs. Sweet :

I see a number of persons laying the foundations of a new City. The materials they are using are of the most peculiar kind I have ever seen. The persons engaged in the labor have hopeful, cheerful faces, and seem much elated with what they are trying to bring to perfection.

They say they are going to establish a magnificent City ; and all on a different plan and principle from any thing ever built before. It will excel all others in beauty and durability, and it shall stand as a pattern before the world.

But methinks there are so many minds engaged in this work, and all laying their foundations so different, they will not be substantial. Some of them will have to be taken up and relaid. Some of them will be swept away by the first storm that beats against them.

It will be a strong and a wonderful-looking City, being built by such a variety of minds, each working according to his own fancy. But I see it progressing rapidly. Some parts of it are very beautiful. Some of the structures tower high above the others, and the architecture attracts the attention of all who pass.

But why is this ? Some are working leisurely and slowly, while others are toiling as though their lives are depending on the immediate accomplishment of what they are doing. They make haste to erect the structure, but do not examine the materials. They throw them together hastily, and seem only anxious to accumulate much to behold. Others have proceeded little with their labor, and look despondent, and think it will never be brought to perfection, and that they had better abandon what they have done and return to their old habitations.

But still it progresses, though it looks strange and uneven. Now I see a few individuals who are walking about and giving orders. They command that this shall be done so, and that so ; but others are not willing to obey their commands.

I fear the City will be left unfinished. There is no system—no ruling mind capable of leading all those people to do the work as it should be

done. I perceive each one thinks his mode the best, and each insists on having the buildings erected to suit his own peculiar views. But the City will in time be built. It will at first be irregular and devoid of harmonious beauty, and, from the singularity of its foundations, unlike any other city.

The people still labor, but they look less happy. I see dissatisfaction and murmuring in their faces. They are not satisfied with their own work nor that of their neighbors—and they ridicule the structures around them and say, "What deformity!"

It is a strange study. It is a marvelous sight to the one who views that City in its commencement, for it shall grow and spread and be filled with a vast multitude of souls. But a long time will elapse ere it shall become pruned down and rebuilt and beautified, ere it shall have the purity and beauty of style, the tone and harmony of proportions, which its protectors intended it should have; and it is not made for one only, or for a few, but its usefulness will be universal, and it will become the abiding place of all mankind.



RESURGAM.

I HAVE no fear to lay me down
 Upon the earth's cold breast,
 'Nenth withered grass and foliage brown,
 As to my nightly rest.
 The grave, to which I am the heir,
 Knows not of care or pain;
 I do not dread to lay me there,
 For I shall rise again!

Wearied with many a struggle here,
 A weight upon my heart,
 With many a sigh and many a tear,
 Why should I dread to part!
 Enough of life—I'm ready now
 To burst the galling chain;
 What heed of earth upon my brow,
 For I shall rise again!

W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 14th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR—Feeling somewhat acquainted with you from the circumstance of having seen you, and heard the words of truth so fearlessly spoken by you in this city, some months since, I am *impressed* to write you a few friendly words. Your high social position has given much weight to the cause in which you so ardently labor, yet by the ignorant you are termed “insane.” ’Tis hard that such should be the fate of a noble-minded man who toils to *benefit* and *elevate* his race, but thus it is and ever hath been, with all moral reformers, and those engaged in disseminating *eternal* truths. Be not, therefore, discouraged in the glorious cause which you have espoused, and under whose banners you so *faithfully* fight, but go on proclaiming to all the nations of the earth the glad tidings of *man’s immortality* and the intercommunion of the spirit-world with mortals. The time is not far distant when you will receive the tribute of thousands of *grateful* hearts for removing the gloom which has hung like a *dark pall* over their joys on earth. Thank God! this gloom is removed from my heart, and I can now look with the “eye of faith” and see my dear babes in the seraph train which composes the infant army of heaven. My dear ones come, and in soft tones say, “Time’s swift flight will soon bring about a reunion of loved and cherished friends.” Yes, in gentle breathings they speak of life eternal. Oh! the stupidity of man to cast aside those truths for the *vanities* of earth. How long will man choose darkness rather than light? How long will he oppress his brother? Ask that afflicted one who toils for a daily sustenance, whether a just reward is given him for the labor performed by his weak and trembling limbs? Ask the mother who toils for her *starving* family, whether *justice* or *avarice* is the rule by which she is remunerated? Oh, Charity! thou meek-eyed goddess! make thine abode in my heart, for thou coverest a multitude of sins. Spiritualism will renovate society. It teacheth us the true social relations and duties of life, and how to promote that harmony and union so indispensably necessary to our well-being.

I was much pleased with a communication in THE SACRED CIRCLE purporting to have come from the spirit of Mrs. Hemans. I send you

one which *purports* to have emanated from H. K. White, through my mediumship, should you deem it worthy an insertion in the CIRCLE.

Thine, in the bonds of Spiritualism, • • •

COMMUNICATION.

The rays of the setting sun had gilded the lofty domes of heaven, when a traveler entered the gates of the Eternal City. All, to him, was new and strange. He was learned in the histories of all countries but this. Of what avail is this knowledge to him now? This country is entirely different, in all its aspects, from those with which he is familiar. As he contemplates, a beautiful being approaches and accosts him thus: "Son, I am thy mother." The voice awakens a thrill of ecstasy in his bosom. Those accents of love are not new to him, for well he remembers his mother's voice as, on bended knees and with clasped hands, she invoked God's blessing on his infant head. But that form, whence comes it? When he parted with her she was bowed with age; now she seems as youthful a young maiden! How is this? He seeks an explanation. In love-tones his mother speaks: "My son, had you sought more of heavenly knowledge and less of earthly, you could comprehend how God's love rejuvenates all flesh on entering his Celestial City. I left you, decrepit with years; but, in the order of progression, my spirit emerged from its earthly tabernacle young as an eaglet, and, like him, soared to heaven to bathe in the refulgent rays of God's love. My son, you have much to learn. Oh! that you had began to learn in time those lessons so necessary for eternity; but I will not spend my time in *vain regrets*, but will point out to you the localities of your future home;" and taking him by the hand, she led him step by step in the Circles of Love until he was lost to my view. Mortals, from this lesson learn wisdom.

H. K. W.

BERKSHIRE, VT., Sept. 19th, 1854.

MESSRS. EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE:

Inclosed is one dollar, for which I wish you to send me your periodical, the SACRED CIRCLE, for six months; commencing with the second number, as I have the first; or if you choose, you may send the first, as the one I have is most worn out by being read, and I intend the rest shall be if I can find enough to read them or listen to me, if I am permitted to remain in the flesh, with health sufficient to labor, for I can

not be satisfied with the calm, the holy joy, and happiness that it gives me ; but would that all may see and hear and understand and rejoice with me. I thank Our Father of infinite love. I believe that my feeble efforts have done some good in raising a spirit of inquiry among the community, and there has sprung up among us some mediums for physical manifestations, but no fully developed writing, or other mediums, as it is but a few months since the investigation commenced, and it being the time of year that the people in the country have but little time to spare from their labor for such things ; but autumn and winter are approaching, in which we can have more time for its investigation. The result thus far has been the same as in other places, a whirlwind of excitement, and floods of opposition ; but the whirlwind has passed by ; yet the opposition still rages, and the arguments, or assertions without argument rather, are made that are in other places. I have been called a fool, told I was insane or duped, insnared by the devil, and many other phrases are used expressing bigotry, prejudice, derision ; but I tell them I care not for all that. The light and happiness it gives me, more, far more than compensates for the slang or ridicule the cold-hearted, unfeeling, bigoted, or grossly vile, who fear the light because their deeds are evil, can bring. I tell them I may be a fool, but think I am not insane or deluded, and if insnared by the devil, he appears to be a very good devil, and he has heretofore been most shamefully slandered and abused, and I think we ought to confess and do all we can to remove the obloquy attached to his name. But I have not for some years had any faith in the existence of his satanic majesty at all. I think the Scriptures do not teach it, and that God never designed that his children, any of them, should endlessly suffer, but that all should be finally holy and happy ; and for him to design, is to accomplish, for God can not design without accomplishing.

But, thank God, there are those in this place that have the ability to reason, and can see the beauty, holiness, and love there are in spiritual communications ; they feel that it is this that is to fill the aching void in the hearts of mankind that has long been felt, and its balm desired but heretofore unfound, and, I believe I know it will when rightly understood.

Oh ! that I had the talents of an angel, and the voice of a trumpet, to call and bid the hearts of poor mourning humanity to rejoice ; to break the fetters that bind them to earth and sensualism, and look toward heaven ; to cultivate the more glorious sentiment of love to the infinite Father, who is all love, and has created all things in love, and who demands ours in return, and who has so fixed by inevitable laws that

this, cultivated to the best of our ability, will increase our capacity to love him, and will bring with it a thousand-fold reward in the trust and confidence we shall feel to put in him, and thence peace and happiness will flow that can from no other source, and thence spring a true desire to obey him. How can we desire to obey a being we do not love? and how love a being that is not loved? And thus loving him, we must, of necessity, love our fellow-beings, his children. But I mean to do all I can to cultivate the talent given, that I may wipe away the tears of sorrow, pour balm into hearts torn by the loss of beloved friends, perhaps a beloved companion, as I have, cut down in the flower of her age by that insidious though fatal disease, consumption. Oh, the agony of mind while watching the effects of the dread disease, alternating with hope and fear. Oh, the crushing force of the knowledge that hope was vain! How painful the effort to converse with her with calmness! She was calm. A glorious hope was hers. At one time she said, "I have no fear of death. I have no fear of hell, for I am in the hands of a more merciful Father, who will not consign any of his children to an endless punishment; for you, dear Charles, and our little Flora's sake, is all I have now any desire to live, but I must give you up." At another time I expressed the wish that she could be near me. "Charles," says she, "I will if I can, and I hope it will be so." But the last moment came, and she passed as calm and easy as a child falls into its peaceful slumber, and I was alone: that one dearer to me than all others was gone, no more to return; those eyes, that had so often beamed upon me with affection and sympathy, closed in death; that voice, whose sweet music was so dear to me, whose tones had so often thrilled my heart as no other did or can, was hushed forever; those lips, so often wreathed in smiles, and so often pressed upon my brow when cankering care sat brooding there, or opened to speak some cheering word, were sealed in death and I was alone; though other friends were near, and my little daughter of five summers to claim my double care, all, all were forgotten, and oh how gladly would I have followed her to her unknown home! I knew her worthy of a happy one if any were; but oh! the darkness of the grave! Was death an endless sleep? Dreadful thought! It would intrude against my will. I thought my faith was strong. I felt it tremble. I prayed as I had often, that God would give me still more light and strength. If she did exist, had she departed to some far-off home, to care no more for those she'd left to mourn or to wait, and hail with joy the ones she'd left, as she once expressed? When we all meet in heaven what a joyful time it will be.

This had been my belief for years past, and this was now my dearest thought. Oh, could I know it! Oh, that she might make her presence known and felt, so that I could not doubt, was my anxious wish and prayer! She did, I think, once: I did not doubt it at the time. Gloomy and lonely, my mind dwelling upon the loved one gone, doubting and hoping; the dreary winds howling round me in chilling winter without and winter within; all at once I felt, or seemed to feel, her presence. I saw her not; I felt her presence; every nerve was in vibration. Language can not describe my feelings; I clapped my hands and shouted in my joy. The thoughts first in my mind were these: What you've wanted is given. I have made my presence felt, and how long could you live with such emotions as you have felt? and reason said, Not long, for this frail tenement could not long confine the spirit filled with such ecstasy as then it felt. For some time this gave me joy; but soon I came to doubt, it might be imagination. Why should I? but I did; I had not the knowledge and light of spiritualism then. Oh, how much consolation would it have given through her sickness to us both, to know it was not to be a final separation, to know that her affections would be still the same, and that we could still hold communications sweet; and how joyful was the thought that it might be so—how harrowing the fears that it was not! I sought all the information I could, but could obtain but little, only such articles as were published in the papers of the day, and you know what they were; but from them I gleaned that there was something that was not accounted for to my satisfaction, on any other principle than what it purported to be. I reasoned it in my mind, but my health, reduced by the care and sorrow occasioned by the sickness and death of my beloved companion, and brought almost to the borders of the grave by the same disease that took her from me, I could not investigate for myself, as opportunities were scarce in this section of the country, and none very near; but a friend obtained the reading of some books upon the subject, of a man living in an adjoining town, one of which was Spiritualism, by Judge Edmonds. Oh, the consolation that I received from that book. I read and re-read it to others. It made me happy. It bears the stamp of truth which could not be disputed; the beauty of the spirit writings, the force and clearness of their reasonings, the beauty of some of the visions, the force of others, showing the groveling of too great a mass of mankind, and their utter blindness to the more glorious light that is shining around them, and their entire yielding to self and sensualism, from which nothing, perhaps, but the death of the body can arouse them; all these seemed plain to me, and forced me to

believe. I then commenced work in my feeble way, and have effected something; and if I can pour balm into one poor heart that does or shall bleed as mine has bled, I shall think my reward great. None can know the sufferings of the bereaved heart unless felt, and thus my heart was drawn toward Judge Edmonds when I found he had laid his companion in the grave. Father, bless him for the good his work has done me, and that event which was so sad to him may be his greatest blessing, and to thousands of others. And he can say, "Father, thou didst know best; thy will ever be done." Oh! that I may yet have the positive proof that he has had. I hope I shall. I have neither space or time for more. I did not think of writing so much when I commenced. I do not suppose it worth publication. If you do, you have the liberty.

STANZAS.

THERE are no dead of human kind,
 For all are part of God;
 And though the clay where man is shrouded
 May lie beneath the sod—

May sink beneath the briny tide—
 Though in decay it rust;
 Though scattered into atoms wide,
 'Tis only dust to dust.

None, none is lost. It was his arm
 That placed us on the earth;
 He made us in his own bright form—
 His own heart gave us birth.

Shall aught of the eternal God
 Be lost or cast away?
 Shall earth, where he a day has trod,
 Have power to hold or stay?

And will God's love, that fills all space
 With bright and happy life,
 Be insufficient for man's grace,
 Though he with sin be rife?

There are no dead—there are no lost—
 But in some future time,
 Each soul on life's dark billow tossed,
 Shall win a throne sublime.

M.



THE RAG PICKER.

November 8, 1854.

This evening, at a small family party, at which were present Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Allen, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Mr. H. H. Day, Mr. Warren, my daughter Laura, and myself, we had the following manifestation :

Laura was influenced, and in the tone and manner of gentle childhood, she said :

I'm happy now. I guess I am. I'm in heaven, I guess. I hain't got any bare feet any more neither. Ain't I happy? Nobody scolds me any more, neither. Ain't I happy? Guess I am. I wish I could find mother, though. I tell you what, these cold stones ain't going to hurt my feet any more, are they?

I heard the doctor say when I was dying, "The poor little wretch is dying." What did he call me wretch for?

I used to go around the streets in hot weather and cold weather, getting pieces of bread and picking up rags. I used to be sorrowful and hungry sometimes. I used to hook an apple when I could find one, and couldn't get any thing else. I used to tell God to look another way at that time. I'd been told God was looking at me.

I was took sick. But, say! What is the reason you don't tell me to go away? You let me come in, and don't say, Go away? O, I know. You can't see me, and I've got the better of you. I feel kind o' shamed to talk before you, but I feel so kind o' happy, I can't help it.

Mother cried a peck when I died, I know. I guess baby will miss me too. Won't she? I went home after picking up rags, and felt kind o' bad all over. Mother said I'd got cold, and every day when I came home my legs grew stiffer and stiffer, and would ache dreadful bad.

I wanted to go out one morning, 'cause I had promised some girls we'd go round the streets down town and have a good pick, for a fellow had been moving, and thrown his dirt in the street. I couldn't go. I felt too bad.

Mother used to take the rags, wash 'em out, dry 'em, and sell them. She couldn't go a picking, for she had a baby. I thought the baby might as well know how to pick rags as I, and I used to give it the poker and teach it how. It thought it fine fun. It was black, too; had black hair and eyes, but I had light. Why was this?

Well, I got kind of sick, and the baby used to take me for rags, and poke me. I guess she warn't far from right, to look at my petticoats. I lay there in the corner, the rats used to make such a noise I couldn't sleep, and I wanted to poke them.

[Here she was speaking too fast for me, and I said, "Wait a minute." She said, "I guess you are waiting to cross Broadway."]

As I was laying one night in the corner, dreadful sick, I tell you, my head ached like fun, I heard a kind of noise, and thought it was the nasty rats. I looked around, and I seen, O! the prettiest thing right above me! It was a woman, so smiling and pretty. O! Warn't she pretty! She looked so white and clean, and there was no rags about her. And when she looked at me, her eyes were like two stars. It made me feel comfortable all over, and says I, "Where did you come from?" She says, "Mag, dear child, I've come for you to go home with me." "O, dear," says I, "I don't look nice enough." She kissed me, and told me never mind my clothes; God didn't mind them, if man did. She said she'd take me where I'd be real happy. I asked her if she knowed me? She said, "O, yes. She'd been with me ever since I was a little bit of a baby." Warn't she good? I told mother of it, and I hearn her tell some of the neighbors I was out of my head, and she said I was going to die. She cried awful hard, and I did die, and found myself right in the arms of that lady; and she says, now I can come round the baby and mother, and make mother better and happy, and take care of baby better than I used to. Where I is, is all a beautiful place. Tain't no cold where I am. I don't shiver, nor hungry now, 'cept I wan't to see mother sometimes. And then I can go and see her; and that lady spirit around me says as how there is around a great many ragged children just such pretty faces as hers.

I asked her one time who she was? and she says she once lived in our land, and had a little baby, and she loved that baby better than her Heavenly Father she feared, and he took her baby home to him. She felt very lonesome. She grew older, and she went home. And they told her before her baby could be always with her, she must go to earth and take care of some little child. And so she had picked me out, 'cause she seen I was like her baby. She seen my mother had so many, she didn't care particular about me. And now she says she'll go to where her little child is, and I'll be lonesome, won't I? She says if I'll be good I'll come where she is, and be her child with the other one.

She says God ain't a great big angry man, but he loves every little child, if she is dirty and ragged, and if I'll only be good I'll always be

happy. She says God is all love. Well, I guess I'll turn it the other way. Love is all God. I'll remember it better that way.

When I come here to-night, I thought I was going to mother. Now, she says, I may go to mother. If you ain't ashamed of me I'll come again.

[Here her communication seemed to cease, though she did not abandon her influence. Mr. A. and Mrs. S. also became influenced, and through the three mediums a dialogue ensued.]

Mr. A. described her appearance. She had on, he said, a check petticoat.

Laura. Why, you can see me, can't you?

Mr. A. Her petticoat was two or three inches longer than her frock.

Laura. So it was; the frock was given me, but the petticoat was one of mother's. They used to say I stole.

I asked, Did you?

Laura. I did. I used to hook once in a while. What you going to do if you are hungry, and see lots of things not eaten up?

[She said, in answer to some questions, that she was about ten years old, and lived in Centre Street, near Pearl.]

I asked her mother's name?

Laura. Let that lady tell.

Mrs. S. Her name was Katrina Moeglar. Her father used to get drunk, and once a big fellow come and took him away.

Laura. And I never seen him since.

Mrs. S. then had a vision of her mother's residence, and described it, and as she described, the child recognized it, and added some particulars. It was a single room in a cellar. It had a few chairs, a broken table, lots of rags, some shavings, a piece of broken looking-glass.

Laura. That I stole, and used to look at myself in it. I wonder you can go down there, it is so dirty. Do you see mother?

Mrs. S. I see there a pale looking woman. Some one says she has the consumption.

Laura. Do you see the baby?

Mrs. S. Yes. Dear little thing! It is lying on some rags.

Laura. Has it grown?

Mrs. S. It would be a pretty child if taken care of. I see a gray cat there.

Laura. That was my pussy. I hope they give it enough to eat.

Mrs. S. I see somebody else there.

Laura. It's one of mother's boarders.

Mrs. S. She is an old woman, and looks wretched. She has a basket filled with paper and rags.

Laura. And a flat nose. It's old aunty. She used to lick me like every thing.

Mrs. S. I see a boy there.

Laura. It's her son Peter.

Mrs. S. I see a man there ; a horrid looking man.

Laura. Is he there yet ? It's old aunty's husband. He hired one corner of the room.

Mrs. S. Your mother won't live long.

Laura. Won't she ? What'll be done with baby ?

Mrs. S. She coughs now and spits blood.

Laura. This lady says I can then take mother right in my arms. But what will they do with the baby ?

Mrs. S. It will be taken care of.

Laura. Who'll do it ?

Mrs. S. A kind lady who belongs to a society.

Laura. Has she come again ?

Mrs. S. Yes. She takes care of your mother, and sends her food. Your mother is not able to work now. She used to wash for the poor people around her, and get two shillings a day ; and since her strength failed her, her only means of living have been to let a part of her miserable room to lodgers, and a kind lady helps her as much as she is able to.

Laura. Say, Missis, do you see the street that runs down near the house ? It's awful crooked ; cow tracks, the boys called it.

Mrs. S. The spirit here tells me to tell you, little child, your mother will soon be with you.

Laura. Ain't I happy ?

[It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the tone in which this was said. It was full of deep emotion and subdued joy, and was inexpressibly touching.]

Mrs. S. Your father is here to-night crying bitter tears of penitence and shame.

Laura. Will he let me speak to him ? I ain't afraid of him now.

Mrs. S. He is not permitted yet.

Laura. Why not ?

Mrs. S. He is not able to answer you, my child.

Laura. Has he lost his tongue ? He used to have one long enough, and talk loud enough.

Mrs. S. Be patient, my child, you'll meet again.

Laura. Say, will mother be with me then ?

Mrs. S. Yes.

Laura. O dear! I'm glad of that.

Here the influence seemed to be withdrawn and the interview to end. Mr. S. made some remark about not understanding how it was that the spirits could not all see each other though present at the same place. I was endeavoring to explain it, and said I had often noticed the fact, etc. While I was speaking, the spirit that had this child in charge came through Laura, and gave Mr. S. some explanation. She said it was difficult for us to conceive, or for our language to convey a just idea of many things which surrounded the spirits in their existence. She could, perhaps, aid something by saying that each one was surrounded by his own atmosphere, as it were, which was more or less dense and impenetrable, as the individual was more or less gross and material, or refined and spiritualized. And it was as difficult for the grosser spirits to see the more refined, as it was for us in the mortal form to see them.

She said the reason why mediums at times saw the spirits, was that this atmosphere was opened for the occasion by the surrounding spirits, and she compared it to a room filled with smoke, and when a door or window is opened, the air, rushing in, opens a passage through which objects outside may be discovered.

She also said that she has not yet seen her own child but once since her entrance, several years since, into the spirit world. The reason was, her love for it was a selfish one. She had lived a common ordinary life on earth, caring little for the future, and on her entrance there, she found that she must return to earth, and finish the task she had neglected while living here, by taking into her care some child whom she could guide and protect until she should remove from her love its earthly taint. Her task was now nearly performed. The child she had selected was now very dear to her; together they would progress, and soon she would be again united to her dearly loved child, and they three together advance onward toward their high destiny.

E.

SPIRITUALISM IN CALIFORNIA.

I HAVE received the October number of the "Pioneer, or Californian Monthly Magazine," containing the residue of the account of the manifestation through a dead body. In the letter which we published in our last, and which had called my attention to the article, it was said that many in San Francisco supposed the whole thing was intended as a deception. There are some in this vicinity who have read both articles, who entertain similar suspicions. It may be so, indeed, and I can not, of course, as yet, vouch for the truth of the story. I give it as I receive it, published in that magazine, under its editor's own signature, and leave our readers to judge for themselves. This, however, I will say for myself, that the incidents do not seem to me any more marvelous or extraordinary than many well-authenticated instances of "possession," nor does it seem to me any more difficult for the unseen power which is at work among us, to influence a dead body than it does a living one, where the mind and the senses are at hand ready to perform their legitimate functions, and which are so often lulled to a death-like sleep, and hurled from their supremacy to make way for that of an intelligence that is demonstrably not of this earth.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the extraordinary power sometimes exerted over the human frame by an intelligence not its own. I will mention two instances which are at the moment convenient of access to me.

In the "Carrier Dove" for October, a monthly published by the Foreign Committee of the Board of Missions, Protestant Episcopal Church, we have a narrative by Bishop Payne, of an incident which occurred in Africa in his presence. He relates it as evidence of the superstition, etc., of the natives. With his inferences I have nothing to do. I extract the facts.

A HEATHEN AFRICAN SCENE.

It is now the middle of the rainy season, and torrents of water pour down almost every day. But the clouds appeared to be broken this afternoon, and I was glad to avail myself of the pleasant interval to visit two native villages, three miles from Cavilla, in which I preach statedly the blessed gospel.

The text from which I was preaching was, "Without God and without hope in the world."

I was proceeding, when quick, but stealthy footsteps, as of many, were heard approaching. The darkness spread over us by the heavy passing clouds, the theme of my discourse, and the solemn stillness pervading my attentive audience, contributed doubtless to produce the impression fastened upon my mind by the sound of the mysterious footsteps which now

fell upon the ear. *It was that of a funeral procession moving rapidly through a graveyard.*

The wailing which broke forth at the instant the procession entered the yard in which we were assembled, soon discovered to us that we were in the presence of the dead.

The deceased was the wife of a male relative of Nye-Praa, the chief in whose house we were assembled. She was a native of Cape Palmas, fourteen miles distant. When taken seriously ill, she had been carried to that place, partly to be with her nearest relations, and partly to escape *the witchcraft* which was believed had caused her illness and was procuring her death. But she died.

The relations of her husband at Sede, contrary to custom, had received no intimation of this until her corpse appeared in their midst. It was an *appalling moment*. The coffin, as usual, consisted of a small canoe cut off at both ends. Into this the deceased, wrapped in mats and cotton cloth, was laid. It was borne on the heads of two of her nearest relatives, and followed by a few more of these, chiefly females. And now followed the *heathen scene*. Arrived in front of Nye-Praa's house, the *corpse seemed to be seized with a sudden terrible phrensy*. The bearers *reeled, staggered*, dashed wildly from side to side in the court, and then *wheeling about*, ran back furiously to the entrance of the town. Again it approached the devoted house of Nye-Praa. Nearer and nearer it drew, until it lay at full length upon the thatched roof of the house. The male population of the village had now all gathered around, and one, or rather many of them, addressed the *deceased*: "Don't be afraid; declare plainly who has *killed* you, and you shall be avenged." Again the corpse was in motion. Withdrawing to the distance of twenty paces, it now again rushed toward the house, and, with all the impetus which the two bearers could give, was thrown against it. This was repeated until the *dead* seemed as if she would destroy the bearers, or the *house which sheltered her murderers*.

The other, I extract from a work intitled "More Wonders of the Invisible World; or, Wonders of the Invisible World Displayed," written in 1697, and published in London in 1700. The article itself is an account, by Cotton Mather, of "The Sufferings of Margaret Rule," to which is appended these certificates, Mr. Mather's account being too long for insertion here.

I do testify that I have seen Margaret Rule, in her afflictions from the invisible world, lifted up from her bed wholly by an invisible force, a great way toward the top of the room where she lay. In her being so lifted she had no assistance from any use of her own arms or hands.

or any other part of her body, not so much as her heels touching her bed, or resting on any support whatever. And I have seen her thus lifted, when not only a strong person hath thrown his whole weight across her to pull her down, but several other persons have endeavored, with all their might, to hinder her from being so raised up, which I suppose that several others will testify, as well as myself, when called unto it.

Witness my hand,

SAMUEL AVES.

We can also testify to the substance of what is above written. I have several times seen Margaret Rule so lifted up from her bed as that she had no use of her own limbs to keep her up; but it was the declared apprehension of us, as well as others that saw it, impossible for any hands but some of the invisible world to lift her.

ROBERT EARLE.

JOHN WILKINS.

DAN. WILLIAMS.

We, whose names are underwritten, do testify, that one evening when we were in the chamber where Margaret Rule then lay, in her late affliction, we observed her to be, by an invisible force, lifted up from the bed whereon she lay, so as to touch the garret floor, while yet neither her feet, nor any other part of her body, rested either on the bed or any other support, but were also, by the same force, lifted up from all that was under her, and all this for a considerable while; we judged it several minutes, and it was as much as several of us could do, with all our strength, to pull her down. All which happened when there was not only we two in the chamber, but, we suppose, ten or a dozen more, whose names we have forgotten.

THOMAS THORNTON.

William Hudson testifies to the substance of Thornton's testimony, to which he also hath set his hand.

I ought, however, to add here, in order that the whole of this very singular manifestation may be understood, that on the day on which I received from San Francisco the first part of the article in the "Pioneer," I was sitting in my room in the evening reading it, when the spirit of Mr. Lane came and spake to me through my daughter. I do not now recall any thing as very particular in the interview. The object seemed principally to be to open a communication between me and the editor of that magazine, and to get familiar with the mode of communication common to me. He told me he would come again, and that I should hear again on the subject from San Francisco.

November 4, 1854.

To-day I received the closing article of the manifestation in San Francisco. After I had read it, he came, through Laura, and said:

"All is not finished yet. There is much more to be revealed to the world on that point and from that quarter. You shall hear more again. This is but the first series. There is a universe of knowledge to be revealed. Mortals know not themselves. They never have known themselves or their powers in your world or ours. I can not say much. It is difficult. Ere this my good friend has found out whether parental feelings follow to the spheres—I do not like that word—to eternity.

"The subject will not die out, but will be carried out more fully. It will be done carefully, for there is a good mind at that point. You shall hear from him soon. He will open a correspondence with you.

"'Twas to me a startling fact, the whole proceeding. I am but the instrument of others. It appalled me; for though in close communion with spirits, I never imagined or conceived the like. You shall hear from me again."

I inquired of him, Why he had not answered more definitely Mr. Ewer's question, as to his recognizing the presence of spirits? He answered that it was partly owing to his emotion, and partly to its being a divergence from the subject. He was not broken in yet. He could not realize his condition or express his emotions. He had not language to convey what had opened to him. There was no mortal language that could do that, and that, he felt, was a great drawback; and he now saw that was the cause of many of the contradictions and disgusting communications which were experienced. They had to use the language of the medium, and it was like forcing an overflowing fountain into a tiny cup. It would be better if every one could see for himself.

But, he said, "Why is all this? That man may know himself and his Creator better. Then he could see the justice of God better, and not impute to him injustice and jealousy.

"I have other duties; but I am drawn here to bring out to the world, at both these points, important truths. The whole subject is too vast for me to attempt to describe it. Ye know not one spirit even yet, nor their power, nor range of thought. You must receive it only in bits. Take that and digest it. It is as much as mortals can receive."

THE EVENTFUL NIGHTS OF AUGUST 20TH AND 21ST.

BY F. C. EWER.

I WILL not say—I need not say—that for us there was no sleep that night. As I have remarked above, I staggered, bewildered, from the room into the open air, where I was followed by the Doctor and Mr. H. Not a word was uttered. In the awfulness of the occasion each seemed to respect the other's feelings. Great, silent waves of thought had rolled upon us out of profound death. And the majesty of the new universe—from whose solomn depths a soul had just now whispered to us—as it pressed down and around me with painful reality and grandeur, overwhelmed and stupefied me. Where was the invisible spirit upon whom its sublimity had just burst?—the great liquid eyes, forth from which he had looked upon us, were glazed now, and set. Where was

the *Soul*?—could it be here, standing, silent, at my side, and gazing serenely upon me? Whence had issued those strange whispers—those fragments of knowledge?—There, in the room, were the arm and the hand—that had traced the thoughts—relaxed, and left by us in our bewilderment outstretched upon the table. But where was the *spirit* that had stirred it—from *without*! Where was the spirit? Fleed; fled into those unknown, strange regions whither we all shall go!—Fled! Yet co-existent, co-knowing, co-working with us. I burned to learn of the NEW UNIVERSE.

While we stood in the still, dark night, thus wrapt in thought—with the stars looking down from afar—with the invisible wind sighing around us—we knew not where—with the great city of the dead before us, where glimmered faintly in the starlight the white tombstones of the unnumbered departed—and with the lowly, silent hall of death behind us, whence another spirit had just now—lifted and sped—as we stood thus wrapt in thought, a soft hand stole into mine, and I felt upon my fingers the pressure of a gentle kiss. I looked, and it was Jane. She was kneeling at my feet—kneeling upon the damp ground, and weeping. In her desolation—sweet child—she had left the dead to cling to the living. She had silently singled me out from the rest, with an instinct that knows no premeditation.

“Janie, my dear child,” said I, “let us return to father.”

I lifted her into my arms, and she clasped her little hands around my neck, and laid her head upon my breast, and wept—wept bitterly. I need not say that my own tears were flowing full and fast—and dropping and mingling with hers.

We moved slowly along toward the silent room, and, as we entered, Mr. H. passed noiselessly to the mysterious bedside, and disposed the body decently.

We stood gazing upon it for a time in silence, and then, recollecting ourselves, consulted in a low voice upon our position.

For us to inform our acquaintances with what had passed, was not to be thought of. We should have had the town upon us in an hour. We had received no instructions—but the sentence, “I will tell you more to-morrow night,” clearly indicated what was expected from us. At last, it was decided that Mr. H. should remain with the body during the day (it was now nearly four o’clock in the morning), while the Doctor and myself should return to our respective duties in the city. To prevent inquiry, it was thought best that Jane should stay with Mr. H. And we agreed to meet here to-night—or rather, last night (for it is now nearly

daylight of the 22d), at eight o'clock, punctually. The preliminaries being arranged, the Doctor and myself took our silent way across the hills toward the city, while Mr. H. bowed farewell to us from the door, with little Janie in his arms looking tearfully after us.

O, the long, weary hours that dragged, leaden-footed, until night! It seemed to me that sunset would never come. Need I say that the Doctor and myself, although we separated at six in the morning, could not remain apart? The imperative call of duty summoned me at ten to my desk in the custom-house; and when I went in, I found him there waiting for me. Our eyes met, but not one allusion was made to the occurrences of the previous night. Each felt intensely the other's knowledge. A mysterious spell bound us together. I dared not have him stay, lest remark should be excited; and yet I could not *bear* to have him leave. And so, he lingered all day. Now and then we would steal a word together. But, oh! need I say what an effort it caused me to attend to the details of my desk, and to talk cheerfully and carelessly of the trivial events of the morning? O, so trivial they seemed to me, beneath the shadow of the great event that had towered about me in a night! No, I will pass all this. Suffice it to say, evening came. And at half-past seven we were at the threshold of the darkened chamber. I entered with Janie in my arms, for she had watched for us from the edge of the window-curtain, and had run out to meet us, chiding me sweetly and artlessly for my long delay.

With the exception of a little more neatness in the arrangement of the simple furniture of the room, every thing was as we had left it, even to the small pine table at the head of the bed.

Well, the momentous hour had arrived. The solemn arcana of Hereafter were to transpire. I know not why, but we hesitated at meeting the great intelligence, and we lingered in conversation at least an hour before we prepared to receive those communications which we knew were in store for us. We re-read those we had already received:

"Mr. Lane shall hold a conversation with you prior to, during, and after death—in which he will give you his experience of death, and the facts and scenes, so to speak, to which he first awakes, after the heart shall cease to beat."

He had only given us a part of his experience of death, and to-night, then, he would finish the recounting of his solemn, solitary passage through the shadowy valley, and open to our view, in language, the structure and appearance of the NEW UNIVERSE. Where *was* this Universe? What manner of beings were the spirits? What was their

form—their destiny? Did they increase in knowledge? That *must* be so, for the soul had declared it. How then was the paradox to be explained, of a spirit living on forever—forever increasing in knowledge—forever—forever—and yet never equalling the changeless God!

At length we took our seats around the table at the head of the bed, and placed our hands upon it. For fifteen minutes we remained in silent expectation, but received no manifestations of the spirit's presence. This was strange. It was, however, suggested, that Mr. Lane's hand was not upon the table; and that possibly this might be the reason of our want of success. But the body had become stiff, and the hand, when outstretched, slowly arose from the table, and returned to its place upon the breast. We then held it down, and soon found that the Odic fluid (if fluid it be) was penetrating it; or, at any rate, that the arm and hand were becoming limber. Another fifteen minutes elapsed without result. The table neither tipped nor manifested any disposition to slide, or even stir. The only indication we had received thus far was a single rap, which startled us by its loudness and brevity. Finally, in the silence of almost hopeless expectation, and as a last resort, I resumed the pencil, and, without saying any thing to my friends, lifted the dead hand, placed it around my own in the position it had assumed of itself last night, and held it there to keep it from dropping off. Another anxious pause ensued, when, what was my delight at feeling the cold forefinger pressing gently, but very perceptibly upon the back of my hand. I ejaculated with almost profane gleefulness—

“It is clutching me!”

“Hark!” said the Doctor quickly, while both leaned forward with painful anxiety for the result.

Slowly the middle finger commenced to press down; then the third finger; then the little finger; and at last the spell of death seemed to break, for the arm violently stiffened, and the whole hand grasped mine with a suddenness that startled us, notwithstanding we were so anxiously hoping for some such result.

We breathed freely again. And I could not but contrast our feelings of placid joy, with those of terror which filled us last night, when first we beheld the hand and arm rising mysteriously from the table.

But, if the reader is as anxious to learn the tenor of the communications as were we to procure them, he will wish me to come to them without more delay. In short, I must hasten to the conclusion of my task, for I have been writing since two this morning, and the dawn has already broken.

To proceed then : My first question was, " Are you happy ?"

No response.

QUESTION, again.—" Are you happy ?"

After a pause—

RESPONSE.—" That is a singular interrogatory for this occasion,—and one, for obvious reasons, I am not able to answer."

QUESTION.—" Why are you not able to satisfy your friends on so important a point ?"

RESPONSE.—" If those who are happy could communicate the fact to their friends—*those who are unhappy* could do the same."

" But I do not see the point," said I.

RESPONSE.—" Silence is the best answer."

QUESTION.—" Perhaps if I put the question in an abstract form, the difficulty will be removed. Is there happiness and misery in your Universe ?"

No response.

After a pause, Mr. H. remarked as follows, viz. : " But I am anxious to have you finish your experience of death. You told us last night that you found yourself repeating the words, ' FORMS, MOTION, HARMONY, THE ARCH,' etc. And that you would tell us more to-night."

RESPONSE.—" While moving in the midst of your Universe, I had been blinded by the glare of particularities. Numberless individuals and species were around me. I saw not that which underlay and ran up through all things.

" Motion, in all its infinite varieties, is sublime. Whether I watch it flitting in the butterfly, curling gracefully in the rising smoke, or darting in the lightning—whether I contemplate it in the majestically wheeling worlds, or grasp it with far-reaching conception in the slow decay of an abbey ruin—it is the same mysterious condition of nature. The boy passes into the man. It is motion. Nations rise and sink. It is motion. ' Rest' is a relative word. As the word ghost sprang from man's fear, and expresses something which never had existence, so does the word ' rest' spring from man's egotism, and expresses what never had existence. That which moves faster than man's knowledge is as much rest to man as that which moves slower, and that which moves without his knowledge is as much rest as either. The landscape appears at rest, while silently grow the trees, fabricating their slender tissues from the earths, the air, and the water, with magic fingers ; slowly, unseen by mortal eye, unheard by mortal ear, are the chemical and mechanical forces of nature tapping at the life-essence of the rocks and strata ;

shine on the stars in the heavens unseen by you—move on the worlds of the Universe unfelt—flow on the eternal circle of vapor, clouds, and the rain-storm. So, could you enter more minutely into nature, would you find that *all* is motion. Rest is not life. Rest is death—is non-existence. And your Universe lives. It is all working—working—*God can not rest!* Rest means that thou movest faster than some things, and slower than others. Motion is not merely a fact in your Universe, here and there. It is a condition pervading your entire Universe, running down to every—even the minutest part. MOTION underlies and runs up through all things.

“Your Universe exists by entering into forms. In its present phase it has entered as a whole into the form of revolving suns and earths, with all the forms that on and in them are. All things around you are in forms—FORMS—MOVING.

“Come now to the ‘Arch.’ How do the forms of your Universe move? The seed drops into the ground. The plant springs up. Watch the arching of the flower. First the tender embryo upon the stem—the unshaped, silky chaos. This is soon a bud. The bud swells. It bursts. The ripe flower opens to the full its fragrant form, and the sunbeams come there, and nestle in the warm beauty. The maturity is on. The key-stone is reached. But not one instant does the motion stop. Less and less grows the fragrance. Duller and duller is the blushing white—the yellow—the crimson;—petal and sepal and stamen and pistil drop away;—and what was a flower—is nothing. And what of the plant? Certain particles have married into that form. But in the course of the months, or the years, or the centuries, the form dissolves and disappears. The *particles* are eternal. But the *form* is no more. The arching of the flower is typical of that of every form, and all the arching forms make up your Universe. All forms come into being—pass, however slowly, however rapidly, up to maturity,—and so—however slowly, however rapidly, down to dissolution. Where is Hundred Gated Thebes? The small makes up the great. This is the answer to the autumn leaf that flits across your pathway, and to the dying girl. The great Motion, which pervades your Universe, is its flowering to culmination. And hearken. When it shall have reached its acme, it will descend along a bright pathway, and, entering into, be lost in another grand form, into which it will expand. FORMS—MOVING—in ARCHES.

“Why wonder at the fitness of things? The horse’s head and neck are just long enough to enable him to reach the ground, and crop the

grass which is his food. And you lift your eyes, and admire the harmony, and say it was so designed. Designing is a process of mind, requiring more or less time, and arguing imperfection. Forget the great man, who is thy God. God weigheth not, nor doth he consider. God resteth not, but liveth out his nature of necessity. For he can not be any one else, as a square can not be a circle. Men wonder at the fitness of the horse's head and neck for the purposes for which they are used. They do not consider that were his neck and head too short to reach his food, the whole race of horses would die. Discord would defeat itself. And they are astonished, because they discover only a part of the harmony of Nature. Harmony prevails everywhere from the necessity of the case. It pervades your Universe.—FORMS—MOVING—HARMONIOUSLY—in ARCHES.

"There is action and reaction around you. Who was he that said, 'Each grain of sand is the center of all things?' This is truth. Each form acts upon every other, and is reacted upon, in turn, by every other. Mind, even, works upon your Universe. Your Universe works upon mind. CONNECTED—FORMS—MOVING—HARMONIOUSLY—in ARCHES.

"Beauty is universal. To the mind of man a part is free. The rest is latent. This, too, is well. For mind must build, first a hut—then a house—then a temple. Mind upon earth must search out beauty—must be educated for higher works in the Future. God is not discordant;—so is He all beautiful.—CONNECTED—and BEAUTIFUL FORMS—MOVING—HARMONIOUSLY—in ARCHES.

"Therefore is your Universe not a heterogeneous mass of disjointed parts. It is a homogeneity. It is distinct and different from our Universe.

"Rise now for a moment to a contemplation of Deity. To gain a conception of Him, conceive of any form around you—a golden goblet. It has certain qualities—color—hardness—extension—weight—by which you know it.—So has God essential qualities, which constitute Him the Being He is. He is an infinite being—therefore are each of his qualities infinite. Your Universe is the expression of one of those qualities. Mine, of another. Both are, therefore, infinite;—infinite in extent—infinite in duration, from the past and into the future. But as God, too, is an infinite being, He has not a *finite* number of qualities, as has the golden goblet; but an infinite number of qualities, each of which expresses itself in an infinite Universe. The soul has within itself a germ of every universe, and it sinketh on ever from one to another. The Universes are infinite in number, therefore is the soul everlasting; ever growing in knowledge, yet never exhausting that through which it passes.

For it would require an infinity of years to exhaust the secrets of one single infinite Universe ; how much more, then, to exhaust those of an infinite number of Universes, each of which is infinite in itself ! Glorious art thou, O man, the everlasting ! Glorious art thou, O man, that ever sinketh through the Universes. Glorious art thou, O infinitely greater—Exhaustless God !

“ Thus, then, do I describe to you your universe. CONNECTED AND BEAUTIFUL FORMS MOVING HARMONIOUSLY IN ARCHES THROUGH ALL ETERNITY.”

This extraordinary communication was followed by a long, thoughtful pause on our part. What subjects for contemplation did it not open up ! the connection between universe and universe ; the connection between God and his universes ; the meaning of death ; its necessity, as a link, between universe and universe, etc. At length I broke the silence by the following remark, viz. : “ But in all this, for which we are truly grateful to you, you have not given us what we so anxiously wait for, to wit : the remainder of your experience of death. What of the arch in which you found yourself ? And what species of place is the new universe, into which the soul passes at death ?”

RESPONSE.—“ The spirit frees itself from the cloudy arch by reasoning and testing. It finds itself *alone*. The solitude is oppressive. At first it knows not what manner of being it is. It struggles, in the solitude, to bring into existence some thing besides itself, that it may not be alone. But tell those that shall die, to pause patiently, until death thoroughly sets in. Each soul will then involuntarily test itself. At first, it supposes that all its faculties were suited to its condition and surroundings upon the earth alone. Its eyes and ears, with their corresponding mental faculties, seemed fitted alone to enable it to act in the world. Love bound it to its fellows. Sublimity and ideality enabled it to enjoy the beauty and grandeur of nature. But it knows that it *has* dropped nature. What use then for these mental faculties ? for benevolence, since the sick and suffering and needy are left behind ; for its moral faculties, since mankind is gone ; yes, even for its pious faculties, for it finds no God. Thus does it eliminate *itself* from every condition of earth. But forthwith I realized that I was *reasoning*. I recognized the action of *selfish faculties* ; for I was alone, and yearned for companionship. I remembered that I had been *observing* the long archway, with its gentle wavering, its form, its vast length, its soft, variegated opal colors. I realized that I was appreciating the surpassing beauty and the grandeur of this my passage. I noticed that I was *remembering* ; and

when I reached where I now am, I knew within myself an ardent desire for knowledge ; I was charmed with the new scenes around me ; I found new companions to love ; new grandeurs to enjoy ; new duties before me ; new works to accomplish. . I see no God. But I know that he exists. Thus did I learn myself, discovering that I still possessed all the mental faculties I had on earth."

QUESTION.—" And when you looked around you, will you tell us what species of place you found yourself in ?"

RESPONSE.—" There is no ' passage ' with me, as you move on earth. There is no ' place,' as you speak of ' locality ' on earth. There is no ' form,' as you speak of shape on earth. The archway of death was but a condition in which I remained while testing myself, and becoming prepared to enter into my present state. Our condition here is such, that that by which each soul seems surrounded, is an out-creation from itself. When you are in a grove, the grove actually exists ; and would exist were you not there. Not so here. We can not speak of ' locality,' for there is no such thing in this life ; and therein consists the difficulty of making you comprehend our condition. But that, here, which is analogous to your ' locality,' I must express by using your word. ' The locality in which is each soul from time to time, does not exist outside of itself, as, for instance, does your grove, or street, or habitation ; but it is an out-creation of the soul itself ; and I appear to live in the midst of my out-creations, they are all in effect as actual to me as are your surroundings to you."

" But this being the condition of affairs," remarked I, after a pause, " your universe must be very heterogeneous in appearance."

RESPONSE.—" Beware of materialism, for its hand-maiden is atheism. The landscapes of earth ' appear ' to the vision, and the dark-blue vault of the heavens with its stars ! I comprehend your difficulty, however, and will explain as best I may.

" True, each soul lives in the midst of its out-creations ; and you might suppose our universe heterogeneous in its character. But consider the various localities of earth, how they differ from each other. Where is there similarity between a room and a river flowing between its leafy banks ? Bear in memory, that no two persons on earth can occupy, at the same time, the same space, and witness their surroundings from precisely the same angles, else would they be one person. So, no two souls live in the same out-creations, else would they be one soul. But, as all the different spirits which, with their ever-varying, ingenious, and beautiful out-creations compose this universe, have, nevertheless,

that something in common which throws them together into the one class 'souls,' our universe has a general effect of unity in itself, analogous to that unity which is possessed by the universe you have not yet left.

"Motion pervades this universe also. All the souls are continually varying their out-creations. Therefore is it like a vast kaleidoscope, heaving itself into new, grand forms of beauty, forever and ever !

"Thus can I dimly only tell you of that to which I awoke."

QUESTION.—"But how can your universe be infinite, when the number of spirits who have left earth is finite ?"

RESPONSE.—"Look into thy heavens. Thou beholdest but a thousand of the infinite lights !"

"But *where* are you ?" asked I.

RESPONSE.—"Is color above extension ? Is weight above, or beneath, or even among color ? And yet each is different from the other, while all are qualities of the same golden goblet. Neither can I say, that we are above, or beneath, or even among your universe : and yet each universe, yours and mine, is a part of God."

Well, we were at length satisfied with regard to the general character of the abode of the departed, and our conversation about it was long and rambling. I will not detail what we said, as no notes were taken of it, but will leave the reader to his own reflections.

At length I asked the spirit, if he could give us any information in relation to the appearance of the soul ; its form, its structure.

RESPONSE —"Mankind are wrong. The earth and their senses clog them. Every man, when he thinks of a spirit, attains to a conception of it by passing through an unnoticed, subtle series of rapid steps. He thinks of some material object ; water ; he passes thence to steam ; thence to air, and, finally, by a further etherealization, he reaches a conception of spirit. This unremembered but invariable process leads inevitably to a conception tinged with materiality. To gain an idea of spirit, think of a single thought. It has no shape ; it occupies no space ; and yet it is distinct and different from every other thought. Pass thence to a spirit ; which has no shape, which occupies no space, and yet is distinct and different from every other spirit. A tree is a material unit, non-self-conscious. A thought is a spiritual unit, non-self-conscious. A soul is a spiritual unit, self-conscious."

This was a new process, to me a simple and reasonable one, and I wondered that it had not struck me before.

QUESTION.—"Do the relationships of earth, the friendships, the filial loves last beyond the grave ?"

No response.

"Have you friendships in the other world?"

RESPONSE.—"By how much the better was the spirit at death, by so much the more lovely are his out-creations as he sweeps hither-among. Thus there are grades among us, as there are among you. Thus there are similarities and dissimilarities of disposition. Free intercourse exists among the souls. Free-will. Thus are there opportunities for advance and improvement, or for the reverse. Could you pass to a contemplation of the other universes, which do exist, although I see them not, then would you feel how important is improvement at every step. Awaken to a conception of a life forever! For each universe which the soul has passed through is lost to it forever, with all the means of advance contained therein. And, as capacity for enjoyment widens and deepens the farther we sink along the universes, so does the disadvantage of a single unimproved universe in the past, increase in awful, irremediable proportion the farther we advance through the future. An unimproved universe is a clog forever! Beware, beware, O, beware! Act purely; speak purely; but, above all, *think* purely and with dignity. For in two universes, at least, selfishness is the main-spring of the spirit's life."

QUESTION.—"But how do you converse, having left the organs of articulation upon earth?"

RESPONSE.—"As it is with you, neither can soul here pierce the depth of soul. Each recognizes the other's out-creations, but can not pass within them into the motives and thoughts of the soul with which he is communicating. The conversation of the pure in heart on earth is truthful; that of the vast intellect embodies great thoughts; the words of the vile are either vile or deceitful. Thus is it here. Our out-creations each arranges at will. The noble, the great, the improved, can and do naturally surround themselves with corresponding out-creations. They bear an influence among us. There are souls that originate, and souls that copy. And truth and deceit is mingled here as it is with you. You can judge of a man's motives notwithstanding his remarks; we can judge of a soul's motives notwithstanding his out-creations. Thus, as it were, do we communicate with each other; originating and improving, or retrograding, as do you on earth. Death will necessarily make no one happy; free no one from cares; release no one from labors. Our condition is no happier than yours. Not only does the individual have duties to perform here, as you suppose, for which he should prepare himself on earth by purity and a strengthening of the mind, but races have also grand works to perform."

QUESTION.—“Must the souls advance to a definite point of perfection before they can pass from your universe to the next?”

RESPONSE.—“Why do you ask this, when it is not so with you?”

“It is generally supposed to be the fact,” said I.

RESPONSE.—“No soul knoweth when it shall be summoned away; we know not whither. Our out-creations are to us here, as are your bodies on earth. When the soul is no longer able to surround itself with out-creations, it becomes unfit for duties in this universe; it can not act among us, any more than can a corpse among you. And the soul, the ‘me,’ when its out-creations die from around it, remains for an instant a torpid entity, and vanishes ere we can think; we know not whither. *This is death with us.*”

QUESTION.—“Do the friendships of earth continue beyond death?”

RESPONSE.—“Lift yourself to a contemplation of an *eternal existence*, and think of the fleeting friendships of earth and their uses. Is not the useless cast away?”

“It is sad to think of parting forever from a loved mother or sister,” said I; “It is sad to think, that when we stand by the death-bed of a dear father, we shall see him no more.”

No response.

“I say, it is sad to feel that at death we leave our friends forever.”

RESPONSE.—“The useful remaineth. God is great.”

“Can you not answer us more definitely?”

RESPONSE.—“Would you have me say that the soul of a vile son shall forever pollute the purity of a sainted mother? Or, that a loving sister shall forever be separated from a kind brother?”

“I would have you tell us the truth.”

No response.

QUESTION.—From the Doctor. “Is the doctrine of transmigration of souls correct in whole, or even in part?” At this moment I noticed the other hand and arm of the corpse moving slightly. The odic fluid had evidently penetrated the entire body.

RESPONSE.—“Can the tree call back its dead leaves? We press ever onward. Death is a barrier, across which we may look back; but over which we may not pass again.”

QUESTION.—“Is there communication between your Universe and the one beyond you?”

No response.

QUESTION.—“Can you not tell us of the Universe beyond you?”

RESPONSE.—“Did you know aught of this until now, save that it existed?”

“It is true,” said I, “but what, what of the next?”

RESPONSE.—“Knowing ‘color’ and ‘extension’ only, how could you judge what manner of quality ‘weight’ might be? Neither can we conceive what manner of Universe the next is, for we have nothing to judge from. We only know it to be as different in its character from ours as ours is from yours—as color is from weight.”

We had scarcely received the response, when I was amazed at finding the entire body strangely agitated. The odic fluid, passing through the arm, had indeed penetrated it throughout. But before I could speak the hand dropped away from mine, and I was stupefied at seeing the corpse rise slowly to a sitting posture, evidently without any internal muscular action, but as though it were willed up from without by its disembodied soul. It was stiff and stark. The lids opened—the black eyes—they were the glazed, soulless eyes of Death, stared forth into vacuity, and to our horror the chin dropped, the organs of articulation were moved—the corpse spoke!

“Great Heavens!—I am—I am—*leaving my Universe!*—My out-creations die from around me!—I am passing to the next—O where! *where!*—I am DYING!—dy—Fare—.”

And the body fell, relaxed, upon the bed, the right arm bounding as it struck.

When we had recovered partially from our stupefaction, we looked around us, and could scarcely believe what we had seen and heard. Could it indeed be possible that the corpse had moved—*had uttered words!* Yes, we were all upon our feet—we were all awake—all dismayed—terror-stricken; and in the ears of each of us still rang those words of awful import, “I am leaving my Universe!—my out-creations die from around me!—I am passing to the next!” Could our senses have deceived us? And yet, if the disembodied spirit could, through the medium of the odic fluid, move the table, or the arm and hand that once were his, why *indeed* could it not will the inhaling muscles and the organs of articulation into action? Yes, strange though it seemed, the one was no more unreasonable than the other.

We laid the body into a proper position again, reclosed its eyes, and resumed our seats.

But the spirit—the spirit—whither had it flown? It was now not even within *our* reach! A whole Universe was between us!

What more is there for me to say? My task is done. I have related

the strange occurrences to which I have been witness during the past forty-eight hours, as faithfully as lies in my power, and my duty to the world is performed.

The Doctor and Mr. H. left me at two this morning, promising to return at noon. The reader knows the rest. Stealthily, hour by hour, has the night stolen away—the silence only broken by the rustling of my papers. Janie still sleeps sweetly and confidently. One lock of hair must I clip from the marble forehead—one single memento of the departed for her who is left alone.

Five days afterward two passed over the hills toward that silent city, beneath the shade of whose trees and among whose winding paths all eyes are closed, all hands are peacefully crossed forever. And as they left the city of the living behind them, and the din of its crowded streets died away in the distance, peace fell upon their hearts, and I knew they drew closer together, as they walked hand in hand. It was the blessed Sabbath morning. Nearer and nearer sounded the solemn mournful roar of the great Pacific. To the elder it seemed like the far-heard, commingled converse of the innumerable departed!

Thus they moved in silence, and entered the broad avenue with sunny hearts. Path after path they threaded, and at last they stood before a new-made grave. Flowers were freshly planted around it, and on the head-stone were graven these simple words, "FAREWELL—FATHER." And as the elder threw himself upon the grass, he knew not which was the fairer—the younger, or the flowers she tripped among.

I HAVE somewhere read, that of the two orders of fallen spirits—the Angels of Love and the Angels of Knowledge—the first missed the stars they had lost, and wandered back through the darkness one by one into heaven: but the last, lighted on by their own lurid splendors, said, "Wherever *we* go there is heaven!" And deeper and lower descending, lost their shape and their nature, till, deformed and obscure, the bottomless pit closed around them.—BULWER.

MEN who having severally preyed upon the bowels of their country, at length betrayed her liberty; who placing the chief felicity of life in the indulgence of infamous lusts and appetites, overturned in the dust that freedom and independence which was the chief aim and end of all our worthy ancestors.—DEMOSTHENES.

MAN AS AN ULTIMATE.

EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE:

Gentlemen—In recent conversations with Spiritualists, many questions have arisen which seem to require consideration, and some of them presenting difficulties not easily reconcilable by the present amount of knowledge on these subjects. Nor do I feel capable of furnishing the solutions; but it may advance the general cause of truth to adopt, for the time being, such hypotheses as may seem most nearly to account for the phenomena referred to.

All seem to agree that every ultimate particle in nature is accompanied by spirit peculiar to itself, and which is indeed as much itself as that portion which we afterward, in its more aggregated form, recognize as material.

It is also admitted that in such organisms as contain a number of simples, the *combined* spirit exhibits *functions* not common to the *individual* spirit of its simple components, and this we shall have to assume to arise from a *combination*, the result of which is the production of a new function.

Thus chemists tell us that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When these two gases are so combined, water presents many new functions, not common to either of its simples. It is a solvent; by the application of heat expands with a force greater than is recognized as common to its simples, and hence the peculiarities of steam. When acting as a solvent, the spirit of the water may enter into new combinations with the spirit of the simple or compound undergoing solution, and thus a variety of new functions are produced by such a combination of spirit.

The mechanic and the chemist each claim, by the combination of original functions, to produce new ones, not common to the original integrants, and this is evidently equally true in the progression throughout nature.

Let us trace this, then, in some of its simpler forms. The same simples may form two different bodies, only differing in the relative proportion of these simples. Thus oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon, which may be expressed by the simple terms, *charcoal and water*, are the *only* components of sugar, gum, starch, and woody fiber, differing only in the relative proportions, and not in the kind of ultimates. Still, we all know how different is the texture, taste, and other properties of these four

proximates. May this difference not arise from the new functions resulting from combinations being those we recognize ?

Vinegar and sugar contain the same constituents, not in the same relative proportions ; still, one is sweet and the other is sour. The combination, then, of the spirit of the simples composing sugar, when in coalescence with our organism, produces the sensation or taste which we know as sweet, while similar circumstances with vinegar produce the taste or sensation known as sour, and considered by many as the very opposite of sweet ; thus, then, the same simple materials, differing only in their relative proportions, and consequently differing in the combinations of the spirit of their ultimates, resulting in the greatest difference we are able to recognize by that sensation called *taste*.

Chemists tell us that the reason why they differ is, that their particles are differently arranged ; but this assertion had its birth before man knew that the spirit or vital principle which causes all simple ultimates to follow the law of progression had an existence.

I shall have to tax the patience of the reader if he anticipates clearly understanding my proposition, but he will undoubtedly be able to do so by a fair attention to the truths I shall offer.

We find, then, that the same simples may be found in the form of gum, starch, sugar, woody fiber, and that by mere manipulation, so as to increase or decrease the relative quantity of some of these simples, without the addition of any new material, we may change starch to sugar, to alcohol, or to vinegar ; woody fiber to sugar, and, indeed, a long list of the proximates may be thus formed, each in its turn presenting what is usually recognized as an individual character, but in reality probably presenting a mere difference in the resultant spirit, arising from combination.

Let us ask the reader to keep his conclusions, drawn from the foregoing, firmly in his memory, while we present a new phase for his consideration. We are told by Spiritualists that even thoughts, when once formed, have clearly shapes and forms. Now, suppose any of these proximates once formed, and their new function, arising from combination, exercised, during the process of assimilation, as in the form of animal muscle or fat, and afterward, by the process usually known as decay, this proximate may pass off in the soil or atmosphere in the form of its simples, divided and taken away from the combined spirit which accompanied it when in the proximate condition. Under these circumstances, does the spirit originally belonging to each of the simples still continue to accompany such simple through its process of decay and re-organization, in some new form in nature ? And if it does, is not the result of the

combined spirit, while in the proximate and separate creation, still existing, and probably gone to elevate or progress some other organism in nature, with which it may have been in sympathy? and hence in coalescence may not these facts be equally true of man?

When the spirit of a man leaves his form, is it the spirit of the *ultimate simples*, or is it the spirit arising from combination, which enters the spirit-land? We argue the latter to be the truth, and that the spirit of each ultimate simple, still resident in what we call the dead body, accompanies that simple through all the processes of decay and re-assimilation, for the original *motor, law, cause of life, cause of progression, spirit*, which accompanied each ultimate, before the present organization of the universe, must continue to accompany such ultimate during all time and all conditions. If it were not so, why, then, the amount of material which has during all time been resident in human forms is equal in amount to the entire bulk and weight of our globe, and therefore those that are now formed would be without spirit at all. But if we admit that each man in the form has been the recipient of the results of various combinations going to make up both himself and his spirit, then the results, as *combined spirit*, may enter the spirit-land, and leave the original integrants for re-assimilation in nature, again to pass through her ordeal of progression. Every ultimate now occupying the forms of human beings on earth must have been originally given off by the debridation of rocks, and therefore residents in soils, in plants, in animals, and in man—perhaps a million of times in each of these conditions—before it occupied its place as part of the living man at this time; and perhaps, also, it was necessary under nature's laws, in accordance with the Divine Will, that before the creation of man these particles should have passed many times through the whole order of the vegetable creation, before they became fitted for aggregation in even the form of the lower animals, and so they may have been required to have constituted these animals millions of times before they were suited for the more advanced or progressed use of entering into the composition of man. We see now that when we dissolve from the apparently inert rock any of its constituents, and with these solutions form the different salts known as such to the chemists, that the particles arrange themselves in definite forms always alike. Who ever saw common alum in any other form than that which it always assumes—the shape of its crystal is invariable; and so is it with every crystalline body in nature. May the same truths not exist in the vegetable and animal creation? May certain particles which at one time occupy the plant, take on such new functions as by the result of combination has enabled

them to withstand the action of the summer's sun or the winter's cold, and thus in that particular be prepared for more advanced use? May not individual particles sometimes be incorporated with the fleetest animals, sometimes with the more cunning, and thus be gradually prepared by combination of spirit for the more advanced use in their aggregation in the human form, and thus, instead of man being a mere inanimate pile, as would be a mass of the original rocks from which all his simples were obtained, he, like an embodied thought, carries with him the new functions arising out of all the combinations, not only of the spirits of all simples, but of all proximates, as the result after the continued combinations through all time—rendering man indeed an epitome of nature, and leaving men to differ from each other only as the proximates differ from the different relative proportions of each of the simples, while the great Divine Mind—God—is the epitome of all nature, man included, in the exact relative proportion that all things exist, embracing in this combination all thought, all truth, and as the result of all spirit, all power.

The difference, then, between the Divine Will and the spirit of man is, that the latter is a proximate of the former. I am well aware that it is difficult, after a lifetime of practice to the contrary, for us to conceive that any thing may be viewed as real which we can not see, taste, or smell; but what are these senses of feeling, seeing, tasting, and smelling? Are they properties of matter composing our form, or is sensation the action of spirit in the different stages of combination and progression? If so, then the thing we see has greater reality in the senses than in that imaginary thing we call material—it is only material by the action of those senses; therefore the real chair, the real table, or the real man is the spirit of the chair, table, or man in *rapport* with our spirit; for our material particles, as such, are as inert as those of these objects we call inanimate, and could not recognize them, any more than they can recognize each other, if it were not for the realities, the spirits of ourselves and them.

I suppose that all Spiritualists now admit that the spirit-land is the receptacle of the spirit of every organism in nature other than the spirit of its ultimate particles, whenever such organism is by nature's laws thrown back into its original simples, and thus the spirit, or principal *man*, in the spirit-land is surrounded by the spirit of all things that ever did exist with which his spirit may be in sympathy, for as spirit knows no space, it can realize every object which desire, as there exercised, may call for. The egotistical idea that spirits of men alone enter the spheres

is fast passing away ; realities there are truths, understandable to the extent that spirits by progression may be capable of enjoying by sympathy, and as the powers of observation by progressed combination are increased, the delights of progression are insured ; and from this fact, and the more substantive character given to Love and Charity, is to be attributed the greater amount of happiness enjoyed by all spirits in the spirit-land, as compared with that realized in the form.

It is not difficult, then, if the above rationale be admitted, to imagine that like purification by crystallization, such as results by the re-melting and re-crystallization many times of any salt in nature, the simples of nature, which existed from all time, accompanied by their original motor or spirit, may have been undergoing more exact arrangement and advanced combination, through vegetable and animal organisms, and through the exercise of these organisms, as do the ultimates of the crystalline salts.

Who does not know at this time that the delicious peach is the product of a dry, husky, poisonous almond ?—that the apple, with all its varieties and forms, emanated from the bitter crab ?—the cherry from the common mazzard ?—and all our delightful vegetables from those not edible until improved by their constituents assuming the vegetable form, decaying, being reorganized thousands of times, until, by progression, we can now number thousands of fruits and vegetables unknown even to our grandparents ? Zoology and fossil geology give us proof that the animal creation has progressed in the same manner, from the lowest orders up to man ; and even those animals with which we are now best acquainted have improved in size and quality—at least all those which are useful to man—until the records of Grecian art show us that the advancement has been material.

Those, then, who believe that the spirit of decaying man, and other organisms, enter the spirit-world, leaving their forms, can not believe that the original spirit, imbuing the original particle, has so passed away from the earth's surface, for there can be no entity without spirit ; but the results of combination once formed, like a new-born thought, are the highest results of progressive nature, and must forever exist as the register in heaven of such progression. Under such an hypothesis there can be no difficulty in understanding that progression by combination of spirit, and more Godlike results as consequent upon such combination, must be continually going on in the spirit-land ; and, indeed, the day must arrive, although it may be far distant, when to men in the form the greatest excellences of which the Christian of this day can conceive will

be inadequate to the requirements of that more progressed condition of humanity.

In the foregoing I have neglected in place to show the physical facts connected with decay, all of which go to sustain the premises adopted above. It will clearly be understood that if in the decay of any organism the separation of parts should be such as to amount to an ultimate disintegration, that then the reorganisms arising out of such primitives so disintegrated would be like those originally produced from the same ultimates when resident for the first time in soils after their debridation from rocks, and thus man would have been, even to this time, the same bow-legged, thin-limbed animal as the first type of his race. If decay carried organic matters back to their ultimates before reappropriation in organic nature, there would have been, materially at least, no progression; but when we recollect the fact, that all organic matters in their decay rest for a time at their proximates or sub-combinations, and as proximates are absorbed and appropriated by new organisms, we can then comprehend clearly how the new functions arising out of combination of simples in the existent form as proximate may be added to the natural progression, and thus secure the advancement now to be recognized throughout nature. Wheat is well known to contain carbon, water, nitrogen, potash, soda, lime, magnesia, alumina, oxyde of iron, silica, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, chlorine, and under destructive analysis these would be its products. If, however, we look at the proximate condition of these constituents, we shall find that they accord with the natural separation occurring during the course of its decay. Thus wheat will resolve itself by slight fermentation and manipulation into gluten and starch, and as such is in a proper condition for immediate appropriation in the animal and vegetable economy without passing back to the ultimate as above given. Many of the compounds of nature hold their affinities so strongly that even the most violent heat is incapable of effecting a separation. Thus the phosphoric acid and lime, in the form of phosphate of lime, as contained in the bones of men and animals, will not be separated, even at a white heat, for any length of time, and in this condition phosphate of lime is absorbed from the soil by vegetables, and appropriated without chemical change, consequently adding to the vegetable, as differing from the first of its kind, the new functions consequent upon the combination, not only of phosphoric acid and lime, but of the integrants of each; for lime itself is a compound (oxyd of calcium), and phosphoric acid may be similarly viewed. Therefore, from the chaotic period, not only have the proximates been continually forming by the laws of progression. and

reappropriated without ultimate division; but they themselves, by their combinations, have in turn given rise to a great number of new compounds not enumerated as proximates, but which are daily increasing in number, and are the registry of progression below the plane where they may be recognized by the spirit-man; hence it will be perceived that the new functions of organisms arising from the combination of the spirits to their proximates may pass to the spirit-world, at least so far as their combined or representative spirit, without calling on the ultimate particle to part with its original motor, which has and will accompany it through all time.

I hope yourself and readers will correct my errors, if I have made any, and will assist me in arriving at the truth by pursuing this subject to its refutation or its establishment.

PHŒNIX.



SOLITUDE.

WHEN I am alone,
 Never am I lonely;
 Solitude I've never known,
 Save in great crowds only.
 Seated in my room,
 Life is bright and cheery—
 Never comes a thought of gloom—
 Never am I weary

Friends there are unseen,
 Hovering near about me;
 On their love I ever lean,
 For they will not doubt me.
 But the world I see
 Seems all selfish only—
 If I could beyond it flee,
 Never were I lonely!

Human hearts are void
 Where no love is shining;
 Naught there is to be enjoyed
 When alone reclining;
 But in watches of the night,
 Never feel I sadness;
 In my heart I look for light—
 There is perfect gladness.

THE DIVINE MESSENGERS.

MISS LAURA EDMONDS, MEDIUM.

Our heavenly Father is omnipotent,
His word the wide-spread elements obey,
Beneath his smile the glorious sun rolls on.
And over earth and its mortality
The pale moon spreads abroad her silver light.
Man, his great master-piece, had blindly groped
Forever on, had not the Father made
All things in Nature perfect as himself.
They that in his image he had formed
Were changed, and from their pristine brightness dimmed.
He saw them all his proudest gifts pervert,
And bring upon their children pain and woe.

He felt—he saw the wretchedness of man,
And planned, that of his attributes a part
Should be bestowed, and ever dwell with him.
In angel forms he sent them to the earth
To turn his erring children to their God.

Love—soul of his omnipotence—filled space,
Made all his great creation bright—and cast
Upon its beauty radiance divine.

A pure, bright seraph to existence sprang,
Noble in form and robed in living light;
High was his bearing, and his countenance
Bespoke his heavenly source—yet firmness there
Blended with childhood's sweet simplicity—
His was a nature to endure through time.

Upon his breast he bore a silver shield
That sparkled in the living radiance 'round,
And on it written, "For eternity I live."

There, robed in his immortal light, he stood,
Waiting the mandate to descend to earth.
He bore a staff, on which was writ in light,
"Faith saveth." At the Almighty's word
The angel rose, and sped his way to earth.

Like to this angel was another form—
But far more delicate, and much more fair.
Her face was clothed with loveliness and light—

Beauty sat on her brow as on a throne.
Smiling with radiant joy she lay upon
A cloud that lovingly encircled her,
And seemed ecstatic with its heavenly guest.

Quiet she rested, waiting calmly there,
Till she should hear the great command, Go forth.
But in her eye there dwelt a sweet desire
To hasten on her mission unto earth ;
And well she knew what would await her there—
The greeting kind that mortals would bestow,
When from her hand there should profusely fall
Upon their paths her never-fading flowers.

A voice was heard, and while it spoke to her,
She bent her head with reverence to hear.
"Thou, of myself a part, I call thee Hope!
Flee thee to earth, and into human souls
Breathe thine immortal nature—be with them
That are with grief acquainted or oppressed.
Touch gently thou the wayward one, and lay
Thy loving hand upon the widowed heart.
Scatter the brightest flowers in childhood's path,
And from before man's vision, fright despair—
That demon of his own creation—that
Over degraded man, whom yet I love,
Has flung his cloudy sorrows like a pall.
Whisper to him that thou art near to aid,
That Mercy, too, is near him evermore,
And he, though fallen, shall find rest and peace."

The voice of God no longer filled her ear,
And Hope, bright Hope, descended to the earth.

Then stood forth Mercy in the court of heaven—
Majestic in her mien—upon her brow
Was set the signet of the Father's love—
A volume in her hand, whose pages white,
Outrivalled in their purity the snow.
Pensive she stood, as in devotion wrapped,
And slowly then to her a scroll unfurled.
Kneeling in meek submission then she read :
"Child of my Spirit, Mercy ! lo ! on earth
My children wait thy coming ; Faith hath taught
Their wandering hearts at length to look to me ;
Erring, but penitent, they homeward turn.
While holy Faith was pleading, they beheld
Immortal Hope descending, and though now
They know a Father's love, his frown they fear,
But Hope, all smiling, chased that fear away ;
Her hand upraised, she pointed to the skies,
And told in words melodious and clear

That in my everlasting house above
 Are many mansions for their happy home.
 Hope in her zealous care hath told of thee,
 Away! I guard thee—let my will be thine.”

With tender mien the angel sought the earth,
 And there, amid its frail mortality,
 She drooped her head in sorrow and in tears.
 For lo, the record that she bore ere long
 Was filled with man's misdoings and his crimes.
 Faith pleaded ever in man's stubborn heart,
 And Mercy watched the progress that he made;
 And as there fell a tear of penitence
 Upon the page, the angel with a smile
 Washed out the record of his evil deeds.

Thus doth the Father plan, thus doth he work,
 And myriad angels execute his will;
 His messengers divine are on the earth,
 And ever pleading in the heart of man.
 Ever they toil, and unto God's great work
 They add their mite, and join the hymn of praise,
 That through all space reëchoes “God is Love.”

NEW YORK, *Sept.*, 1854.



“AND when they are unable to procure themselves support, what then is to befall them?”

“Let them starve, die, and be forgotten; it is the common lot of humanity.”

“It is the lot of the wild tribes of nature, but chiefly of those who are destined to support themselves by rapine which brooks no partner; but it is not the law of nature in general; even the lower orders have confederacies for mutual defense. But mankind—the race would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time the mother binds the child's head, till the moment some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual help. All therefore that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals; no one who has the power of granting can refuse it without guilt.”

SCOTT.

FORGIVENESS is the perfume which flowers give when trampled upon.

"THE SPIRIT ADVOCATE."

We have too long omitted to notice one of the soundest and most valuable of the periodicals devoted to Spiritualism, namely, "The Spirit Advocate," published monthly by our valued friend, Dr. George Haskell, at Rockford, Winnebago County, Illinois.

The following extract from the October number, will speak better than we can of its character and usefulness.

In the present number we commence the publication of a series of visions and communications from the spirit-world, through Miss A. T. Munn, in January, 1854. Introductory to this first vision, the spirit of Rev. S. S. Whitman, who had been about two years in the spirit-world, presented many striking and satisfactory tests of his identity. I then inquired, "Will that body that was deposited in the grave ever rise again?" The following was his reply: "Decomposition has already commenced in that body. It is not yet wholly decomposed. The elements that composed it are assuming new combinations, and in due time it will all mingle with its kindred dust. The green grass over that grave is nourished by the elements that were once part of that body. It springs up and flourishes its short life, then decays, and another crop succeeds it. That is all the resurrection that body will ever see. God's laws are immutable, and he will never suspend or violate those laws. Perfection is one of the divine attributes, and it is manifested in all the works of the great Creator. Time may pass away and affect all lower forms, but creation's laws remain the same."

The following vision was then presented to the medium.

An angel-guide takes me by the hand and conducts me to a conspicuous place, and bids me describe what I see. I look down into the abyss below me, and in the dense mist that fills that dreary place I just discern a human form. He appears robust and muscular, but bloated and defiled by dissipation and debauchery. His complexion is dark; his eyes blinded by inflammation; his whole appearance is most loathsome, and he scarcely shows signs of life. I turn from the sight with disgust and look in another direction, and I see a light coming down from above; and as it comes nearer I see a cord attached to it, and on the end of that cord is a hook; and it proceeds down into that dark abyss toward that disgusting human form; and as the light passes along down, I see an

inclined plane with steps even down to where that man stands ; I also see hands hold of that cord all along. As the light approaches that man I can see him more distinctly. His eyes are swollen and filled with dirt ; and he is so stupid that he can scarcely be made to comprehend any thing. The hook is fastened to his collar, and he tries to shake it off ; but he soon submits, and they begin to pull upon the rope, and they try to persuade him to move, but he resists their kind assistance. Soon something like a sponge comes along down that cord, and one takes it and wipes the dirt from his eyes ; then a phial of some liquid passes down the cord, and one takes it, and pours some of the liquid on the sponge, and wipes his eyes again, and he begins to see a little, and he is told to take the sponge and wipe his eyes himself ; but he does not seem to comprehend what they tell him ; then they put the sponge into his hand and help him wipe his eyes, and as he begins to use it himself, he sees much better ; then they pull upon the rope and encourage him to move, and take hold of his feet, and move one of them. As he continues to apply the sponge to his eyes the swelling becomes less, and scales fall from his eyes, and he begins to look around and see his doleful condition, and he begins to desire to leave that gloomy place. Again they pull upon the rope, and with assistance he places one foot upon the first step, and he is steadied there ; again they pull upon the cord, and with an effort of his own he stands upon the first step of that ascending plane. I looked up to see the other end of that cord, but could not find the end, but I see a large magnet attached to it, and that magnet is universal love. There is no end to that cord up there. And now I behold a most charming sight—beautiful fields covered with the richest verdure and fragrant with aromatic flowers are spread out before me. Trees with spreading branches, loaded with delicious fruits, afford refreshing shade for the dwellers of that lovely land. A large reservoir filled with pure and sparkling water, seemed to invite the thirsty to come and drink. Around its sides were golden cups enough for all who might desire to quench their thirst ; around that fountain, and in those groves were groups of bright and happy spirits, singing and praising the eternal Source of all their joys. And as they partake of that delicious fruit, and drink that pure water, they converse about the wonderful works of the Great Creator.

Soon I see a wayworn and weary traveler coming along up the hill toward those groups of happy beings ; and as soon as they behold him, fainting and weary, they take some of the fruits that hang in such abundance upon the trees of life, and water from that sparkling fountain, and

go to meet him, and present the water to his parched lips ; he drinks and is refreshed ; he takes the fruit and eats, and is strengthened for his upward progress, and they conduct him to those fair fields and refreshing shades, where he can rest his weary limbs. Again I behold a band of bright spirits descending to earth, and as they approach the habitation of man, one of the company leaves the rest, and goes to the abode of the lonely and disconsolate widow, who is languishing upon a bed of sickness and sorrow, and there imparts comfort to her despairing mind, and points the burdened spirit to brighter scenes beyond the mortal life. The rest of that company of bright spirits visit the haunts of revelry and dissipation, and try to induce those deluded creatures who are seeking happiness that forever eludes their grasp, to leave their vicious courses, abandon the intoxicating cup, reform their lives, and seek for happiness where it can alone be found, in a pure and virtuous life.

[Here the vision was suspended for that time. At a subsequent time the vision was resumed.]

His swollen and bloodshot eyes were caused by debauchery, and the atmosphere that surrounded him was most offensive and suffocating. It is now much lighter down there ; and the hook looks larger and is more firmly fixed in his collar, and that cord looks larger, because the mist is somewhat dissipated so that it can be better seen. He can see better, and as he looks up and tries to rise, they pull upon the cord and encourage him to advance. As he ascends, the scales fall from his body, and the filth that seemed to adhere to him is dropping off—and as he rises he looks brighter and better. He moves like a child learning to walk ; but the higher he rises the more he improves, and gradually, but slowly, progresses onward and upward.

The spirit of Mr. Whitman then said : I have presented to you a type of a man in the lowest condition he could be in, by reason of his own sinful acts.

That dark and loathsome human form first presented in the vision was Gonvalez, a Spaniard, a notorious pirate, murderer, and sensualist.

This is to teach you that man can not sink himself so low in debauchery and crime but that a time may arrive when he can be improved.

Let the instruction profit you.

EFFECT OF MEDIUMSHIP.

DEAR JUDGE: I have long believed that mediums of a higher order were continually being educated in their normal condition by the communications received through them from spirits, and that the continued elevation of the natural mind of the medium renders them more and more capable of embracing new thoughts, until their state or condition, whether in this interior or exterior state, seems to be nearly alike perceptive; to test this fact with a young medium, I commenced a conversation, and wrote down the replies to my questions as they occurred. My first question was:

“What are the impressions made on your mind as to the forces found in nature?” The medium replied:

“It seems that all nature is apparent to us under two points of perception of force, forming, as it were, a positive and negative relation to each other. Considering the connection between the spiritual and atomic organism of the universe, there appears to be a spirit inherent in matter which we may call the force of combination—in other words, the resident spirit of atoms, controlling the *mechanism of organism*. There seems to be, apart from this, another more positive power, by which the ultimate destination, the primeval existence, and the general laws of combination are controlled, which we may signalize by the name *will-power*. This latter power appears to exist as a result of organism in humanity, and, in a lesser degree, in the animal creation. These two powers, though appearing to be distinct, at first glance, are too intimately connected in the result of human organism to attempt to establish the boundary of either.

“In attributing to atomic nature this first power, we are necessitated to embrace the other as its creator; and this latter force more nearly seems to embody our idea of a God—thus calling that which seems to be most perceptible to our nature first, and recognizing the more remote as the last.”

I then asked, if the foregoing meant that the spirit belonging to the ultimate particle, or original constituents, was to be considered as the subordinate power, and the spirit representing the spirit of combined masses as the superior power representing God?

It was thus answered: “We can consider the *will-power* as the force

of *impulse* and the other as the force of *method*; law is God, and law is impulse. We can not recognize law as proceeding from God without recognizing a still higher power than itself, so that we might call the force of method *law*, and the force of impulse *God*; thus we can not consider the aggregate of atomic forces as comprehending God."

I then asked, "Do you not consider God as resident in every ultimate in the form of spirit?" The reply was:

"Inasmuch as it is impossible to conceive of matter as an independent agent from directing force, and impossible to establish the point of combination, God is inseparable, in our minds, from nature, and only to be perceived by the joint sympathy of such perception of truth, both of spirit and of matter, the degree of such perception varying in accordance with our natural sympathy.

"That seems to comprehend all that associate mind can determine of God, inasmuch as it apparently covers the variations of imaginative, perceptive, emotional, and philosophical mind."

The above was dictated by the medium when in the normal condition, and the power of thought evinced is far beyond the natural power of the medium at any time prior to having been spiritually impressed; and although to the uninitiated it may appear as the very poetry of thought, and not logically true, still all must admit that it gives evidence of close thought and of mental analysis.

Having read all the communications received through this medium, and most of them having been written in my presence, I am of course intimate with them, and, indeed, more so than the medium, as I have read them many times and with great care, the medium seldom or ever seeing them after a first reading. The quality of these communications is every way beyond the *original* talents of the medium, but does not so far, if at all, transcend the *acquired* talent. I shall from time to time ask questions of my young friend in his normal condition, and send you the replies accompanied by former spiritual communications on the same subjects received through the same medium, thus enabling yourself and readers to decide if I am wrong in supposing that mediums do become educated by their communications more rapidly than by reading the lucubrations of others, however superior they may be to their own.

PHŒNIX.

. BISHOP WAINWRIGHT.

On Saturday the 23d of September last, the funeral of the Right Reverend J. M. Wainwright, Provisional Bishop of New York, occurred in this city. On the Monday following he came to me at our circle, through Mrs. Sweet, and spoke a few words to me, in which he expressed his emotions at learning the truth of the intercommunion between us on earth and the spirit-world.

Afterward he came through Mrs. Hall, at West Roxbury, and wrote what follows.

E.

SATURDAY EVENING, *September 30, 1854.*

Would I could trace the workings of my spirit as the mighty power and deep wisdom of God, our heavenly Father and Judge, is made manifest to it.

While sojourning in the tabernacle of the flesh, my soul sought after God, and fain would satisfy itself with the living streams of his all-bountiful love, but it was as groping in darkness in comparison with the light which now radiates my path with the vista hues of the New Jerusalem. I feel that a boundless field of knowledge and usefulness is opening before me. The shackles of sin and clay have fallen from me. I am now the spirit-child of adoption—free to think—to act—to learn of the all-pervading spirit—to bow down and worship—to adore the Lamb forever.

But how mysterious the connection between the earthly and the spiritual life! how much more intimate—how closely connected! And here is the great mistake of our theologians; they make them separate and apart when in reality they are one and the same; though widely different, they overreach and intermingle with each other, and we pass from one to the other like the going out of the taper.

There is a great moral lesson in this truth, which needs to be sounded throughout the world, to awaken its sleeping energies. Now I feel its force and power with such tremendous weight, that I would fain startle the drowsy soul, and invest it with the knowledge and dignity that is its birthright. The problem is now being solved, why, with all that learning and eloquence could command, we might please the ear, but could not reach the heart—reach it, I mean, as I felt it was capable of being reached, to make it sensible of the living vibrations of the tones of truth.

We had the machinery in good order, but the mainspring wanted energy; the live coal from the altar of truth was not placed beneath the smoking flax. We did not search deep enough into the wisdom and love of God—we were blinded by the wisdom of man.

It had accumulated for centuries, and the dust of antiquity lay heavy upon our robes of office; we could not lightly shake it off. Could we not rest where the wise and good of all ages had trusted? True, our flocks were inquiring; new lights and strange doctrines were brought us to investigate, but the holy church cried, Heresy! and they must be met with silent contempt and holy horror.

'Twas nothing that our whole souls called loudly for this very living water of truth. It must be regarded as a carnal device of our own evil natures—to be wept over and by secret prayers atoned for—that we for one moment had dared to question and rebel against the authority of our most holy church.

How different the spirit reads God's everlasting laws. We have now no authority to consult, save the acting efficacy of those same laws; for whether we look within and trace their operations there, or without, all is harmony, and a delightful peace is infused into our whole souls—a peace so grateful and soothing in contrast with the warring elements we have so long sought to equalize and calm. God has ever spoken to the soul with truth and freedom, but there have been so many trammels and conventionalities established around it by education and circumstances, that it has been tried and sorely troubled to decide the voice of God, and give it its true meaning and interpretation. O could the finger of the spirit write upon earth's most holy and consecrated walls, I fear me the writing would be, "Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin;" with deep humility my prostrate soul would earnestly pray for more of light and truth from God our Father—more of Christian and Godlike charity and love to descend upon us all—that we may know ourselves—our duty to each other, and draw nearer to God by a more perfect knowledge of his holy laws, and by his divine strength to walk therein, for our own peace, and the glory of his holy name.

In the blessedness of this spirit-communion I hail with joy the means of a mutual improvement. I see in it a rising star of redemption and purification. Mortals and spirits! join the anthem of thanksgiving, for it shall again peal forth the second song "of peace on earth, good will to men.'

A SPIRIT MONODY.

BY J. H. ROBINSON.

EARTHWARD tending,
In mercy bending,
 Answering thy call;
In loving kindness
Forgiving thy blindness,
 Breaking thy thrall.
No task declining,
Never repining,
 Beloved, I come
To give thee sweet resting
And bliss everlasting,
 To pilot thee home.

Earthward bending,
~ Love and light lending—
 Hovering near.
To goodness moving,
Gently reproving,
 My voice you hear;
And ever and often
Its tones will soften
 The conflict within;
Misgivings stilling,
Thy spirit filling,
Directing and willing,
 Winning from sin.

Downward tending,
Gently bending,
 O'er thy sleep;
Brightly beaming,
Over thy dreaming
 Vigils I keep;
Whispering gladness,
Dispelling sadness,
 Opening thy sight
To see the winged angels,
Glorious ev'ngels,
 Blessing the sight.

Earthward tending,
To thy spirit bending ;
 Beloved, awake !
The day is dawning,
And the world's morning
 Anon will break.
There's no time for wasting,
Be up and hasting
 The coming light.
Thousands are sighing
For it, and dying ;
 Dark is the night.

Earthward tending,
O'er thy soul bending ;
 Mortal, be wise !
Attend to this greeting ;
See all things fleeting,
 Prepare for the skies,
Cease not to labor,
Work for the neighbor,
 Work for the world.
Hear the *poor* moaning,
The slave-man groaning,
 To the dust hurled.

Earthward tending,
Whispering, bending,
 Soft to thy soul ;
Be true to thy mission,
Spurn not the monition,
 Work for the whole ;
The suffering desire it,
And God will require it ;
 He will not forget ;
He looketh for toilers,
He marketh despoilers,
 He calleth thee yet.

Whispering, bending,
Earthward tending,
 Beloved, to thee ;
I would win thy spirit
The thought to inherit
 That liveth in me ;
Laboring, giving,
Is religious *living* ;
 Words will not do.

Creeds have been spoken,
 Vows have been broken—
 Not so must you.

Lingering, bending,
 Thy spirit befriending,
 My flight I delay;
 Earnestly, tearfully,
 Though ever cheerfully,
 Always I stay;
 Humbly entreating
 To improve the fleeting
 Hours that remain;
 Which, sinfully squandered,
 And with the past numbered,
 Come not again.

Though ever befriending,
 I soon shall be bending
 My footsteps above;
 Where music is swelling,
 And the freed soul is telling
 Its story of love;
 Where the light is streaming,
 And eternal life beaming
 On every face.
 Oh, gird thee for action,
 Fight not for the faction,
 Be brave for the race!

Adieu! I'm ascending,
 And lightly wending
 The starry arch.
 Pearly phantoms meet me,
 Soft whispers greet me
 On the golden march.
 Yet my thoughts reach thee,
 My monitions teach thee;
 Floating along,
 The mind earthward tending,
 Inspiration lending,
 Breathing in song.

SPECIAL DISPENSATIONS.

BY R. H. BROWN.

IT is a pet assertion of the pulpit, that reason can teach us nothing concerning God, and that we must therefore look to revelation alone for correct knowledge of Deity. Now the world is full of revelations. The Koran, the Zend-Avesta, the Shastar, the Bible of Joseph Smith, and the "Old and New Testaments, translated out of the original tongues, and with the former translations diligently compared and revised," all claim to be direct revelations from God, and each has millions of devotees who regard them as infallible and holy in the highest degree. While the teachings of these several professed revelations are in direct conflict, it is evident that the whole of some of them, or a portion of all of them, must be spurious. What, then, is the test by which we are to know the true from the false? *We know*, says the whole American and English priesthood, that the Old and New Testaments, as translated by order of King James, are the only true revelations from God to man, *because they alone harmonize with the character and attributes of the Divine Being from whom they profess to emanate*. From which it clearly appears that we *must* have some ideas of the true character and attributes of Deity *independent* of revelation, in order to know what is revelation and what is not. Therefore out of their own mouth do they stand condemned.

We are told that a certain book is the word of God, because it harmonizes with the character and attributes of God. But how are we to know what is the character and what are the attributes of God unless reason is to teach us? For if we go to the book itself in order to learn the divine character and attributes, and then say that the book is a divine revelation, because it harmonizes with the divine character and attributes *as therein set forth*, we are clearly reasoning in a circle. By the same method we can prove any book to be a divine revelation, no matter how terrible, absurd, false, and blasphemous are the ideas of God which it contains. Thus it is evident that we must inquire of reason *before* we inquire of revelation, or else we shall never be able to know which is the word of God, Joseph Smith's Bible or the *Testament of Jesus*. Let

us then inquire of reason concerning God, not indeed at this time with a view of finding out which revelation, among so many professed ones, is the true revelation, but for a different purpose.

It is the design of the writer to show that the *following* ideas, quite prevalent among Spiritualists, are false, because they are not consistent with the divine character and attributes. Those ideas are these :

It is believed by many that God is engaged in bringing about the progression of the race by a system of *special providences*. We are told that the advent of Christ was a "new dispensation," the divine authenticity of which was attested by many wonderful works, each of which was a *special* interposition of Deity by miracles, by prophecy, and by spiritual intervention ; and further, that the advent of *Spiritualism* is a still later and more sublime "dispensation," designed to displace all former "dispensations," and to usher in more grand and beneficent developments of God's love and wisdom. We are told that this latter-day dispensation is like the former, the special work of Deity, and that, like its predecessor, its divine authenticity is attested by wonderful works, by prophets, seers, and by spiritual intervention. Say those who hold this belief, The advent of Christ brought in the dispensation of *love*, but this latter-day dispensation is the dispensation of the *spirit* and the dawn of the final millennium. We believe that we have stated the case fairly. We will now state what we hope to prove. It is this : What is called the dispensation of Christ was but a *period in the world's natural progression*. That which is witnessed in our own times is but the result of the same *natural* development. That there is no such thing as *special* providences, or *special* dispensations of God's love and wisdom, but that all things are moving toward a state of comparative harmony and perfection, in obedience to a constantly acting and uniform law of progressive development which was interwoven with the constitution of things, and foreordained "from the beginning."

God is a spirit, creation is an act. An act requires two conditions : an actor and a subject—an actor, and *something* upon which the actor may act. For this reason, and inasmuch as something can not be made out of nothing, it is affirmed that matter existed in its rudimental form, co-eternal with God, and that out of it He made all things. God is a spirit, creation is an act, man is formed in the image of God. When man forms any thing, a clock for instance, out of such rudimental matter as he has at command, he is imitating in an *infinitely small* manner the act which God performed when he made the present universe. Let us analyze this process of creation as it takes place in the human mind, for

we can more easily be brought to calmly and correctly contemplate man than God. When man makes a clock out of such rudimental matter as he has at hand, he first considers the design he has in view, to wit, the construction of a machine which will correctly mark and strike the hours. He then proceeds to construct his machine in accordance with his design. And he imposes upon it such conditions of existence, such modes of operation, such "rules of action," *such laws* as will produce the results which he desires. When the machine is finished, it is so arranged that the very conditions of its existence impose upon it the execution of the design which the maker had in view. The clock is done. It is wound up. The mechanic has no more to do with it, except to see that it does not get out of repair. It strikes the hours, but the striking is the result of the laws which the maker impressed upon it "from the beginning." When it is twelve o'clock, it strikes twelve. The maker foresaw the result and designed it from the beginning. And when it is twelve o'clock again, it will again strike twelve. Nor is the striking of the hour a *special* result of a *special* intervention of the maker's mind. Nor is the continued action of the maker's will needed to keep the clock in motion. He has designed and fixed within a spring which serves that purpose.

So did God create the universe, so did the Divine Mind "from the beginning" set in operation the totality of causes which have produced all the past and will produce all the future. First, God considered the design which he had in view; next, he formed the universe in such a manner and impressed upon it such laws that it must, *from the very condition of its existence*, work out that design, and the whole of it. Any particular event, such as the advent of Christ, the dispersion of the Jews, or the American Revolution, is no more the result of a special intervention of God's will and power than the stroke of one upon a clock is the result of a special interposition of the will of the mechanic who made it. Nor is the continued action of the divine will needed to keep the majestic machinery of the universe in harmonious operation, any more than the continued will of the mechanic is necessary to keep the clock he makes in motion. The invisible forces resident in matter, and necessary to its existence as such, serve in the one case, in the other the main-spring.

God foresees all things; he does so, just as the mechanic foresees that when noon comes his clock will strike twelve. God needs but to survey his own acts performed to know all the past; to look forward to his own designs to be fulfilled in order to know all the future. Thus do we see the philosophy of the Divine Omniscience.

Since God is infinite in power, as well as in wisdom, he has made no

errors in the creation of the universe. There can no unforeseen conjunction of events occur which has not been designed and provided for "from the beginning." His laws, perfect as himself, need no amendments or revisions, nor can it ever be necessary to suspend any of them in order to provide for unexpected contingencies. All things move by an "inevitable necessity," the result of their original constitution. They can not depart from their natural modes of action without ceasing to exist.

A miracle, in the old theological sense, or a *special dispensation*, implies a destruction of the universe. Throughout the whole chain of causes and effects, laws and attractions, there is not one *independent* link. The whole universe is clothed with harmony as with a garment. There is not a law or an atom which is not dependent upon all the other laws and all the other atoms. A mutual dependency, a brotherly attraction reigns throughout the whole.

Consider, then, what would be the result of suspending for an instant only but one law of nature. Were the law of gravitation suspended, it would not only prevent an apple falling to the ground, but the links which bind the universe together would be broken asunder, the planets would leave their orbits, and suns and systems fall to pieces. But could not God suspend the law, and keep the apple from falling, while at the same time by an exertion of his almighty power he prevented the other direful consequences which have been pointed out? No; because a law can not be *suspended* and *not suspended* at the same time. That almighty power which would be exerted to keep the planets in their places, what would it be but the same thing, to wit, the law of gravitation. Can God do two directly opposite things at the same instant of time? Can he at the same moment suspend and yet uphold the same law?

But we must hasten to a close. If what has been advanced be correct (and the writer is profoundly impressed that it is so), the conclusion against the whole theory of special providences and special dispensations is irresistible. The age of Christ was indeed a glorious era. It is also our privilege to live at the dawn of an epoch more grand and important than any that has ever shone upon the earth. There are prophets and seers among us. The spirits from the beautiful mansions above walk with the pure in heart. The angels talk to us face to face, and truths deep and sublime as the sea are being revealed unto man. This age, in the dim and distant future, will be looked back to as the epoch when the world first threw off the superstitions and errors of its childhood and entered upon a vigorous, healthy, and happy manhood. But in all this there is no miracle, no special interposition of Deity. It is but the result of

the natural progression of the race in obedience to an ever active and uniform law interwoven into the constitution of things by the Deity when he formed the universe. The doctrine of special providences has so long ruled the world, it is not strange that Spiritualists beholding the remarkable developments of this age, presaging so much good to the human family, and breathing so much of the love of our Father in Heaven, should imagine they are the result of a special interposition of divine mercy. God is indeed our Father, but he is no capricious parent, for long ages neglecting his children, and now and then, at periods remote from each other, seized with a sudden and unusual tenderness, pouring out his blessings by special and partial dispensations. The Great Sire of spirits "knows no variableness or shadow of turning." The ultimate happiness and perfection of all his children is the great design next to their creation, for which he formed the universe. All things which exist he made with a view to that design, and he so formed them that by an inevitable necessity they must work out the same. My friend, when deep within your soul the question is whispered, Why do all things exist, and for what purpose were they created? let it be answered in these words: For our good, and the glory of our Father in Heaven.

DETROIT, Nov., 1854.



THE STARS.—Dr. Herschel has enumerated 44,000 stars in the space of a few degrees, and by analogy there appears to be 75,000,000 in the heavens. If we consider that each of these stars or suns has probably an equal number of planets as our sun moving around it, and as many satellites moving around these planets, some conception may be formed of the immensity of creation. But even this estimate would only embrace those stars visible through the telescope, and does not include comets. Then add the consideration that all these worlds are inhabited, as this earth is, by sentient and immortal beings, and say if you can believe that for us the laws of the Great Creator of this vast universe can be suspended!

THAT the temper, the sentiments, the morality, and, in general, the whole conduct and character of men are influenced by the example and disposition of the persons with whom they associate, is a reflection which has long since passed into a proverb, and been ranked among the standing maxims of human wisdom in all ages of the world

THE BLIND GIRL.

NEW YORK, Nov. 27, 1854.

At the Circle of Progress, through Laura Edmonds as medium, it was said :

Glory be to thee, O Father in heaven ! Thou didst say through the lips of thy Son that the deaf should hear and the blind see, and O ! my sight has been opened.

Am I in a dream or am I awake ? No longer do I grope about in darkness. No longer do I have to depend on the kind accents of a friend to tell me what beauty God hath made. No more do I long to see faces familiar and loved. I see ! I have a sight that Heaven gives.

When a little child, a babe, I gazed once on the world in all its beauty, and then a thick curtain was drawn between the world and that babe. I was blind ! But God in his mercy and love sent me other blessings. When sitting silent and alone, when having listened to the last foot-fall of some loved one, then my childish mind would ask, What is sight ? And I saw. What did I see ? Arrayed before me in beauty and light I saw forms of loveliness passing my comprehending, and I saw that in my childish play I was not alone. When in my darkness I would approach some danger, some spirit-companion that I loved would say, " Come this way ;" and I walked among mortals on earth heeding and loving earthly things, listening for every thing that would give me pleasure. Yet I felt and saw that there were companions, bright faces, near me, for whose foot-fall I had not to listen, and I was a happy child.

But at times I would hear my sisters say, " Oh, come, let us go and see what they told us of. Let us go." And I must stay, for I could not see. Then in their childish glee they would return and speak to me of joys I could not taste. Then would my heart grow sad and weary, and I longed to die—for I was blind ! Soon, however, I would hear those gentle tones, and turning amid my darkness I would see light and beauty again, and my heart would soar heavenward again in its joy.

I grew to womanhood. Trials and temptations were mine. A sickly constitution and a wavering temper made me a care to my friends. My soul would sometimes grow sad and weary of its existence. And once, when sitting with my brow on my hand, wishing I might die, a bright

form appeared, and in accents loving and kind she spoke, "Oh, child of Earth! weep not. Thou hast been deprived of a great blessing, but it has served to purify and exalt thy spirit more than if thou hadst had sight. The eye that is never dim has been thine to see with. The eye ever seeking its home in Heaven has been bright. Weep not. Look with spirit-eye on thy trials as blessings. Cause not those who can see with mortal sight, pain by seeing thy face reflecting thy feelings. Thou art loved by spirits, by angels. Ere another moon shall appear, thou shalt be called to rest, and the blind shall see." And, sir, I arose strengthened and said, "I shall die, and if ever I can, I will come back like that angel-form and tell what I see, that those who are situated like to myself may be comforted and cheered, and many loving hearts be satisfied."

Excuse this intrusion; I have long wished to return and speak to mortals afflicted as I was.

The time is not yet for them to receive it, but it will be soon, and then they shall rejoice. Tell them to bear patiently and meekly the cross that is theirs. Soon daylight will appear to them, and all God's beauty be visible to their spiritual eyes.

His blessing be upon you; and you that have eyes, oh see!



TRUE SPIRITUALISM.—Sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, was wounded. He was carried a mile and a half to the camp, and being faint with loss of blood and parched with thirst, he called for drink. It was immediately brought to him; but as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth and delivered it to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

THE kindness of Heaven is promised to the penitent, and let ours be directed by the example. Heaven, we are assured, is much more pleased to view a repentant sinner than ninety-nine persons who have supported a course of undeviating rectitude. And this is right; for that single effort by which we stop short in the down-hill path to perdition is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

GOLDSMITH.

A COMMUNICATION.

DR. IRISH, MEDIUM.

ANN ARBOR, July 28th, 1854.

J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Friend—You ask for spiritual truth; and light to you shall be given from on high in relation to those beauteous spheres where spirits and angels do reside. They are messengers by God appointed to search out truths, which soon to men will be revealed of hidden mysteries. The seven-sealed book will soon be opened—that man may read his future destiny, and all things connected with his progression or retrogression in that land to which all are hastening; the revolution of each world-spiritual, its center and circumference, laws, government, and occupation, will at a future time be given. The universe itself will divided be, and each division mapped out to man's comprehension. For man was the display of wisdom by the great Architect—if so, he must surely must be able to comprehend the division and number of each division.

Man, spiritual, is competent to soar aloft and comprehend his origin—it is all within his reach—for him alone was this display of wisdom. The diversity of worlds terrestrial and celestial, with all their beauty and variety, man was made to comprehend. Say not to man, Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther. Think not to keep in shackles God's children. Green withes and fetters will not hold when light and truth from God shall be revealed. Ye do greatly err who hide God's face, making his pavilion darkness impenetrable to his children. He is enthroned in light—darkness is not round about His habitation.

In light, purity, and love He is beckoning his children onward and upward, higher and still higher, nearer and yet nearer, until all shall the Parent welcome home to that city of rest prepared for God's children.

Yours, in bonds that will not be sundered,

THE external misfortunes of life—disappointments, poverty, and sickness—are light in comparison of those inward disturbers of mind occasioned by folly, by passion, and by guilt.

THE SPREAD OF SPIRITUALISM.

[I do not know that I can perform a more acceptable work than endeavor to convey to our readers a just conception of the spread of our doctrines and the spirit of free inquiry.]

With that view I extract from some of the numerous letters which I have received in the course of a year. I have selected, on this occasion, those which will convey that idea most forcibly, and show how everywhere, and among all classes, the sublime truths of our faith are taking deep root. Hereafter I will make some extracts which will tend to show the effect which the investigation produces among intelligent and candid minds. And I will venture to say, in advance, that thus will be shown conversions from infidelity which may well challenge Orthodoxy to equal.] E.

PORTLAND, ME., Jan. 12, 1854.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I have taken the liberty of addressing to you a letter of *queries*, suggested to my mind by reading your book, entitled "Spiritualism." I feel that I am taking an unwarrantable liberty in thus presuming upon your attention; and if you think so you need devote no further attention to this communication than the reading of it. I feel, however, the less hesitancy in this step than I should ordinarily, on account of the peculiar position you occupy before the world relative to this new feature of the age; for, if Spiritualism is what it claims to be, it is evident that you are peculiarly one of its chosen messengers and exponents, and therefore the world has claims on you which it has not on ordinary individuals.

I write this in no way as a cavalier, although the style may necessarily sometimes bear the appearance of one desiring to argue; yet this is not the case. I write as one who, for some time past, has been an anxious seeker after truth upon this and kindred subjects, etc.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, Feb., 1854.

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I am a recipient of the spiritual faith, and, unaided and alone, I am struggling to pierce the clouds which, dark and lowering, rest heavily on my soul.

Your noble experience was the means of imparting the first ray of

hope to a perturbed, wearied, and wounded spirit. I have suffered and am suffering deeply, both physically and mentally. From my youth I have been an invalid, but, blessed with a determined will, I have wrestled with the weakness of the flesh; but *existing only*—disguising every feeling and all the inward workings of my palpitating soul, which pants and yearns to soar beyond this mundane pilgrimage.

Two years ago I became deeply interested in the spiritual manifestations, and last summer became thoroughly convinced that it was the only faith to live and die by. I am a partial medium—not enough to convince others, but I derive sweet consolation from the soul-entrancing thought that my relatives and friends are ministering to me daily and hourly. For the first time in many years I dare to hope and pray through this divine inspiration.

From the perusal of your works I have received much instruction. Tears filled my eyes, and I could have shouted aloud with joy as I realized your inspiration of the Divine birth of the soul in its transcendent stages of existence, etc.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 25, 1854.

HON. JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—With the mass, I looked upon the spiritual manifestations, as they reached me through the public prints, as a result caused either by the collusion of the parties or wrought by a mesmeric influence, which had its highest source in the functions of the animal body, and consequently was or would be of no further benefit to man than to lead him to study out the curious organism of his being and develop the magnetic and electric principles of his nature. Nor should I have thought of the subject, had its investigations and developments been confined to the circles in which it had its origin. But when I read the names of such men as N. P. Tallmadge, Dr. Dexter, and Judge Edmonds among the believers in spiritual manifestations to man through the medium of raps, impressions, etc., I became anxious to learn something of this new and strange "ism." For this purpose I purchased the first volume of your work on Spiritualism—the first work of the kind I have ever read—and was not only astonished at the developments recorded, but also delighted with the doctrine or theory of spiritual existence as there set forth. Reject the evidence of these manifestations I can not, for that would be to assume that truth and honesty existed nowhere among mankind but with self and the strict adherents of the old theology; and discard the doctrines these taught, I would not, for they

come as balm to my spirit, and supply a void which (although a professed believer in the doctrines of Jesus) I have ever felt to have existed in my mind—the want of something tangible on which to rest the hopes of my soul's future bliss. This, spirituality has supplied. And now, having learned the rudiments of this new religion, I am all anxiety to prosecute the search into the higher branches of this science, etc.

FREDERICTON, N. B., *March 18, 1854.*

MY DEAR SIR—Knowing, from what I have read in your inestimable book, which I have not yet quite completed—namely, “Spiritualism, by yourself and Dr. Dexter”—that your valuable time is more than fully occupied, nevertheless, as you appear to be a leading star or apostle of this new manifestation whom we are justified in looking up to and inquiring of for counsel and direction and instruction in those things which belong to the spirit-world, or new manifestations of the goodness and mercy of God to our sinful race, without further preface or apology I beg leave to inform you that a small circle of four members of my own family, with sometimes the addition of a friend, have tried the effects of table-rapping or tipping for the last few weeks.

I believe we are the first circle that has been formed in this city, and we are afraid to mention the information we have received through the rappings among our friends—being all Wesleyan Methodists, except one friend, who is an Independent. We, as a matter of course, expect opposition as well as persecution, should it be known; but I believe neither the one nor the other will ever influence us to desist from searching after those glorious truths, a faint gleam of which has just been vouchsafed to us from the spirit-land.

There are here many families and circles of friends amusing themselves with the table movement; but I believe the copy of your work above alluded to, which I have, is the only one in this city, and I am the third person into whose hands it has been intrusted. The first and second persons who read it have become writing mediums; and from its perusal since it came into my hands, the results referred to in this letter have all arisen, etc.

MONTREAL, *March 20, 1854.*

MY DEAR JUDGE—My friend and neighbour Mr. —, one of our leading citizens, leaves for your city, and being desirous to make your valuable acquaintance, and *see* into the interesting and important subject of

Spiritualism, has asked me to give him a letter for you, which I am most happy to have it in my power to do.

As to myself personally, I am free to say, my dear Judge, that I continue fearlessly, and *honestly I trust*, my responsible experiments. I say *responsible*, because you know what are my opinions on the responsibility of man to God. I have hundreds of facts, and can assure you that when I come to a conclusion, one way or the other, it will not be a hasty one.

TORONTO, May 7, 1854.

DEAR SIR—Feeling great interest about the so-called spirit-manifestations, and being desirous to be convinced of the reality of spirit-visitations, if they are real, I will feel obliged by your sending me the new periodical I understand you have lately commenced publishing, entitled, if I recollect rightly, THE SPIRITUAL CIRCLE, for which I inclose you \$2. My unbelief is a good deal shaken by what I have seen and read; but still I am not satisfied, although far from doubting the general honesty of those whose mediumship I have witnessed and whose publications I have read. Like others, however, I shall doubt, as it appears from the introduction to your work on "Spiritualism" (which I have) you did until fully convinced.

I feel myself in some measure at liberty to use a little freedom with you, from my belonging to the same profession, under another government, as that of which you have been so distinguished a member, although I make no pretensions to merit myself, etc.

GLASGOW, KY., May 10, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I have just read the book published by yourself and Dr. Dexter upon "Spiritualism;" and had I not before reading it heard "the rappings" and seen "the table move," I certainly should have regarded that book as the *ne plus ultra* of all humbugs. I had, previous to reading the work, attributed the rappings, etc., to some electrical agency, regulated by some natural law, not yet scientifically demonstrated. But I am really at a loss to come to any conclusion in the premises.

Your introduction to the work, I am candid to say, impressed upon my mind that it was certainly the result of an honest mind. Are you yet investigating the subject? Have you made any further discoveries? etc.

LANGLEY, BUCKS, ENGLAND, *May 18, 1854.*

DEAR SIR—Though a perfect stranger, I nevertheless, as a sincere admirer of your character and writings, and one who takes a deep interest in the subject of *spiritual manifestations*, venture to address you in the hope that you will not only pardon the intrusion, but, should the numerous calls on your attention admit of it, you will, at your leisure, favor me with a reply. I am chiefly anxious to know if your impressions regarding the nature and tendency of the manifestations remain unchanged, and if the further developments promised, and which were to remove many of the difficulties surrounding the subject, have been wholly or partially made. I have only seen the first volume of your work, which was sent me by my son in America, who is himself an unbeliever, for the reason, I suspect, that like many other off-handed young men, he has never examined the evidence which, to my mind, though prejudiced against the whole thing at first, I now deem irresistible, etc.

TOMPKINSVILLE, CHOCTAW CO., ALABAMA, *June 11, 1854.*

HON. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—I hope you will pardon me for the liberty I have taken, being an entire stranger, in addressing you this letter. I have hesitated a long time, fearing that probably you receive so many communications of this kind, that you have not time to attend to all. I have this day had conversations with one or two of my friends, who are inclined, as well as myself, to believe that there are actual communications from the spirit-land to this. I have never had, or have never seen any thing of the kind, but have read your work entitled "*Spiritualism*," and with more pleasure than any book I have ever read. I would give any thing in my power to be convinced of the truth. I am satisfied I would be a happy man, and hope to be able, in some way, from your advice, if you will give it, to arrive at some conclusion, etc.

TORONTO, *June 25, 1854.*

JUDGE EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—I did not know your address, but the spirit gave me just the words that are on the letter.

Dear Sir—we find we have got into such a school as we were never in before, and that we need all the help we can get, both from good men here and the good in the spirit-land. As you have been much favored

by the spirits, and your experience is great in comparison with ours, we respectfully request you to give us your advice and counsel, so that we may be enabled to progress in the good work, etc.

MAYSVILLE, KY., *July 15, 1854.*

HON. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—I address you in behalf of an afflicted son, who has read your book on "Spiritualism" with great interest. He is desirous of knowing whether the spirits can communicate or prescribe any thing that will benefit him; also whether he can become a medium, and what will probably be the termination of his disease. He is sincere in his requests, or I would not trouble you. I am not aware that there any circles or good media here, otherwise it might not be necessary to try to obtain information from so great a distance. Furthermore, he will have entire confidence in what you may say upon the subject. If any particulars with regard to his condition or the history of his case are needed, I will freely communicate them at any time. Please let me hear from you as soon as convenient. Yours truly.

DUBUQUE, IOWA, *July 18, 1854.*

HON. J. W. EDMONDS :

Dear Sir—Having for the last two years taken a deep interest in your history as connected with modern Spiritualism, and having a profound veneration for all men who openly avow their opinions when they know they are in the right, fearless of consequences, I have ventured, etc.

FARM PLACE, CHATTANANGO, TENN., *July 22, 1854.*

DEAR SIR—Is the intercourse of spirit-influx with mortal intelligence a truth? is a question answerable by you affirmatively; but in the mind of your correspondent, an unknown something to be confirmed. In this letter I will say nothing of myself, for I have an object in view, such an one as neither the good spirits nor their intelligent medium would condemn. I say, is it a fact that spirits do communicate with men? If it is, there is not a more momentous event in the history of man since the ascension of the Redeemer, etc.

GREAT RUSSELL ST., BLOOMSBURY, LONDON, July 30, 1854.

MY DEAR JUDGE EDMONDS—I am desirous to have a few of your spiritual works. Would you kindly see that about half a dozen are sent to me? I am about to publish a Spiritual Quarterly Journal in London, as I am in the best position to accomplish it.

Until this day there has been no publicity of the spirit-work in London for some time. I have commenced its publicity this day. I shall be able in a short time to let you know how we progress.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Aug. 6, 1854

HON. J. W. EDMONDS: ✍

Dear Sir—It is with no small degree of diffidence I have taken the liberty to address you a few lines on a subject of intense interest to me, and one I have every reason to believe is very near your heart from reading your interesting work on "Spiritualism."

You are aware that we are far distant from the arena of those most wonderful truths which have from time to time been sent to us through the ordinary means of conveying intelligence to distant lands, and as yet have had no one acquainted with the subject to direct or give any instruction as to how circles should be conducted, otherwise than through the *modus operandi* described in your book and some small works. The truthfulness of your work we never for a moment doubted, knowing the exalted source from which it emanated; and feeling such an assurance, a few of us concluded to form a little society privately, merely to see if any thing interesting would result. After finding myself much fatigued by sitting a long time without any result, I proposed to give it up as a hopeless effort, when my husband replied (who is a great believer), "Oh, no, we shall surely succeed if we are patient."

After a few minutes of quiet we heard distinct raps on the table, which surprised as well as encouraged us very much. The excitement was so great, the harmony was somewhat disturbed, but we soon became more calm, when the raps grew sufficiently loud to convince every one present of the reality.

We then ascertained that the medium was a young lady fourteen years old, by the name of —. She almost immediately became developed as a wonderful writing medium, having written since July 5 sixty-one pieces of most beautiful poetry, a specimen of which I send you, etc.

SYRACUSE, LYNN CO., OREGON TERRITORY, *Aug. 9, 1854.*

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir.—I take the liberty to write to you though a stranger, but after reading your book entitled "Spiritualism," which I think a great deal of, I see that you appear to take a pleasure in comforting the afflicted where you can; and if it is not asking too much, I would be a thousand times thankful for a communication through you from our dear children which we have lost.

I have your "Spiritualism," the "Book of Human Nature," by Leroy Sunderland, and Andrew Jackson Davis' writings, which have been more satisfaction and comfort to me than all the riches of this earth could be if I had them. They have helped me, with what little I have witnessed of spiritual manifestations, to settle my belief. I have studied the laws of Nature all my life since I can recollect, daily and almost hourly, yet I could not decide whether there was a future state of existence or not. I could not believe the Bible, for it did not correspond with the laws of Nature, nor with common sense nor justice; but after reading all those works, and seeing and hearing what little I have, I am a firm believer in the cause, which is surely a good one, etc.

WASHINGTON, HEMPSTEAD CO., ARK., *Aug. 10, 1854.*

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir.—The peculiar circumstances which surround your present humble correspondent, and the abiding confidence he reposes in your judgment and integrity, must plead his excuses for assuming the privilege of addressing such a distinguished personage as yourself.

What those circumstances are it is one of the primary objects of this letter to make known to you, to do which it is necessary that I give a brief history of my unhappy life, etc.

GEORGEVILLE, CANADA EAST, *Aug. 12, 1854.*

DEAR SIR—Although a stranger to you, I beg you will allow me to address a few lines to you on the subject of Spiritualism.

I can have no object or wish to deceive you or to make untruthful pretensions in this matter. I therefore frankly confess that I am not a convert to this new religion, if I may so call it. I acknowledge, however, that I am an anxious inquirer. If there is good—if there is truth—high and holy truth in it, I ardently wish to be a participant of it. If it is an evil, if it is founded in error, or is contrary to the known principles of

God's righteous laws and government, I wish to know it, and by all means avoid it. I address you as a humble, sincere, and devout seeker after *truth*—after God, in every lawful and proper way. If I know myself, I am not an infidel, or one who rejects all religion. Nor am I an orthodox bigot, bound up in old sayings and old customs. I profess to be a believer in the truth and inspiration of the Bible as the word and will of God, and in His works as the correct expounder of His word and will. In fine, I claim the right of free thought and action, and the full exercise of my reason and common sense in the investigation of any and every matter within the range of the powers of my mind, etc.

SHERBROOKE, CANADA EAST, Sept. 27, 1854.

SIR—With perpetual delight, I have been occupied for the last three weeks in perusing “Spiritualism,” by Judge Edmonds and Dr. G. T. Dexter, 1853. It has created in me a strong desire to witness those wonderful manifestations from the spirit-land.

May I be permitted to ask if I can be allowed to enjoy so high a privilege? Are there any places nearer than New York where those circles meet? Can not the same manifestations occur in this place? If so, how are they to be obtained?

In this *sublime work* I much wish to submit some long-cherished ideas (perfectly original) to your superior knowledge and judgment—to say as *auxiliaries*, whether our sex has not something to do, etc.

CARACAS (S. AMERICA), Dec. 20, 1853.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS, NEW YORK :

Dear Sir—My attention has been some time called to the “spirit rappings,” which I, in fact, thought merely a queer development of the American mind—an exuberance of the unlimited freedom of thought and free discussion you enjoy. But on reading your letter of the 6th of August last, published in the New York *Herald*, it was impossible to blind myself to the fact that a man of education and information, a close reasoner, and in cool possession of all his faculties, also enjoying a position in society that precludes the gross idea that he would attempt to impose on his countrymen, had boldly and voluntarily stated the truth. I say the truth, for, as an old soldier, I concede to you the indulgence I should strictly exact from others in pledging myself to any statement of mine. I am now reading your book, which has just arrived here. But I, although believing in these spiritual manifestations, still have my doubts as to the motives and the results to us poor mortals, etc.

DARLINGTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

MY DEAR SIR—I have read with profound interest your first volume on Spiritual Manifestation. I am free to say that with your experience I should not be able to resist the convictions which have forced themselves on your mind, etc.

LEAMINGTON SPA, ENGLAND.

HON. MR. EDMONDS, Judge of Supreme Court :

Sir—Two little works, entitled "Table Moving Tested and Proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency," and "Table Movings, the Devil's Modern Masterpiece," by Rev. N. S. Godfrey, Leeds, have been recently published by Seeley, London, and since then another little work, entitled "Table Talking: Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs, a Word for the Wise," by Rev. E. Gillson, M. A., of Bath, has been published by Longman & Co., of London. * * * And another, entitled "Sights and Sounds, the Mystery of the Day, comprising an entire History of the American Spirit Manifestations," by Henry Spicer, Esq., London. * * *

Mr. Spicer relates your own conversion from a state of absolute skepticism as to these things by a slow process to the fullest belief in them. This, and the undoubted conversion of Robert Owen to the same belief, has created a powerful impression on my mind and a most earnest desire for personal proofs, etc.

MAYENCE (PRUSSIA).

SIR—As a perfect stranger I must preface my request with an apology, etc. My highly valued friend, Dr. —, a man of distinguished intellectual endowments, who had the misfortune to lose his sight ten or twelve years ago, has always felt the strongest interest in the progress of America and its results, from a long-cherished opinion that this great and favored country, giving birth to a regenerated and ennobled race of beings is, from the freedom of its institutions, better calculated than any other to promote the higher development of mankind. The recent movement, which has caused so much excitement in America, viz., the Spiritual Manifestations, has naturally inspired my friend with an ardent desire to ascertain the truth of so important a revelation, etc.

THE DYING GIRL.

Nov. 15, 1854.

Mrs. SWEET being influenced by Mrs. Hemans, the following was given through her.

I stand gazing upon the death-bed scene of a fair young girl. Life had become clad in roseate colors, and the future seemed fair and inviting, until disease fastened upon her delicate form and warned her that she must soon leave the scenes in which she had lived, surrounded by those who anticipated her every wish, to whom the tones of her voice were music, and her presence like that of some bright spirit who dispensed light and cheerfulness wherever it moved. And now the future seems opening to her view. The cold hand of death is upon her, and oh, how she hates to go! She can not say farewell to her weeping friends. She goes unwillingly. Her life had been short and bright as that of the butterfly who has only reveled amid the perfumed flowers, and drank the fresh dew of heaven out of their sparkling chalices. No rude storms of sorrow or despair had cast one shadow upon her young spirit's gladness. Loving and beloved, she had trod the earth as the angels tread it, tasting its joys and ignorant of its sorrows. Then who would chide that young spirit for wishing to linger where all invited her to stay? As her spirit reluctantly left her form, I took her by the hand. Her friends, who stood around the lifeless but still beautiful form, were uncontrollable in their grief, and those who had come to meet her at her entrance could find no welcome appropriate to offer so unwilling and sorrowing a spirit. They would have approached her and clasped her in their arms. They would have shed tears of joy and hopes over her, but her deep sorrows forbade their approach. They had been long in the spirit-world, and could scarcely understand why she experienced so much sorrow because of entering their happy dwelling-place.

I spoke to her kindly, and told her she had made a good exchange. I described to her the life of usefulness which she might lead, and the society of the pure and good which it was her privilege to enjoy. I strove to excite within her a desire to see and know those who were to be her future companions. To all I said she turned a deaf, unwilling ear,

and only shook her head despondingly and pointed earthward. "Indeed," said she, "I have no desire to live in heaven. My dear friends whom I loved are all on earth, and I am separated from them by an impassable barrier. I care not how fair or inviting this world may be which you all seem to think so beautiful and these spirits so good; they can not dry my tears, give me back my dear friends, nor transport me to that pleasant home where all were smiling and happy. I was too young for death to claim. They said my form was fair to look upon—then why should I be called away when I was happy and made others so? I shall be very wretched here. I shall weep all day; for if your music is more beautiful than that we had on earth, it will serve but to remind me of the bygone happiness now lost to me forever. You have beautiful things of all kinds, I plainly see; for as I gaze about me, the landscape seems to be some scene of fairy enchantment. I can not think it real, it is too transparently beautiful; and those birds, and trees, and flowers, and sparkling waters, and those forms of exquisite beauty which are moving among those green and shady bowers clad in garments which look like clouds of light—these things can not be real. And those superb structures which I see, were never built by hands of man. They are so magnificent in their grandeur, and so beautifully proportioned, and composed of such exquisitely beautiful and sparkling materials, that they are too ethereal to be real; they can be but unreal pictures of beauty presented to my view; and when approached I fear they would fade away from my sight. Every thing here is unreal. I seem so myself. It is dreadful to be thus mocked by so much beauty which lulls the senses as in some delicious dream, and yet is nothing more or less than a dream; for I died, I left my home on earth, my body lies beneath the sod, and my poor unhappy spirit is now looking about in vain for some reality, for some friendly cheering voice to give me a hope to lead me to some place, I know not where. I am so discontented, so unhappy. These spirits say they are my friends, they say they have always loved me. I do not remember them, and yet they look kind and pleasant, and fain would have me go with them, but where? When I leave this place, I shall be going farther from earth than I am now; my dear old home will be lost to me entirely. Oh, if I could live again on earth—go back to my friends, how glad I should be!"

I gently put my arm around her neck and whispered softly in her ear, "You shall go back, my child." And oh! what joyful, intense, and unbounded delight her countenance expressed. She clapped her hands, a mile radiated her countenance, and eagerly grasping my hands she ex-

claimed, "Can this be true?" "Yes, my child," I replied; "but it depends on yourself whether you shall be worthy, and whether you can benefit your friends by returning. If you indulge this useless grief and despondency, you would make but a sorry comforter to return to your grief-stricken friends. Lift up your eyes and look abroad. You are in the home which you are fitted to enjoy by your affinities and higher development. Your spirit passed through its short dream of life unscathed by sin or sorrow; no dark regrets need bar your progress to the reality of this happiness; no bitter experience has made you fearful of entering with full zest into every worthy and useful acquirement which your spirit's appetite will now crave. The unreal and unsatisfying aspect of your newly-found home is because of the materialism and regrets of earth which still hang around you. You have to put away all selfish grief and useless repinings, and render yourself worthy to be one of those bright beings who seem to you but unreal forms. They are not so, my child, but they were once like you, dwellers in the form, and they have lived here many, many years. They possess warm and loving hearts; gentle and affectionate in all their actions, they are ready, dear child, to teach you your duty; they will become to you sisters and brothers, your friends and counselors, and the love which you bear to your friends on earth will become purer and deeper by associating with those gentle beings. But you speak of returning; yes, you shall return when you have become happy and contented in your new abode, when you have learned some useful lesson, when you have accomplished some deed upon which your heavenly Father will cast his approving smile, and have shown by your earnest labor and humility that you can appreciate the glorious change which you have experienced, and can carry back to earth those truths. Why, then you will be permitted to return. For if you can not enjoy this place and this society, you will have to seek for companionship among those which are nearer earth, but which will not be congenial nor make you happy. Then you would be discontented, ever wishing to return to earth, and regretting that you could not penetrate farther into the beautiful land which you know lies beyond, which your spirit would feel was your true dwelling. Our spirit-life, my child, is made happy less or more by our own desires and our own struggles after those things which are within our reach. No enjoyment is given to us till we can truly appreciate its value; no wisdom is unfolded to us until our spirit's yearning requires it to strengthen us in our eternal labor. Many bright and beautiful gifts are constantly before our eyes, but ere we obtain possession of them we must deserve them; we must feel with-

in our own souls that they are truly that which we need, and then they beautify and gladden, then they add to our spirit's brightness and incite to further exertions for those which are still beyond. When you have worthily arrayed yourself in those beautiful garments of wisdom, and become happy in the knowledge of your spirit's great enjoyment, then you will return to your friends, then you will draw near with words of peace and comfort. You will pour a balm into their sorrowing hearts, and their memory of you will be softened by your spirit's gentle consolations. You tell me they will not receive you. You are a spirit, and they can not behold you. Your voice will not be unheard. Your soft and loving caress will not be unfelt, and the strength of your love will enable you to speak to the core of their hearts in soft and gentle, but unmistakable tones, which will carry with them joy unspeakable. And when they hear of spirits talking with their friends, it will sound strangely at first, but oh, how their hearts will yearn to know if they have talked with you, or if it has only been the mysterious shadows which dreams cast about the sleeping body but waking soul!

Then how earnestly and patiently you will labor! What great reward will there be! what joy and gladness to know that you are welcome and recognized, and that where you left sorrow and deep grief, you can bring joy unspeakable, and more, my child, that you can bring with you fair and beautiful companions, clad in radiant robes of light, who will help you to make your friends sensible of your presence; and they will speak with you and for you in their silvery tones of advice and entreaty, that your friends will gaze heavenward, that the earth will to them become once more green and beautiful, because angels are walking among its children. Oh, then your love will draw those precious friends in the path which you have taken. The desire of their hearts will become deep and earnest to know more of the place where their loved ones are dwelling. And instead of looking upon the sad and gloomy parting, they will dwell with joyful anticipation upon the happy meeting. How they will love to commune with your spirit, to feel your presence, and how they will hate to grieve you, to wound your pure love by deed or word unfit for angel-hearts to know! And thus, my child, by the gentle efforts of your love you may win those hearts from the cold atmosphere of their worldly surroundings, and open up within them a fountain of love and hope, and make them fit recipients for the wisdom from on high. And by thus being called away from your earthly home in the morning of its hope, its budding hope, you will learn to thank your heavenly Father that you were early taken into the company of pure and gentle

spirits, and kept from the corroding influences which an earthly life would have cast around about you, and that by their happy and holy influences you were so developed and strengthened as to have returned to the friends whom you loved so fondly, and have taken them by the hand and helped them to prepare while yet on earth to meet you, and to become experienced in the ways of wisdom, before they enter the spirit-world, so that they may be able to join you sooner than they otherwise would had they lived without this knowledge. You will have indeed saved them from many years of sorrow and regret, of suffering and retribution, which they must have experienced had not their eyes been turned heavenward. Then be thankful and loving in your gratitude, that you have been made a redeeming spirit for those you loved, by the bright dwellers of "the heavenly spheres."

She is bathed in tears as I conclude ; she clasps me lovingly to her bosom ; her apathy and sorrows have all fled ; joy, joy and bright hope are now hovering o'er her, and with eyes eagerly glancing upward she prays that God will assist her in her weakness and helplessness. And lo ! a band of radiant ones gather round her, and in tones of softest music they cheer and encourage her. With them she has left me to begin her work and to learn the realities of the spirit-land, to know the talents which are buried within her own soul yet to be revealed and made useful, and then to return to earth and perform her mission of being made a ministering spirit to those who are left behind.

Since the latter glories of unfolding light have been revealed, much joy and great reward have been given to the spirits because they are known and recognized, and their love is felt and returned. The spirits and the mortals clasp each other in their arms, and the atmosphere of heavenly wisdom is breathed through the loving spirits into the hearts of the hoping mortals.



SOCRATES, though primarily attentive to the culture of his mind, was not negligent of his external appearance. His cleanliness resulted from those ideas of order and decency which governed all his actions, and the care which he took of his health, from his desire to preserve his mind free and tranquil.

THE corrupted temper and the guilty passions of the bad frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

INSTRUCTIVE VISION.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SACRED CIRCLE :

Our mutual friend, Tappen Townsend, it is generally known, has recently dissolved his connection with the Society of Friends, to which he had been attached from his youth. His reasons for the step were required and given in writing. These are, briefly, that the Society does not maintain a consistent opposition to human slavery ; that it clings to its old prejudice against the exercise of vocal or instrumental music, which, since modern science has demonstrated the existence of a musical organ in the brain, Mr. T. thinks should be given up ; that the Society has become sectarian in its tendencies and aims ; that though originally instituted upon the broad platform of the universal brotherhood of man, it has failed to realize its ideal, has become absorbed in commercialism, and has narrowed its fellowship down to technical members, and extends it to these only in a meeting capacity.

During the pendency of this matter before the "New York Monthly Meeting"—in fact, on the evening of the day in which Mr. T. had preferred his request for a dismissal, he was the subject of a vision, which he subsequently appended to his "reasons," and laid before the Society, and which, it has occurred to me, would furnish a brief but instructive article for your magazine.

By the Spiritualist, the Society of Friends can not but be regarded with peculiar interest, inasmuch as it has always recognized the possibility and necessity of spiritual illumination and converse ; and if the lesson evidently inculcated by the vision be applicable to it, with how much greater force would it not apply to the majority of other sects ? The teaching of the vision, it will be seen, indicates some sort of association as the form of that improved condition of society which is to be looked for in the future.

Mr. Townsend states, in the small pamphlet from which these facts have been gathered, that on the evening in question he retired to bed, and within five minutes, while he was still in a perfectly wakeful state, the vision occurred. What follows is in his own words. J. R. O.

"Soon after closing my eyes, and while in deep mediation upon the subject of my intended resignation, I was startled by a noise that sounded like the violent stampings of a horse upon a barn floor, and instantly a light, like that of a clear daylight, illumined a wide space around and beneath me, for I seemed to be on a slight elevation, and there spread out before my vision a New Platform, the dimensions of which might have been one hundred feet square. It was elevated on a stout framework of timbers apparently six feet above the surface of the earth. The planking was two and a half or three inches thick, and seemed new. The spike-heads, by which it was spiked to the timbers, were without rust, and appeared to have been just driven.

"While I was regarding this platform with much earnestness, I continued to hear the noise, as of a horse's feet, and I was curious to learn from whence it proceeded. I looked again, and beheld a large horse in harness drawing with all his might, whose well-developed muscles and joints denoted great strength; but as he made no progress forward, and as his feet slipped backward as far each time as he stepped in advance, thus making the noise which I heard, I became very anxious to see what it was he was endeavoring to haul; and upon directing a more earnest gaze, I perceived that the whiffle-tree was attached to a staple which was driven into an old building, sitting flat upon the ground, but in close proximity to the platform upon which the horse was at work.

"This building had never been painted, and its sides and roof (which were broad and steep) were shingled—its windows small, and its whole external appearance presenting a fac-simile of an anciently constructed Friends' meeting-house in the country. I was aroused from intently regarding this scene by a voice at my side which said, '*It is useless, the old thing can not be raised on to the platform.*' The horse ceased his violent straining. The ludicrous sensations produced by the queer exhibition gave place to a sorrow which overspread my mind. Instantly the scene changed—platform, horse, and building dissolved into thin air, and there arose a cloud of black smoke, which assumed a somber, compact side, like a wall which opened from the ground upward—the opening assuming the form of a beautifully devised arch some six feet wide and fifteen or sixteen feet high. The ground in front of the arch was very rough and broken, and seemed to make it difficult, if not impossible, to reach the base upon which the arch rested. Nevertheless I was attracted nearer by a light shining through from beyond the arch. I now discovered that the arch was festooned with foliage, and as I approached, my eyes steadily gazing at the light, a scene of such surpassing rural

loveliness burst upon my sight as I never had power to conceive of—such as I had never read the description of in any book, and as far exceeding my powers of imagination as it is beyond my power to describe.

T

“The scene that presented itself to my enraptured vision was included in a wide extent of country, spreading out on all sides with an undulating surface, artistically laid out into extensive compartments, divided only by avenues, meandering streams, rows of magnificent shrubbery, and winding paths. These were so naturally arranged, that had not the exceeding perfectness of the cultivation indicated the presence of man they might have been mistaken for the exclusive work of nature. The inclosures were occupied by a variety of green fields, vegetable gardens, orchards, and lawns, and each embellished with flowers, ornamental shrubbery, and fountains.

“As far as the eye could range, no uncultivated or waste spots appeared. Neither did I observe any cattle, horses, or other animals, apparently indicating such an advanced state of society—such a perfectness of mechanical invention and arrangement, and such a degree of refinement as to enable the inhabitants to dispense with draught teams and animal food.

“In the midst of this beautiful landscape, and upon an elevation, was located the compact village or residence of the people. This, too, indicated the same degree of advancement over present modes the domain itself did. The architectural effects were startling by the originality, uniqueness, and comprehensiveness of the grand harmonious styles of the united structures—some high, some low—here a series of arches, there a row of towers, yonder a steeple, and everywhere angles, circles, octagons, turrets, domes, square tops, round tops, pointed roofs, etc., etc., intermingled with different styles of piazzas, balconies, staircases, doorways, windows, etc., and the whole forming an ensemble at once so chaste, so graceful, and so grand, as to enchain the senses of the new beholder by sensations of rapturous wonder and astonishment.

“Ample scope, durability, lightness so combined with massiveness, straight ranges or lines so broken by curves, and angles so skillfully wrought into the general design, that all fear of monotony, of want of room, of inharmonious adaptation, at once gave way to emotions of satisfaction, pride, and thankfulness. Over the green landscape was shed a golden bronze light heightening the glory of the scene.

“The lesson presented by this whole vision was indicated to my mind by a process differing entirely from the manner in which the lesson contained in the first was presented, for whereas that was by words spoken by a voice to my interior ear, and at the close of the scene—this was by

a series of impressions upon the mind which commenced with the opening and closed only with the end of the vision.

"As soon as my sight had fairly scanned this magnificent view, and my mind had become intoxicated with delight, the arch through which I was looking broke into several pieces and formed into a circle of perhaps eight feet in diameter, through which I saw in the distance a succession of flashes of intense light, and at the same instant there run across the circle massive, black bars which gradually filled nearly the whole space, so that I found myself with my eyes close to the interstices, straining every nerve to see what the brilliant lights denoted. But I was so thwarted in my purpose that I was about to break out with exclamations of impatience and disappointment, when I was arrested by the distinct whisperings of a voice to my interior consciousness—'These are the bars in the way of an immediate realization of that earthly state of blessedness. The Society of Friends* can not be brought by an earthly power (represented by the horse) to occupy the platform of universal reform; but by devotion and faithfulness, individuals may be instruments to induce from time to time the members thereof to stand and labor upon it, when as the numbers are thus increased, more rapid strides toward realizing the glories of the scene shown through the arch will be made, and finally mankind regenerated and disenthralled shall occupy the plane of progress presented in the vision, where conditions exist which *shall fit all* to enter with joy upon the glorious Life beyond.'"

NOTE.—It is a singular fact that while the Society of Friends owe the very foundation of their sect to the belief in direct spiritual intercourse, its members are among the most vehement opposers of modern manifestations. They point to George Fox and his compeers as enjoying this intercourse, yet are resolute in denying that any at the present day can likewise enjoy it. So it is with the Swedenborgians. They earnestly claim it as belonging to Swedenborg, yet as earnestly deny it as capable of being enjoyed by any one else.

They never stop to inquire if Fox or Swedenborg were so different from all the rest of mankind as to be clothed with peculiar and exclusive attributes? or to ask why if it is a reality with one man it may not be with another? And they are very angry with us when we ask so natural a question.

Such, however, is the legitimate effect of sectarianism always. It can not consent to open the kingdom of heaven to all, but must confine it, in its earthly selfishness, to a favored few.

But the Quakers are an example of something more. They fall into the common error of mistaking the reverse of wrong for right. They saw in the dominant religion of England and its hierarchy an instrument of oppression and thralldom of

* Neither can any other merely sectarian organization.

thought, and they organized their society without any government. They had a clerk to record their proceedings, but refused to have any presiding or controlling power vested anywhere, as if order was not Heaven's first law, and as if the lesson of government taught by nature everywhere, from God down to inanimate matter, was all wrong.

The consequence was, that power, which ever exists and can not be destroyed, found its way into hands of the clerk or of an irresponsible few, and Quakerism with all its truthfulness has almost vanished from among us. Methodism, on the other hand, which took its rise in the same hostility to the church hierarchy, was wise enough to imitate the example of God and establish government among its followers, and Methodism has marched over the waste places of the earth with a stride which has made her the largest of the Protestant denominations.

May not Spiritualism profit by the example?

E.



THERE is in that Book called the "Word of Jehovah" the elements of spiritual growth, which can not be found in any other written Book.

It is the best of Books.

Every born child should have a copy of this for his own.

In reading this Book for instruction or spiritual growth, which always follows spiritual influences, choose those parts which the youngest mind can understand. Instruction in spiritual things should always be adapted to the most developed mind, for a developed mind will ever find joy in that employment which instructs. Oh! how much ye wise ones of the earth have ye to learn and unlearn. Ye set your table with the richest viands; your wine-cup is filled to the brim; you eat, drink, and are merry over your own fullness, heeding not the starving one that would gladly rejoice over the smallest crumb of bread that falleth from your well-spread table.

But the day has come when the little one shall become or make one of a thousand, therefore a new table is to be spread, that the feeble may feast and find strength and the growing mind knowledge.

The fattened calf will be killed for the prodigal, music will send forth its cheering notes to bring into the fold of God him that sitteth by the wayside and leaneth against the wall; nay, even he that maketh his home in the filthy pool will lift his head as the glad sounds reach his ear—"Arise, go thy Father, the feast is prepared, the table is ready—and a brother, ay, thy brother, stands ready to sit, feast, and rejoice with thee."

THE CONVICT.

☛ This evening a spirit, purporting to be Mrs. Hemans, came and influenced Mrs. Sweet, and said to us :

Look with me, and see that pale, trembling spirit who has but lately left its body. That body was clothed in a convict's garb, and its last home on earth was the cell of a prison. He committed crimes against the laws of his country, and was condemned to suffer a punishment of solitude and hard labor, uncheered by any kindly voice—no friendly eye to look upon him in his hours of loneliness and heart-breaking anguish. Poor spirit! bitterly has he repented, while in the form, of all his errors and misdeeds. On his knees, and in the humility of his soul, has he sought of his Maker to pardon the faults of his youthful days. His childhood was joyous and pleasant; his heart was light and glad as any among us, but his trusting spirit was taken possession of and led by stronger wills than his own, and he was made to commit those errors which hastened his spirit from out the body.

Here she said that she should have to let the spirit speak for himself, as she could not speak for him further; accordingly she withdrew her influence, and the stranger spirit spoke through the medium as follows :

If you want me to tell of my sufferings, I am sure I can do it, for God knows I remember them so well, that they will never be erased from my memory. They said I committed a grave crime, and perhaps I did. I knew it to be a crime, although I committed it in a moment of thoughtlessness and folly, more for the love of mischief than the sin of it. I had no thought of what the consequences would be. My older companions urged me on and called me cowardly, because I at first shrunk from applying the match which destroyed the dwelling of a worthy family and burned one of their children. How I shudder while I think that I was the cause of that awful death! They took me to prison. They found me guilty. I knew I was guilty; I did not deny it; and bitter, scalding tears coursed down my cheeks when I thought of the little innocent whose death I had caused. I cared not for myself or what became of me. They told me I must go to prison, for how many years I can not tell, but it was very, very many, and my weeping friends bade me farewell, those

who were not ashamed to be seen speaking to me, and others looked at me in pity and shook their heads. My brain was in a whirl ; I felt as though I was going to be transported to some distant country, where I would never see home or friends again. But that dreadful load of guilt lay heavy at my heart. That little child ! She had been a playmate of mine, and one of my companions had made me the instrument of consummating the vengeance which he was afraid to take, for some petty spite which he had against the father.

When they shut me up in the cold, gloomy, lonely cell, I threw myself down and prayed that I might never remember my former life. I but wished that a sea of forgetfulness would roll over me and the past, because nothing but that could reconcile me. But this was not to be. I *had* to think, oh ! I *had* to think. I had to remember every thing distinctly that had passed in that dreadful excitement. And then I felt wronged. Bitter and passionate feelings stirred within me against those who had instigated me to commit such an awful crime. I felt as if I was guilty, and yet only guilty through another's guilt, who had thought and meant worse than I. How useless were all these pleadings in my own behalf ! there was nothing before me but a gloomy prospect for many years to come. Oh ! the horrors of that hour when I first realized my situation. I in a felon's cell, dressed in a convict's garb, and compelled to labor with a chain attached to my person. I determined to kill myself. I could not live, the thought was so horrid. Life was but just opening before me in bright and gorgeous colors, and now a dark veil had fallen between me and the light of the world, and I should have to spend the best years of my manhood in solitary confinement, working harder than a slave. Worse, ten thousand times worse than a slave's was my condition. When the strong agony had passed over my soul I became hardened. I cared not what passed. I took no note of the day or night. I worked and lived a nearly mechanical life. I felt dead to every thing around me ; there were no more tears left to shed, there was nothing to look for, to hope for ; all was dreary, all was blank. Thus I lived for a long time. Nor blows nor threats could arouse me—nothing could affect me, so strong and hard had my nature become, for I had determined that outward circumstances should not bend nor break my spirit. It was a stern and unrelenting desire not to feel the chains which were galling me.

But how little man knows of his own spirit. How incapable he is of knowing what he may be able to bear, and how long he will prove impregnable to those feelings which animate the breasts of all the human

family. My resolutions gradually grew weaker and my will less strong. I began to yearn for some pitying heart to turn to. There was none to listen to my prayer, none to wipe away my tears, and my heart melted down until it became as weak as a little child's. Oh! how I wished to see the face of a friend. What sickness of heart came over me, and no kindly hand was there to be laid on my head, but only the cold, stony wall to support it. It was in vain for me to ask or pray for my earthly friends, for I could not see their faces. And then I strove to pray to God; then I bent low in humility and sorrow, and confessed my sins, and prayed him to forgive me. I had felt so guilty before that I dared not pray; but now there was something within me which seemed to tell me there was hope beyond the grave. When I had slumbered before, my dreams had been horrible; phantoms coming to upbraid me for my crimes, and I awaked, often grateful that all the dreadful scenes I had passed through were nothing but dreams. And now those dreadful shapes and phantoms had left me, and sweeter sleep had succeeded. As my heart had become softened within me, it seemed as though a bright and pleasant influence gradually fell upon me. My dreams became pleasant, and the little one whose death I was the means of, appeared to me in shining garments, and told me that her Father in heaven forgave me, and that I should come to her home and be with her. Ah! that bright spirit made the poor prisoner's cell gleam and shine with heavenly light, for I felt that God had answered my prayer, that there was mercy even for me; and when I slumbered, it was with a prayer on my tongue of thankfulness to my Father in heaven for his forgiveness, which had brought peace and comfort to me in my lonely cell. That place which had appeared to me a living tomb, now became bright and pleasant in its gloom, and the words which were written in the Book of Life gave me hope and joy. And daily I prayed, and daily my body grew weaker; but my soul grew stronger, and I longed to leave the body behind. My thinking had brought me much benefit, for now my thoughts were pleasant and glad, for now I felt happy and joyful. There was a peaceful, happy feeling—there was a love which cast out fear, and I felt as if there were loving and protecting arms about me, *even me*. They told me I was dying, and oh! how I rejoiced. I *knew* I was dying—I wanted to die, to embrace that little spirit who had told me of my Father's forgiveness. And when I passed from death unto life, there was none so near to take me by the hand as that happy little spirit. She told me that I should go with her, for I had repented of that which I was punished for, and my punishment had been greater than my crime. She said there was no injustice there,

that I should be able soon to outlive all recollection of my past misery in the life I was about to lead, and I should now see many who had been imprisoned as I was, for crimes which they had not been really guilty of. But God who sees the heart would punish all according to their works, and not for those things which they have not committed; but the real culprit will here also meet with his due reward.

I find no prisons here—no stripes—no starvation, but kind spirits who pity me for having been led astray, and who will assist me to retrieve that which was done, and prepare me to come back to the poor, weary, heart-broken prisoners, and when the time comes, to speak to them of the better life which is beyond the gloomy walls of a prison. Peace and hope will light up their sad and desponding hearts, for we are coming in a mighty strength and power to raise them from their stupor.

New York, Sept. 18th, 1854.

P. S.—He told us that he had much more which he would like to say at some convenient time, and when we wanted him, to ask for Thomas Ellis, the convict. G. S.



Music! A right beginning. The beginning of every circle should be within the sphere of music. No undeveloped spirit makes one of that sphere. Undeveloped minds on earth ought not attempt the formation of a spiritual sphere without the aid of music.

Harmonizing fully in that sphere on earth prepares the mind to receive healthfully spiritual impression. The influences from above will descend orderly, the manifestation will be adapted to that state of the mind desiring to receive spiritual light.

The second order of harmony is reading; the effect of this is to harmonize and equalize the excitement which music oftentimes produces in minds not accustomed to rise above the ordinary sphere of earthly duty.

Then will follow, if these hints are properly understood and attended to, a disposition of the mind to rest as it was. This is the beginning of an introverted state of mind, hailed with joy by the ministering spirits of Jehovah; for then, with folded wings, they enter silently into the hidden precincts of the soul, to lift the earth-born spirit into higher spheres, and the sorrowing child of earth now catches a glimpse of that life which, when freed from its clay-bound prison, grows ever purer and brighter as it soars onward and upward toward the Infinite Source of light and purity.

THE SPIRIT VOYAGE.

BY MRS. A. T. HALL.

October 30, 1854.

A GALLANT ship is sailing o'er the main—
The works are all complete, her freight is large,
Her crew are tried and faithful souls to trust,
Her captain heaven-commissioned for the task,
And earth the port for which her sails are bent;
The anchorage she craves is deep within the heart.
There's many a shoal and quicksand to be shunned;
Consummate skill and prudence rare combined
Are requisite this destined port to gain.
Man stands upon the shore; he views this craft
With strange and curious eyes; he scans her deck;
The beings there that meet his gaze are wonderful;
Specters and spirits float around and guide her helm;
Strange sounds salute his ears; he listens eagerly:
'Tis the voices of the loved he hears, and buried tones
Vibrate through the deep chambers of his heart,
Whose hollow soundings mock their empty cry.
He fears to trust the evidence his wary senses bring,
And he proudly spurns the whole as fancy's work;
The dead speak not—nor visit earth again.
I will arouse and all this foolish phantasm dispel:
But lo! deep stealing o'er this wave of passion,
Comes a loved and prattling child perchance—
And the stern man weeps, and asks for more.
The ship is welcome now—bright wave her colors,
Her port is made, her anchor sure and firm,
For God has bound all love with Gordian knot;
It can not loose its links—on earth, in heaven,
'Tis still the same, and leaps to embrace its own.
With joy we hail the messenger, a friend.

CHRIST, A SPIRITUALIST.

MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

SPIRITUAL truths, to have their full influence, must be received into the heart as emanations from a spiritual source, and clothed with that reverence which alone can sanctify them for high and holy purposes. God is their author, and he has endowed the mind with powers capable of their reception and improvement. He has in all ages imparted of this knowledge, in its incipient stages, as he could understand it. When Moses was the lawgiver of the Jews, he taught with a divinity adapted to that early period of development. The work destined to be accomplished by that priesthood was done, leaving its record of instruction and progress for coming generations. Next came the Prophets, who taught a more advanced faith, and foreshadowed the coming of a more glorious dispensation ; and in the fullness of time the Saviour appeared !

He came as the Son of God, to declare his will to the children of earth, to teach them by a living representation his principles and designs respecting them, and to make plain the way in which they should walk, whereby they might know peace and rest. He taught of life, of death, and the resurrection from death. He established a faith which could meet all the exigencies of time, and revealed eternity beyond the grave.

He died, rose from death ; the first fruits of that faith, he appeared to the beloved disciples of his choice, talked with them, and manifested himself in many ways to confirm and satisfy them of his presence. This was the last, the crowning expression of his love to them, to be made manifest through him on earth for them—the last exhibition of his Father's will to be wrought out through him for the progression of man. He was sent our example and teacher in all things. Would this great lesson to humanity have been given by Him, had not its teachings to have been practiced also by the taught ? The Christian believes, that as Christ rose, he shall rise also ; why not, then, believe that, like him, the spirit of the departed can walk by the wayside, can talk with the loved, or be revealed to their spiritual vision ; that they can be cheered and strengthened for the journey of life. Their faith reaches to the summit

of the mountain of truth ; we would extend it to the pleasant plains beyond, that their verdure and fertility may invigorate and elevate them for their enjoyment.

Spiritual progress, as it advances, is united with all that is good and great in God's universe ; added powers are given, whose existence before could not be imagined. Say not therefore these revelations can not be. Is not the power of God as great in this wise now as when the Saviour broke the silence of the tomb ? He was the first who spoke from Jordan's hallowed bank, first in his Father's love, first with power to show the immortal spirit yet could visit earth, to wake anew those living sympathies that death's dark shroud had wrapt in solemn stillness of repose. The long sleep of countless ages had slept their unconscious sleep, death had held his victory undisturbed, till Jesus' voice the silence broke. The angels' spotless train from heaven descended then, and to the weeping ones who sought His tomb with kindest accents said, " He is not here, he has risen ! Why seek ye the living among the dead ? " Here begins the spirit-mission ; and glorious beyond the thought of man, the solemn chant proclaims that life beyond the tomb, life with the spirit-hosts, life with God, who first all life began, is now man's destiny and heritage. The rock of inspired truth is rent in twain ; henceforth shall issue streams of never-failing truth, whose waters shall be for the healing of the nations. Christ the Saviour has tasted the bitter waters of Gethsemane, he has passed through the gate of death, but he has passed to the blest abode of his Father, and to our Father, even as we also shall follow and partake of his holiness. His earthly mission was fulfilled ; he drank the cup his Father's hand presented, he yielded up a useful life ; the crown immortal rests upon his brow. Love like his, far reaching to man's greatest need, is still the living, growing fire which shall consume the pride of earth, and make the angel-worshippers with joy renew their sympathetic bonds to raise and elevate the fallen, and bid the drooping pinions of the soul mount upward and adore.

Many times the Saviour came to earth to cheer and bless those fainting ones who silently in tears bemoaned his loss. Their plaintive cry was heard in murmurs low, " We trusted that he it was who would have redeemed Israel." Not for themselves alone they mourned his loss ; they had drank too deeply of his own blessed spirit not to look beyond their own desires. Their sad and sorrowing hearts turned to that closed sepulcher, and felt that its strong vault contained their Leader, Saviour, and Redeemer. Affection came bearing its offering ; all that love could do, was done, but still no joy, no satisfaction came to them ; earth had it not

"Arouse thee! Hast thou not already spent both of time and eternity on thy bauble? Hast thou ever in constructing thy machine looked to see if thy own heart worked well? Hast thou ever examined thy own mechanism, and asked if it was obedient to His divine will? Arouse thee! Thy mind was not given thee to place it on an idol, a mere creation of thy own. It was given thee to use, to expand, and to aid thy soul in its upward flight. Come! I will lead thee hence, and thy mind shall be no longer sleeping."

He does not know where the voice comes from, and thus he speaks to himself:

"Some one speaks of time—they tell me of eternity! Has time passed and eternity begun?"

He shakes himself as if he had shackles on, and bowing his head on his hands he says, "Oh! my God! Have I tried so long to imitate thee in one little object, and forgotten to imitate thee in every great object of life? And is this the fruit of my toil—this spending of time—this wasting of energies? Have I truly allowed my mind to be pinned to one idea, to one subject, and forgotten that I was one that helped to make a perfect whole, and yet turned away from the hand that would have bound me to my brotherhood? Shall I stand thus brooding, and see how much perfect machinery is wanting in my own bosom? Oh, Voice that awoke me! speak and tell me I am not dreaming. Tell me I may be forgiven, and I will leave my one paltry object, and strive to find that which will lead my spirit on to heaven to meet my God, a humbler man, and sincere in the endeavor to imitate His virtues and His attributes rather than His power."



THE intelligence and the virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propagate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison.

Virgilius, Bishop of Saltzburgh, asserted that there existed antipodes; and the Archbishop of Mentz declared him a heretic and consigned him to the flames.

Sixtus V., Marechal Faber, Roger Bacon, Cæsar Borgia, his son, Alexander VI., and others, like Socrates, had their diabolical attendant. —*D'Israel's Curiosities of Lit.*, 457.

SPIRIT COMMUNION.

It is a well known, though not properly appreciated, fact, that all intercourse between man and man is a communion of spirit with spirit. It is also true that the body is not the individual, but the *spirit* is the *man*. These two facts are proved by the third fact : there is and can be no communion with the body after the spirit has departed. And though it may call up many recollections of the friend that has gone, yet we no more think of speaking to it than we do to a *house* that has been deserted by its inhabitant.

The body lies cold and dead, and all who believe in the immortality of man, admit the spirit has passed to other scenes ; yet, as intently as those who stand around may have gazed, and though they *knew* the spirit was quitting the body, and immediately after quitting it was in the room, in their very midst, they could neither *see* nor hear it. Yet these same persons boldly assert, "that if spirits did come back to us they could see them."

Spirits must have the *power* to traverse the space intervening between this and other worlds, or they never could leave this. If this be true, there is no reason for supposing they can not come back. For if God's laws are perfect, changeless, and eternal, He must govern the *same* creature hereafter by the same laws with which He governs him here.

In this world we know that the law of God (or God Himself) allows us to go whithersoever we wish, trammelled only by the gross body we inhabit.

If the spirit be man, the spirit must necessarily have the *same* feelings, inclinations, and reasoning powers in and out of the form. Therefore the spirit after quitting the first sphere is just as anxious to see those he (or she) loved, as the *same* individual would be if still in the body.

Therefore we must believe the spirit has a desire to come to those it loved, "for where it has gone they can not go," until they too become freed from the mortal, material body.

We must also believe they have the power, or else believe that God's laws change, and are therefore fallible.

Thus we might *reasonably* suppose that spirits can and do revisit earth, even without the almost superabundant evidence which is all around us.

It is well known that spirits in the form (men) always use means for conveying their ideas. These means are sounds, motions, characters, including pictures of all kinds, attitudes, and expressions of countenance. These sounds, motion, etc., are produced by the body actuated and controlled by the spirit, through certain invisible agents.

As the difference between the bodies of spirits in *this* sphere (the first) and those in the other spheres prevents what we call direct communication, it is perfectly natural that departed spirits should use the bodies of susceptible persons as mediums for communicating their ideas. It is also natural that they should use sounds motions, visions, touchings, etc., addressed to the various senses ; for these are the natural channels for communication.

ZEGA.



DUTY.

LORD BACON, THROUGH DR. DEXTER.

It seems to me that the pleasure which we feel from the fulfillment of duty is not derived from its accomplishment alone.

Our happiness does not spring from duty alone, but because one duty becomes the source of other and greater duties, the fulfillment of which gives strength, energy, and capacity to the spirit to enjoy what it has done, and to achieve whatever may be assigned to it.

Thus though the soul may be benefited by example and association *here*, were that *all*, of what little lasting profit would it be to it! The spirit derives new strength from the exercise of its faculties, just as the body receives additional strength from the use of its organs.

May it not be, then, that the happiness which is prospective, affords to the soul the incentive to progress ?

FOOTPRINTS OF JEHOVAH.

THE Lord moved on the face of earth,
And wheresoe'er he trod,
Sprang up the trees and plants and flowers
In homage to their God.
His step was on the lofty hills,
Those altars were sublime,
Where angels and the seraphim
Worshiped throughout all time.

His foot was in the valleys,
And the grass sprang fresh and free;
And rivers rolled their tireless course,
And mingled with the sea.
Upon the ocean wave he trod,
And joyous billows curled
Along his path, until they laved
The borders of the world.

What did Jehovah when abroad
He walked upon the earth?
He breathed upon the barren soil,
And countless lives had birth.
He spoke—and in the mighty realms
Where water reigned alone,
A world of living forms were seen
Spreading from zone to zone.

And when he found the fairest spot
In all this mighty plan,
He crowned his work, and placed on earth
His master-piece of Man.
And here man walks almost divine,
When surely he has trod
With humble and adoring heart
Close in the walk of God.

ASSOCIATION.

EXTRACTS FROM A LECTURE DELIVERED BEFORE THE SPIRITUALISTS
OF SYRACUSE, JANUARY, 1854.

THE great object of the spiritual philosophy is to bind us together in one great brotherhood of affection, to eradicate the demon of sectarianism, which divides us into clans and sects, and alienates us from each other, and to repress the selfishness which makes of this life an eternal warfare of man against his fellow.

As the human race have advanced in the development of the attributes of our immortal nature, the great law of love, now enjoined as a peremptory command, has foreshadowed its advent by various appliances for the amelioration of man's physical condition, and for uniting him in a universal family with his fellow. The age in which we live is full of the manifestations of the approaching advent of this new dispensation, and thus has the human mind been prepared for its reception—our advance in knowledge and in mental freedom has been unparalleled in the history of the world. And it becomes us to understand what are the means which that advance has placed within our reach for forwarding the great work of regenerating mankind.

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Our Constitutions and our Institutions! and their influence upon the destiny of man! Have we sufficiently studied what that influence is? Have we carefully considered its extent? And do we well and wisely understand what are the responsibilities which devolve upon us by reason of the freedom and happiness which our institutions secure to us?

Our constitutions are written; our institutions, many of them, are not, but they enter into and influence, to a degree greater, perhaps, than we are ourselves aware of, our daily walk and conversation with each other, and involve our mutual happiness to an extent far beyond the conception of the careless and superficial thinker. It becomes material, therefore, for us to understand the principles on which they are founded, the duties and obligations which they impose, and to learn whether those principles act so in harmony with each other as to render those duties alike easy of performance and conducive to our happiness and improvement. The

splendor of the sun at noonday, the cheering light of its dawn, and the soft repose of its mellow twilight would fail to awaken in us the emotions of awe and admiration which lift our hearts from nature up to nature's God, if we were conscious that in its daily flight through the trackless regions of space, it was warring with inharmonious action with the countless worlds that roll on with it in the vast expanse. It is the simplicity and the immutability of the laws, in dumb obedience to which it moves on in its eternal course, that enable us to behold, to comprehend, to admire, and to profit by the wisdom which has fashioned it, and subjected even its attributes to the domination of immortal mind.

By our institutions, as distinguished from our constitutions, I mean the various arrangements and appliances which we have voluntarily established, or which have involuntarily sprung from our manners and customs, and which govern our connection with and conduct toward each other in all the relations of life, especially those which relate to our political condition, and which affect us as a people. Content to gaze upon their workings, as if we were indifferent spectators of a scene in which we had little interest, and wholly engrossed in the cares of life, we are too apt to suffer them to pass unheeded by, and to neglect that duty of our own toward them, whose performance is, after all, quite essential to our happiness.

The superficial observer of our country contents himself too often with a mere examination of our written constitutions and laws, and fancies that in their provisions he finds the secret of the wonderful advance which has marked our progress as a people, and he is unmindful that they are, in fact, but means to an end, and means quite inconsiderable too in comparison with the vast amount of them that are daily and hourly at work in our midst. Of all the travelers who have written of our country, two, only, seem to me to have penetrated at all beneath the surface, viz., Mrs. Trollope, in her account of our manners and customs, and De Toqueville, in his allusion to our political relations. But even they penetrated only a short distance, and remained, with all their acuteness, gazing only upon effects, while the causes were silently, and to them invisibly, at work beneath their feet.

So it is with many in our own country, and hence it is that our progress, marvelous as it has been, has yet lagged far behind what it might have been.

To comprehend what I mean, let my hearers pause a moment and cast their memories back upon their past lives, and reflect upon the various appliances by which they have been brought to work, in common with

others, in the attainment of some common object, and how naturally and easily they resort to them for any temporary or permanent purpose, whether in our moral, our social, or our political relations.

They will be surprised to find how much of life is spent in such associations, how much their conduct is directed and controlled, and how much their happiness is influenced by them.

The association in whose behalf I am now addressing you, is an apt illustration for me. It is a voluntary association of persons for their own advancement and that of others. It owes its existence and its prosperity to the voluntary action of men, and is independent of law and governmental power, excepting only as it demands protection as a right and yields obedience as a duty. But in all its operations for the advancement of its purposes, it is self-acting; has its motive-power within itself; it is obliged to ask no man's consent to live or act; depends upon no power out of itself for any of its success, but wends its way onward in its course, free to act, free to think, and free to enjoy. Independent as it is of any power out of itself for permission to exist or to act, its obligations are voluntarily imposed, and the benefits it bestows are the free-will offering of its own volition. Obligated to ask no one's permission to be or to do, free to choose its purposes and to adopt its own means of attaining them, uncontrolled in the distribution of its benefits, except by its own will, it moves on in its own freely-selected pathway, yielding on the one hand and enjoying on the other, non-interference from without; attaining its objects easily and without molestation, it stands before us a fit example of a vast number of similar institutions existing among us, whose influence on our happiness and our destiny is far beyond aught that the casual observer might imagine. In our religion, in our social relations, and in our political conduct they are constantly at work, controlling and directing our conduct individually and in the aggregate, making their impress upon us not merely for a day, affecting our education, directing the current of thought, and reflecting abroad upon all within their reach their unseen but mighty influence.

Am I extravagant in imputing so much importance to them? Pause a moment, and think what the community of this city alone would be if all the voluntary associations of every name and hue which its inhabitants have formed among themselves were stricken out of existence, and they left only to the action of the political governments established over us. What an immense undertaking it would be to start them again into successful operation, and without them how many sources of enjoyment and of knowledge would be closed against them. Think if they owed

their origin and their action to the direct interposition of governmental power, how vast, how almost resistless would be the domination over us that might be exercised by the few to whom, of necessity, we must intrust the direction of governmental action! Think if they were permitted to exist only by the will of our rulers, how closely the chains of bondage would be woven around us, how deep the degradation to which the mind would be sunk, how overwhelming the mental thralldom to which we should be subjected! Amid the deep darkness that would envelop us, how feeble would be the light we should emit! Amid the wreck of human development, how faint the lonely voice that should whisper a hope of regeneration, and how trembling and feeble the echo that time would return to our hearts!

Is this fancy's sketch, my friends? or is it a stern reality existing in our midst? Answer, for you can, each for himself. Send your thoughts abroad upon the world that surrounds you, and mark the return they may bring. Penetrate into the recesses of your own hearts and listen to the warning voice that slumbering memory will speak to you; and listening, answer for yourselves the question, Is it not worth our while to think upon these things and understand them? to seek out the cause and comprehend it?

What, for instance, would our religion be, were it not for these associations? I need not draw upon the imagination for a response. History has it ready to our hands, and we have but to contrast our own condition of freedom, peace, and happiness with the dreary degradation which for a thousand years brooded over the Christian world, while the religion of its people was a matter of power and not of freedom, of imperative authority of the few and not the free choice of the many.

Nay, we may look forth upon the world now, and see how immeasurably, in all the elements which go to constitute human happiness, we are beyond those now living, by whom the privileges we enjoy have not yet been earned. It is the difference between the bond and the free—the difference between the supremacy of truth and the reign of error—the difference between the freedom of knowledge and the thralldom of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition—the difference between a religion which enters the willing heart and shows itself forth in the daily walks of life, and that which lingers only around the lips, and is assumed merely as a holiday garment—the difference, in fine, between a people where reign peace on earth and good will to man, and a world which indeed but a few hundred years ago was seemingly a vast scaffold surrounded by guards, crowded with executioners and victims, and dripping with human gore.

To what do we owe our elevation above the melancholy picture I have presented to you, but to the existence of the free and voluntary associations in religious matters to which I have alluded, and which Spiritualism enjoins as a duty? We are, in this regard, indebted to our government merely for its protection in the enjoyment of this right thus to associate. All else is of our own creation—all else, for its continuance, for its expansion, for its influence upon our happiness, rests only with ourselves. Let us not deceive ourselves by ascribing it to others than ourselves, by asking of our rulers their fostering care, or indeed aught else than their protection of our birthright, and let us beware that we do not, by our ignorance or neglect, sell that birthright for a mess of pottage, lest in time to come that pottage may be changed to molten lead, burning while it sinks.

It is a common and an unhappy error which ascribes what we enjoy in this respect to our government or our written constitutions. I have seen the country where similar government and kindred constitutions exist, but where this system of voluntary associations is unknown, and the difference is as wide almost as from earth to heaven between that people and us.

[The lecturer here dwelt upon the condition of Central America, which he visited last year, and where he had witnessed a state of mental degradation most painful, and a religious domination which was controlling all freedom of thought and involving the human mind in a vassalage scarcely conceivable by one who had not witnessed it.]

So, too, it is with our charitable and benevolent efforts for the amelioration of the condition of our fellow-creatures, in obedience to the great law of love enjoined by these Revelations.

True, here, as in religious matters, we have the assistance of government, so far as to protect us and afford us facilities for carrying into effect our voluntary purposes. And one step farther government has interfered, and that is, by compelling the rich, in a small degree, to contribute to the relief of the poor. But even that burden is voluntarily imposed; and beyond it, behold how far we have, of our own accord, extended the operation of the dear, the divine injunction, "Love one another." See how many among us, men and women, are voluntarily associating together to comfort the mourner, to relieve the sick, to sustain the destitute, to bind up the broken-hearted, to give eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, and freedom to the slave, to lift up the down-trodden, and even to deal gently with and reclaim the erring.

See how this is banding us together as a universal brotherhood of affection—how successfully it is warring upon the inequality of social

condition, which rests with such blighting influence upon so many other nations. See how many immortal minds are lifted from the bondage which poverty would inflict, and sent on their way rejoicing, to make the desert places of the earth to blossom like a garden. See how many candidates for a criminal's fate are gently led back to the holier and juster walks of life. See how it is elevating the condition of man in the aggregate, and how truly it is twice blessed, and, like bread cast upon the waters, is returning, after many days, to the bounteous giver; the voice of the charmer, speaking peace to the troubled heart. See how it is smoothing down the asperities which the constant struggles of a worldly life are too apt to awaken within us, and is bestowing upon all the elements of society that peace and good-will to each other which is not only a divine injunction of our philosophy, but is so intimately connected with our happiness.,,,

To what do we owe this—this which contributes so largely to our preëminence over other people? Not to any injunction of our written laws; not to any command from a superior earthly authority; not to any mortal power beyond our own volition, and controlling our action by the predominating will of another. But to our own voluntary action—to our willingly banding ourselves together—to our associating ourselves, of our own mere motion, to obey the instincts of our nature and the commands of our doctrine, in aiding one another—and to our being free, thus to act, that we may elevate alike ourselves and our fellow.

Look abroad again upon the little world around you, and see how numerous among you are the institutions of this character, how widespread is their influence, and how melancholy would be the vacuum which their extinction would create.

It is so, likewise, with education. True, again, government has interposed so far as to compel wealth to contribute to educate poverty, and has contributed its aid to the establishment of many seminaries of learning. All this, too, is a burden self-imposed; but beyond that how much has been done by our voluntary efforts!

But taking it in the aggregate, and viewing at one glance all our institutions for educational purposes, contrast our condition with that of those of our unhappy fellow-creatures to whom the task-master has denied all access to the fountain of knowledge. Basking as we do in the mellow light which these institutions have shed upon us, may we not find it difficult to realize the darkness which yet broods over them? Bathing freely, as we may, in the copious streams which ever flow from that fountain

into our midst, may we not forget the parched lips which, detained at a distance, may yet be conscious of its gurgling current?

The student would search in vain in our statute books for the mighty influence which is thus ever at work, for good or evil, among us. The traveler would roam wide through the land and yet behold not the current which is silently flowing through its vast expanse, enriching and refreshing all in its progress. But the philosopher, diving beneath the surface, would find there the impelling cause and the instrument of its propulsion. That instrument he would find in the institution of voluntary associations.

So, too, in our political relations is the institution of voluntary associations wielding a momentous influence, for good or evil, as it may be wisely or unwisely directed. I speak now of all departments, the executive, the judicial, and the legislative; and I speak without fear of being misunderstood, for I speak not of parties, though of necessity they must come somewhat within the scope of my remarks, but of the science of politics and of government as a means of diffusing happiness among men.

Our whole government, unlike most others in the world, is founded on the principle of association. The executive calls to itself the association of its subordinate instruments; the judiciary is administered by the association of the judges and the jurors, and the legislative power is exerted only by association. In absolute governments it is far otherwise, and there the association, when permitted, is to obey, not to command; to act, not to think. How vast is the difference! How pregnant with elements affecting man's advancement!

As the countless worlds which roll through the boundless space above us are associated together in systems, kept within their bounds by the universal attraction which binds each to the other in one harmonious whole, and move on in their orbits in dumb obedience to an almighty intelligence, so we, governed by the great principle of freedom, which is the very air we breathe, move on in our course, associating together in executing the great purposes of our destiny, developing the immortal mind and diffusing happiness among men.

Here, too, have sprung up many associations unknown to the law, unrecognized by it, yet wielding a mighty, and at times a controlling power. Springing, as they do, sometimes from a community of interest, sometimes from an affinity of feeling, and sometimes from local propinquity, their existence is inevitable in the nature of things and a necessary consequence of the freedom we enjoy.

They, like the kindred institutions to which I have referred, are voluntary. Their creation and their action are alike voluntary, and their power is a moral, not a physical one. Submission to them is a voluntary obedience; and the duties they involve are self-imposed. Unknown to the law, they yet, at times, possess the power to say what the law shall be. Unrecognized in the government, they yet not unfrequently determine how it shall be administered.

And here is manifested the great element of self-government which distinguishes the American people from all others on the earth.

I do not mean in the voluntary associations merely, but that in the great institution of association in the aggregate it is that our people exercise the power of self-government, and are ever exercising it, from the debating society of the schoolboy to the final council or Sanhedrim of the whole people.

In our school and highway districts, in our election and judicial districts, in our wards, towns, cities, counties, and states, we are ever at work exercising the attribute of self-government, and are thus educated to the task and taught how to perform it. Not once only in a generation, when the nation may be called upon to choose a ruler for life in the place of one who has just expired! Not merely once in an epoch, when tyranny may drive a people to hurl their ruler from the eminence he has made so bad and so injurious; but daily, hourly, from youth to manhood, in all the relations of private life, as in the great questions which involve a nation's destiny. And it is by means of association that we perform the great work.

This it is which it is so hard for foreigners to understand. This it is which causes them to wonder how it is that questions of dynasty, which in other lands arm man against his fellow with the implements of death, are here disposed of without even a ripple on the surface of society. And they can not seem to comprehend that with them the mandate is written, as it were, on the sands of the sea-shore, and may be obliterated by the first wave which the storm of human passion may excite; but with us is indelible, because written on our hearts by an Almighty hand, hitherto imperceptibly, but now face to face, and tangibly to our senses.

Thus, then, have I said what I deem necessary, to show the mighty influence which the institution of voluntary association is wielding over our destiny. It has been briefly said, but I hope comprehensively enough to impress upon those who hear me the great importance of the instrument which is thus at work among us.

Then the important question naturally arises, What is our duty in re-

spect to this element of happiness or sorrow, of advancement or degradation?

First of all its existence needs to be understood and recognized. Reason must measure its strength and patriotism count its wealth, that reason and patriotism may together mold it to the advancement of human progress. We much deceive ourselves if we suppose that the amazing progress which man's development has made within the last half century under the fostering care of our freedom is at an end. Reasoning from the past, we must be conscious that it has but begun its upward career. Step by step it has moved on, cheered by such freedom as the world has never known. Its temple has not resounded with the mailed tread of force, but has echoed softly the inspired song, "He is the freeman whom the truth makes free." And we are admonished, that as freedom has already worked such marvels before men, so, if cherished still, its whole work will in time be accomplished. But it must be freedom without fanaticism—the freedom of the calm and reasoning mind—the freedom which allows each the privilege of pursuing his own happiness in his own way, without interfering with or being controlled by others—the freedom of the immortal mind.

But more even than that mere passiveness is demanded of us. We must be active in our various spheres of action. As did our fathers in the Revolution, we must earn our own advancement by our own sacrifices and our own toil. They laid the foundation of the edifice in which it was their hope that we, their children, might repose, but its completion rests with us. We must hew out and smooth the rough ashler. We must erect the stately dome that it may rear its head aloft as a beacon light to an enslaved world, and we must make ourselves not merely an asylum to the oppressed of other lands, but the champion of freedom throughout the earth, ready to share with others the great blessings bestowed upon us.

But there is an individual duty which devolves upon each of us, and which we can not with impunity neglect—the duty of action each within the scope of his influence.

In religion, it is to repress the fell spirit of sectarianism, which has its origin in selfishness, and has in all ages ended in a spirit of persecution and intolerance. As in our very nature it is impossible that any two minds can think exactly alike on all subjects, so true and rational freedom demands that each shall be free to think for itself, as it can not cast off upon others the responsibility of thinking aright.

In charitable efforts, it is to repel and subdue the selfish propensity

which will sometimes spring up, to pervert the effort to purposes of individual aggrandizement or sectarian and local advancement.

In education, to leave the mind free to roam through the whole realms of knowledge, and fear not the propagation of error as long as truth may be free to combat it.

And in our political relations, to remember that the great object of all government is, not to fetter the immortal mind, not to bind it in chains either of education or of force, but to develop its Godlike attributes, and bend to that development all of animate or inanimate nature that is below it in the scale of existence, and that he who, in the pursuit of his own selfish schemes, disregards the great duty which devolves upon him as one of a great community of freemen in any of the various relations of public and private life, pronounces the judgment of his own condemnation, and to the extent of his influence stays the march of man to that position in creation for which the Great Creator designed him, and in which is involved, oh! how much of his happiness, both here and hereafter.

Idle indeed is it for us to complain of the corruption and misgovernment which surrounds us, for the power of redress is in our own hands. Vain indeed for us to have our indignation awakened by oppression abroad or at home, for we have attained such a position among the powers of the earth, that we have but to speak to the storm and bid it be still. And in our hands is the glorious and most momentous destiny of proclaiming freedom on earth! freedom such as angels use, and kindred to the liberty of God.

"First-born of virtue, daughter of the skies. The man. The state in which she rules is free!"

E.



THOUGH no one can deny that various evils are mingled with the blessings of existence, still, if we were to take from the catalogue of miseries those which are merely the result of our own diseased imagination, and the distorted or mistaken view which we take of circumstances and persons, I am convinced that the list would be astonishingly diminished. Envidable indeed are those who, when the hand of faithlessness, treachery, or death has blighted all their own prospects in this life, can delight to busy themselves in promoting the public or private welfare of their fellow-creatures. Though bankrupts themselves in happiness, by trading on commission for others, they will by that means gain in time a capital of their own.

THE DEVOTION OF SPIRITUALISM.

It is a common accusation against our faith, that its tendency is toward infidelity, and against every manifestation of a devotional feeling. We lately came across a miserable catch-penny affair called "The Rappers," "By a Searcher after Truth," published by Long & Brother, of New York. It is truly lamentable to see a grave truth treated in so flippant and superficial a manner, and it is most apparent that the writer did not half investigate, nor even begin to understand the subject. He ends his book of 282 pages with the following most glaring falsehood.

"The Rappers have no church, no reducing into governmental form their religion, no ordinances, no exercises of religion to elevate man from earth to heaven. The rapper has no prayer; at least this is the legitimate tendency of the religion taught by Rappers."

Now, there are thousands upon thousands of honest, well-meaning, intelligent persons in these United States who know the utter falsity of this statement, and how, step by step, even the confirmed infidel is led by the Spiritual faith to acknowledge the existence of a God, and bow in adoration before him.

The circle to which we belong never assembles without opening its meetings with prayer, and I give now, as the best refutation of the foul calumny, some of the prayers which we use, and all of which were bestowed upon us by our unseen yet pure and holy friends. E.

No. 1. (Written through Dr. Dexter as medium.)

Oh, thou Universal Spirit! by whose laws every thing was created, and by whose love every thing exists; we look to thee and we regard thee as our Father, for thou hast taught us that in loving thee, we approach in spirit the attributes which are thy characteristics. We pray to thee that our feelings may be elevated to a just perception of what is good, what is true, and what should belong to us in connection with others.

Enable us to live consistently, and to develop those feelings of our nature which are innate and coeval with thee. Enable us to improve the faculties of our spirit, as well as material being. And enable our desires

for the true, the good, the just, the beautiful, to develop with our days, and harmonize with all that we see of thee in thy works.

Let us feel—let us see—let us know that in us are the germs of everlasting knowledge and happiness. And when at last we lay down this body, let our spirits rise in their new birth, active and earnest in the all-impelling desire to progress toward those spheres where thy glory and power, thy love and wisdom, are most manifest.

No. 2. (Written through Dr. Dexter as medium.)

Father! we adore thee as our God! We acknowledge thee as the creator of all things, and the source of the divine love which sustains them. Enable us to live under thy laws, and develop in all our acts thy truth. And when at last we lay down this body, give us the consciousness to say, in view of the opening world before us, Father! Thy will be done.

No. 3. (Written through J. W. Edmonds as medium.)

Oh, thou Great Creator! who fillest all space with thy love. Shed it abroad on our hearts, that we may shed it abroad in our lives, to teach the world by our conduct that it is the love of God we acknowledge as the rule of our divine faith. Thou knowest best thy children here assembled. Purify and elevate their hearts, that approaching nigh unto thee, they may in their happiness acknowledge thee as its author, and thou the beneficent creator. Let them feel that the redeemer still liveth, not in material suffering, but planted deep in their hearts where thy spirit ever slumbers, and where thy voice can awaken it as their Saviour, from the sin and suffering which ignorance has so long visited upon them.

No. 4. (Written through J. W. Edmonds as medium.)

Oh, thou giver of every good and perfect gift! look down upon thy children here assembled, and assist them in their search for thy truth. Roll from their minds the clouds of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, and awaken in their hearts deep and abiding emotions of gratitude to thee for thy mercy and loving kindness to them. And enable them with humble and contrite hearts to say and to feel, Thou orderest all things well. Thy will be done.

No. 5. (Written through Dr. Dexter as medium.)

Oh, thou great Jehovah—Creator and Father of all! pour thy light upon us, that our understandings may be enlightened by thy wisdom, and our hearts be purified by thy love; so that when we cast off this

mortal form, we may be free to choose our habitation where thy glory is most manifest.

No. 6. (Written through J. W. Edmonds as medium.)

Oh, thou great Jehovah! God of All! Infinite Father of Mercy! All mighty in thy loving-kindness, Omnipotent and ever present in thy love! We come to thee. With hearts overflowing with gratitude we bow before thy eternal throne. Amid our sorest trials thou hast sustained us. In our feeble and trembling approaches to thee, thy right hand has upheld us. Into suffering and contrite hearts thou hast poured the balm of thy forgiveness. And in our weak and halting efforts to do good to others, thou hast blessed us. For the little which we have been enabled to perform in executing thy will and in diffusing thy eternal truths among men, how vast, how ample is the reward which, even here and now, thou hast bestowed upon us, in restoring to the embraces of our bereaved hearts the dear companions of our former days, and in opening to us the conviction that our union is indeed from everlasting to everlasting; in drawing around us in indissoluble bonds of affection the dear pledges yet left behind; and in permitting bright and loving spirits to hover ever near us, to shed abroad upon us the divine influence which, gathering from near thy presence, they bear as thy messengers to us on earth.

Accept, oh, Holy Father! the grateful offering of our thanks, and enable us ever to say and to feel, Thou orderest all things well. Thy will be done.



THERE is nothing which requires so much mental courage, and so much firm principle, as to tell the strict truth, in spite of strong temptation to tell the lies of interest, of pride, and of complaisance; because no fame, no honor await the person who so does; as there is scarcely an individual in society who values spontaneous truth, or indeed any truth. To tell a little fib, a white lie, is thought even meritorious on some occasions; while a strict adherence to truth on small, as well as on great points, exposes the person who so adheres to be ridiculed, if not despised, by people in general; therefore he who can act up to his own sense of right in defiance of ridicule and example, and also unstimulated by aught but the whisper of conscience, is capable of what I may call the most difficult moral heroism.

THE CREATION IN SIX DAYS.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS., *Aug.* 20, 1854.

A circle met to-day, consisting of Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Leeds, Laura, Jane, the Doctor, and myself. Through the Doctor, it was said :

NATURE, when viewed with even a cursory glance, is full of objects and beauties which attract the intensest interest, and afford the highest enjoyment to the indifferent mind. The surface of creation appears as if in its present condition it had been developed from the beginning ; as if the mountains have been thus fashioned from creation's origin ; rivers run their ceaseless course from the beginning ; forests remain the same, and grass has grown in the same places ; as if God in the greatness of his power thus sent the world ready fashioned, ready dressed in all that it offers to attract, please, or instruct, and that there has been no change or alteration from the period when it was first set in motion until the present time.

And this is not to be considered as singular or remarkable, for it is not the indifferent mind alone that so views creation. There are minds intelligent, learned, observant, who believe the world was created by the hands and fingers of the Almighty Father ; that he began as a man builds a house, with laying one stone here and another stone there, with planting one tree here and one tree there, with putting a sea here and an ocean there, dotting the space above with its various multitude of shining, twinkling stars, and that each and all of these various formations of his hand were the result of six days of hard work ; like a common day-laborer, having no more omnipotent power or higher principles in his nature than to lay rock by rock, strata on strata, mountains on mountains, as the mason lays his bricks one on another—that this was entirely a mechanical action, and the great God was a day-laborer.

Now, I say, it is not strange that the indifferent mind thus views nature in her single manifestations and in her totality, because the minds of every class, great or small, learned or ignorant, have been educated to believe that God made the world in six days, and on the seventh rested.

It appears to me, that in viewing the question as we should, something more is necessary than a mere arrangement of facts to convince the

mind that this can not be so, that something of the great characteristics that distinguish God are to be understood and investigated. For although the results and effects of scientific investigation are to raise the mind upward, and enable it to view the intention and design of our Creator in all he manifests before us with a more clear and comprehensive appreciation of what he is and what is his power, yet the mind instinctively asks is there something behind, beyond, and above all this? It has been announced to you, that in our opinion your solar system was the latest of all the creations of God. You ask us how shall we prove this? True, the spirits can offer to man's senses no tangible proof that will convince, but they can give you what they have seen and known, and if they speak the truth, the analogy—reasoning by analogies—must be conclusive.

There are other worlds and other solar systems floating in never-terminating space above and below, which have existed thousands of years, ay! tens of thousands of years before this ball or planet, or other bodies which you see above you had been created; peopled, too, with rational, sentient, intelligent beings, connected with matter in all variety of shape, form, and demonstration as you are, and these solar systems with just such, or a corresponding formation and strata with this earth. Wherever you go, to what point you rove in creation's illimitable extent, you would find there the developed evidences of God's power, or those evidences which are progressing from the germ to the perfect thing in itself.

No matter whether you ascend, as is said in your Bible, to heaven, or penetrate to hell, or take the wings of the morning and visit the extremity of your globe; descend to its center, or stand on the verge of its northern pole; wander in its deep forests, or ascend its loftiest mountains; wherever you go, with whatever you come in contact, you witness God's impress, and this one fact; take creation in all its parts, in every one of its worlds, its suns, moons, planets, or stars, it never stands still, never arrives at perfection, but is constantly, forever rolling onward, accumulating in its progress those attributes which develop newer and higher properties. Thus increasing, thus developing, it rolls onward and upward forever and ever.

But would it have been compatible with what we know of the nature of God, if, when he had fashioned this earth, after six days of labor, he should have rested content with the fruits of his toil? Would it have been correspondent with what we know and see of the attributes which he manifests in the daily intercourse with ourselves? Saying nothing of creation in its vastness and magnitude, but descending to petty details of one man's life, would it be compatible with the evidences of newer

designs, and from those designs, newer results that are silently and openly, hourly and daily, taking place in the lifetime of one man ?

Why! he can not buy a dozen eggs and put them under his hens, but what the design, the effect, the intention is exemplified and demonstrated, and if the Almighty God descended to such minute evidences of design and intention, how is that design and intention hung out on the outward battlements of heaven, floating in the breezes that there blow, and its folds inscribed with the mighty purposes and objects which he has thus had in view!

My mind staggers like a weary traveler overloaded with his pack, as it contemplates the period at which the self-existing, self-created God sprang by the powers of his inherent might into being. The mind recoils back on itself and startles at the contemplation.

Think you, that if this Being whom you are taught to regard as capable of instituting laws for the government of creation, is also capable of violating the laws which himself established? Think you, I say, this Being could not have called a thousand flashing, radiant worlds, sparkling in your firmament above; think you he could not have called them from chaos ready fashioned and entirely perfected? No, no! for then would he, who has manifested himself as indeed the source and germ of every thing, have lost the ability to have demonstrated the fact to the reason of man.

'Tis not when a thing is done and finished that we have great ideas of the mind which originated it, but when we see the work progressing from its foundation to its entire completion, with all the contrivances and means brought into use to carry out the design; the effect which one stone has in its place, and another in its place, the timber, the beams, the iron, the marble, and the brass, every agent brought into use, and all the instruments fitted to their peculiar locality and purpose, that the mind is impressed with the power of the thought which generated, and the means by which it accomplished its work.

E.

MORAL virtues are durable, and therefore precious, only as far as they are derived from religious belief, and are the consequence of it. Without that, all morals are built on a sandy foundation, and are liable to be swept away by strong temptation. Morality can not stand long without the aid of religion, and the mere moralist in a time of affliction may learn to know, that the only refuge in sorrow and trial is the Rock of Ages and the promises of the Gospel.

REALITIES OF SPIRIT-LIFE.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

INQUIRING FRIENDS—I will tell you what has been shown me ; what I have seen, and felt, and heard ; but I do not think it will apply to all states of spirit-life or all developments of spirit-mind. No spirit can speak for the whole spirit-world, for none have yet explored its manifold mysteries and glorious grandeur in all its vast magnitude of space. No spirit has ever yet spoken to you, but who has given to you an idea of some usefulness, or imparted to you that knowledge which they had gained themselves. All may contribute to the general mass of information, but be guided by none who say they know all, for they have only seen, even in the space of many centuries, a small, a *very* small, portion of the works of the Creator. And they who stand highest in the scale of elevation and purity are always those who speak most earnestly of their ignorance and limited knowledge of the great and eternal future which lies beyond them. They it is who feel how little they really know, and how much they have to learn. They have lived to see and realize the wide river which flows between knowledge and ignorance—how great is the space between the mind of man in his ignorance and blindness while here, and the spirit's knowledge and light when it has been permitted to look upward in its progressive path. It is then the enlightened soul is filled with pity and love, and turns downward to earth in sympathy with its kindred spirits in mortal form, to raise them up to the level which it is their privilege to enjoy. Knowledge of all kind is necessary, and the spirit-world is bountifully able to supply every lack to every mind, commencing with the material and reaching up to the spiritual in its most refined essences, even as far as the soul of man is able to penetrate. And thus when the material spirit enters his spirit-home, he is met by those whose developments are consistent with his own. By them he is clothed and fed in like manner as themselves ; he being only fitted or developed to enjoy material or external things, his first ideas and faculties are wholly engrossed by those things most nearly corresponding with his earth-life. And those very things are so constructed (and upon such principles) as to draw forth the hidden and slum-

bering faculties within him, and which have not been used, but have lain dead and slumbering from the hour of his birth. He finds no idle moments, but he must pursue some occupation, some duty, which will make him useful to himself and those about him. He finds it as necessary to labor there as here. But man there labors on very different principles from those which actuated him here. There, all things are made with a view to something higher, something which will serve as a spur—will act as a force upon the worker. And so the material soul, while working off its material nature, is gradually becoming merged into the spiritual, until the grossness of the external ceases to be inviting, and he gradually leaves those things behind him which had at first gained such interest in his thoughts, and looks for the beauty and harmony with which only the spirit can clothe its fair proportions; and then he becomes highly useful in the society in which his affinities have drawn him. Perhaps he is gifted by nature to perform some task which those around him are not able to perform, and thus he fills a sphere of usefulness, by making those around him happy by his labor and industry. And all individuals are thus gifted, are excelling in some things, whereby they add to each other's happiness and progression. The employment which man's material development had especially fitted him for, is that which he is attracted to, and which he may excel in. Without the mechanical part of our faculties we should be imperfect; thus we possess them all when we enter the spirit-world of course, and do not lose any part of that which nature gave us when she sent us into being here; and circumstances have so turned aside the inclination of many, that they have never been enabled to exercise or find use for any of those faculties which nature gave them to use. But when they enter the spirit-world, they are each placed in the department which is best suited to their mental and physical capacities. Thus both the material and spiritual become harmoniously developed, fitting them to impart to those who come after them the same advantages which they have received. The whole family of mankind is but one continuous chain, is ^{connected} ~~is~~ ^{connected} with the lowest link and reaching up into the infinity of the eternal, but all connected and depending upon each other. They can not be divided; it is a necessity as well as a law, and it has ever worked in beauty and harmony, and will eventually bring the meanest slave who walks the earth, from the lowest depths of development into the unending march of progression, into the light of the smile of God.

Sept. 14, 1854.

UNCERTAIN MANIFESTATIONS.

THERE is a class of manifestations which naturally very much disquiet candid and honest inquirers, and have, not unfrequently, had the effect to drive people entirely away from investigation. On one occasion I was speaking of some of those extravagant manifestations which I had called ridiculous, when it was said to me, by Lord Bacon, through Dr. Dexter :

“Not ridiculous merely. They fill the mind with terror, not disgust, for when from the omission of any of His instruments the law of God is altered from its usual manifestation, the comparison of that discord with the harmony and arrangement with which that manifestation has ever taken place, only impresses the soul with a greater idea of God’s power and love. Therefore it is that the mind of an enlightened man views this order with profound fear ; for the soul entirely understands that the harmony of arrangement changed from order to disorder may perhaps denote the absence of the almighty principle.

“Think what good will be accomplished by seizing, as it were, the elements of disorder, and fashioning them by your own wills and common sense to those demonstrations which will elicit beauty, order, simplicity and conviction.

“It is no idle task, neither is it the work of a day. Such a perversion of the mighty principle bestowed upon man ! A good spirit to cut up such fandangoes would be degraded ; for the lesson here is, to know ourselves, and control ourselves.

“Every medium is a minister of the gospel of Truth, for through them is not ven to the world the truths the spirits come to inculcate.

To confirm, as by spirits coming from higher spheres, that which desecrates rather than elevates, makes a juggle of the Almighty revelations made to man. To grasp the crown of Truth with the right hand, and with the same hand cast it among men to be made a football of ! Well might you say the holy spirits would turn their backs upon the earth. With their heads on their bosoms and their arms folded, they would wend their way back to their own spheres, sorrowful and full of grief, and when there, turn their eyes back on this little ball and say, with eyes

streaming with tears and bosoms convulsed with emotion: 'Oh, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that hast desecrated the truths the prophets have brought you; thou that hast given license to confusion worse than the spheres of the damned! we have left you—we have forsaken you. Well for you it is not forever.' I believe, and my heart swells; and my soul, catching a glimpse of the future, almost shrinks within itself and startles at the picture—that much of Spiritualism has been given to man only to pander to his worst passions and feelings.

"Where is the broad platform on which all feeling, all doctrine, all sentiment was to be assembled?" E.



LOVE OF INDIVIDUALS.

LORD BACON, THROUGH DR. DEXTER.

How is the soul to imitate God, if it withdraws the love it once had for another? Suppose it loves all the world besides, what good would that do? Has it conquered self? For if it had, it must have loved that being first, and all the world afterward. It is useless to talk of this general love, this general desire to do good and benefit our fellow-men, unless there is a beginning.

That feeling which would prompt a man to labor for a life to benefit his fellow-man, can not assimilate with the gushing affection of his Creator unless it knows, and feels, and bases its affection on an individual platform. Then does the soul thrill, then does it catch every indication about it that brings it in sympathy with the same sentiments in the hearts of others. Would you teach a child Greek before it knows its alphabet? I tell you, the very men who have sacrificed their lives, their time, their property on your earth for what they call the love of their race and the desire to do good, are not near so far in advance as he who has deeply, overflowingly loved one single individual. From such a spring it is that there gushes forth the stream which waters the whole earth, and bids it spring into new life.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BATON ROUGE, LA., Dec. 18, 1854.

JUDGE EDMONDS—I take the liberty of addressing you upon the subject of Spiritualism, urged to do so by my great interest in the subject, and believing that if you will give me that much of your time, a letter from you may be of more satisfaction to me than any other information I can obtain.

I am a sugar planter, living upon the bank of the Mississippi, in sight of our Capitol, am much engrossed by a very large and somewhat complicated business of successions of deceased friends. I can not, therefore, get away of winter to witness the practical evidence which I would be glad to. I spent last summer in the North, visiting mediums in New York, Boston, Springfield, Mass., and Dr. Gordon, in Philadelphia. I was very desirous of calling upon yourself, but was deterred by the fear of being intrusive; was told that you were annoyed by the *curiosity* of strangers. Since then I have regretted that I did not seek an introduction. I was once acquainted with Mr. Tallmadge, but can have no opportunity of renewing the acquaintance.

If I can hear from you, and shall receive permission to trouble you, I am desirous of calling upon you next summer if I again visit the North, which I shall probably do, unless I sail directly for France for the instruction of my little children in French. I have three children, which constitute my family. I tell you this of myself as a sort of self-introduction.

I am anxious to believe that loved friends who have gone before are permitted to visit us and communicate with us. I was not satisfied with what I witnessed last summer, though I think I would be with what I heard of, *i. e.*, with communications of facts unknown to the medium, or any one present at the time, which facts could be substantiated afterward. Thus showing that the doctrine of the illuminati of Boston was incorrect, that is, that the communication was only a daguerreotype thrown off from our own brain.

I recently saw, in the *True Delta* of N. O., a letter of yours in relation to yourself and your daughter, in connection with the loss of the

Arctic. I have misplaced the paper, and can not at this moment in the country obtain your full address. The reading of that letter, however, encouraged me to write this, hoping your time and good-will will induce you to answer.

I have around me every necessary comfort, and invite any friend of yours, a medium, who may be visiting the South to pass as many weeks or months as may be agreeable to him or them, promising to spare no efforts to make their visit pleasant.

Please excuse this desultory letter. The one great point before me is to obtain evidence of the *truth* of Spiritualism. I wish to believe, but can not so far convince myself that these results are not the influence of minds in the body operating through the medium.

Very respectfully, ———

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I am sorry that you did not call on me during your visit North last summer. Although I am a good deal occupied with an extensive professional practice and in my employment as an author, still I find time to see those who desire to confer with me on the absorbing topic to which you refer. And more particularly am I desirous at this time to see persons from the South, for there the cause has been very slow in taking root, while at the North it has spread with such marvelous velocity that our believers are numbered by millions. They are found in almost every town—frequently embracing a majority of the inhabitants—and among the farming interest, the belief has spread so, as in many localities to embrace by far the greatest number of the people. The history of the world presents no parallel to its progress, and the revolution which it is working is as mighty as it is silent and bloodless. I have been anxious for its spread at the South, because in it I can see an element which will tend to cement the bonds of union between us, and remove that feeling which is growing up to our mutual alienation.

I *know* that such must be the effect of the diffusion of our new faith everywhere; it must bring us together as one great brotherhood, and teach us forbearance toward each other, and to cultivate a spirit of kindness and affection among those who are joint inheritors of such freedom as the world never before witnessed. With pain I have seen the growing discord which fanatics and demagogues have been fostering among us, and I have hailed the advent of Spiritualism as the instrument of

overcoming the evil and bringing us together again as a united family of freemen.

And it seems to me to be more necessary now than ever; for, amid the convulsions which now agitate Europe, and which will yet involve all its governments, we can not expect that our nation will escape the entanglement. In spite of ourselves we shall be forced into the *melée* by the aggressions of one side or the other, and then if we are united in our manhood as we were in our infancy, we can stand before the world, not merely as an example of freedom, but as its protector everywhere, and the arbiter of other nations, when their mutual contests shall have laid them exhausted at our feet.

Am I extravagant, think you, in my anticipations? Such a result is at least possible, and if Spiritualism is a verity, it must spread over the whole earth, and awaken in man everywhere aspirations for freedom which can not be smothered—freedom of thought which we enjoy to an extent now unknown in the Old World; but yet I believe to be born there, and to be born of Spiritualism.

I have already visited the North, the East, and the West on this subject, and hope that yet I may find occasion to visit the South; for the blessing which our faith confers is too great to be limited to numbers or to be confined by localities. And I rejoice that almost every mail brings me tidings of its appearance at the South. Day by day this is increasing, and with you as with us it will yet swallow up all minor matters.

You perceive that instead of answering your inquiry I have branched off into more general views. But I have not overlooked what is a very natural doubt with you. In the limits of a letter I can not solve that doubt, but I can say, that if you will persist in your inquiries you will obtain an answer far more satisfactory than any thing I can say, though that is a point I have carefully considered. I hope to hear from you again.

Yours, etc.,

J. W. EDMONDS.

—, Kr., Nov. 15, 1854.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I have read your work on Spiritualism with great pleasure, and also your occasional publications in the SACRED CIRCLE. I have always arisen from the perusal of them with purer sentiments and stronger hopes of man's immortality than I have derived from any other production.

It has not been my fortune to witness a great deal of the recent spiritual manifestations, yet what little I have seen (though in circles wanting

even sympathy, faith, and respect for the cause) have convinced me that there is intelligence, mind, or spirit outside of the circle.

I have for years disbelieved the orthodox views of the Christian sects, and been inclined to receive the doctrine of universal salvation as more consonant to rational views and the actual condition of mankind.

A corrupt theology lies with a crushing weight upon the minds and hearts of vast multitudes, and, until purer views and more enlightened opinions are entertained, but little can be expected for the amelioration of mankind.

I regard the spiritual doctrines as eminently calculated to produce a great revolution in the thoughts and motives of the human family. The manifestations unquestionably afford us the strongest assurance of our immortality. Long may you live to cooperate with those interested in the great cause, and that health and energy may accompany you is the earnest wish of one who, though a stranger, feels grateful to you for your labors in behalf of society.

Before closing, I desire to present a difficulty which has suggested itself to my mind with regard to some of the doctrines taught in your circle, and, indeed, in many others, viz., Upon what principle of equity should God punish a person in the next sphere, who happened to be born in this world with an inferior moral organization, raised by vicious parents, associated and educated in such circles as to greatly develop and strengthen his faculties, and inclination to vice? Would He, our Creator, expect us to live a different life from that which our original cast of mind and circumstances, acting on it, compelled us to do?

To me, the question stated above has always presented difficulty, and created doubts about the propriety and equity of punishment after death for the sins committed in this sphere of existence. Should you have received any suggestions that would shed any light on this matter, I should be gratified to be favored with them.

With considerations of the highest respect, I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, _____

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 1855.

DEAR SIR—Are you right in regarding the difference of condition arising from surrounding circumstances, or from difference of organization, as "punishment" for sin?

Is it "punishment," that of two apples growing on the same tree, one is perfect and the other worm-eaten and defective?

Is it "punishment" that in this life one man is rich and prosperous and another poor and suffering?

Is it "punishment" that our friends are removed from us by death? and we left alone to buffet the storms of life?

And are you sure that the poor, and the suffering, and the bereaved do not enjoy more real happiness than the rich and the prosperous?

And after all, does not the mistake consist in our regarding temporal or present prosperity as a reward and not a natural consequence?

Take the most ignorant man of your acquaintance and dive down deep into his heart in search of his sources of happiness, and measure them, not by your standard of enjoyment, but his, and see if he does not really *enjoy* under circumstances which to you would produce *sorrow*.

Why, I have seen the barefooted girl, sweeping our crossings in winter, more full of glee and enjoyment than the millionaire riding by in her carriage.

And is it proper to speak of that child's destitution as punishment, and the carriage-owner's riches as reward?

And has the lowly flower which gives out its perfume as you tread it under foot, any less of God's care or bounty than the sturdy oak, towering high in its pride and strength?

Variety is everywhere stamped on God's works. No two men or animals or vegetables are exactly alike, and we err much when we take one as the standard of the enjoyment or happiness of another.

Yet that error is a common one. It is instilled into us as a part of the education which orthodoxy has given the world. And it is only when we come to learn what God is, and what we ourselves are, that we avoid the contracted view of Him, and of His justice, which we thus unconsciously imbibe from a corrupted source.

To comprehend Him and His wisdom we must step beyond the contemplation of individual cases, measured by our own imperfect standard, and regard Him as the Great Creator of countless millions of immortal souls, stamping on all His works infinite variety, yet tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, while it is lashing the ocean into the activity which yet gives it life and purity.

Truly yours, J. W. EDMONDS.

—, Jan. 2, 1855.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Sir—Excuse me for interrupting you again with a letter from me. My mind is now much agitated on the subject of Spiritualism. I have

lately become a medium for writing and drawing, by the spirits moving my hand for drawings, and by moving my hand and impressing my mind for writing various communications which have purported to come from him who was formerly Jesus of Nazareth; also from my brother ——— and other relatives; from Napoleon Bonaparte; and some others. These communications we consider beautiful and glorious. But a something has lately transpired which has led me to doubting in respect to these manifestations. Toward a year ago, a man calling himself John Madison came to our house in Van Ettenville. He pretended to be an anti-slavery lecturer; but I thought he was a traveling medium, or, more properly, I half thought he was a traveling medium. He staid at our house two days. He was very thinly clad, and my sympathy became so much excited that I was about to cut up some flannel to make him clothes to protect him from the cold; but from his own peculiarities he drew my attention to another subject, which entirely diverted me from my intention. In the morning, when he left, I did not expect to see him again; but, to my astonishment, on the evening of the 20th of November he came where we now live, told Dr. ——— he wanted to see his family; staid now one day and two nights. The day that he left, a spirit, purporting to be my brother, moved my hand to write John W. Edmonds; said this was certainly the name of our visitor calling himself John Madison.

A spirit, purporting to be Jesus of Nazareth, moved my hand to write John W. Edmonds is the man; he will be here again soon, etc. What has been said through the tippings and by the spiritual movement of my hand in writing concerning this matter, leads me to-day to distrust every thing that purports to be spiritual. And my object in writing to you is, to learn whether this Spiritualism is a delusion. If it is a delusion, I pray that its falsity may be exposed. For seven years I have felt myself particularly under this influence. If there is no reality in it, I wish to be rid of the hallucination which has enveloped my mind. I have looked upon this spiritual development as a heaven-born reality, and can not give it up without pain.

Will you please to write and tell me whether you have ever been to our house at Van Ettenville, and here where we now live. If this be true, then I shall know that the angels do indeed communicate with us, and that they have come to instruct the human family, and to elevate that which was cast down, and to bring gladness to the hearts of the people who receive this heavenly dispensation.

Yours in the bonds of hope, ———

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6, 1855.

DEAR MADAM—If you will refer to my former letter to you, you will observe that I warned you against the very consequences of credulity which are now upon you.

It never will do to place implicit confidence in what appear to be spirit-teachings. We must exercise our reason about it, or we will be very much misled. No spirit that speaks to us can be perfect. Evil and unprogressed, as well as good and developed spirits, can commune with us. And I have never yet seen or heard of a medium so perfect that his own mind, or his state of health, or surrounding circumstances may not warp and affect the communication, and sometimes even make it the very opposite of what the spirits may intend.

These considerations are ever warning us to beware how we surrender the supremacy of our own reason and yield to authority anywhere or at any time.

Now it is not true that I was ever at your house. Your own good sense would have told you that I could not have thus played with your feelings, or my sense of what is due to this holy cause of communion with the saints. Nor do I believe that it is Jesus who has been communing with you. Some other spirit, I suppose, has assumed his name, because he found he would thus be most acceptable to you.

This is not a rare occurrence. I know a good many of the kind, and sometimes they have been intended to overthrow that credulity which was misleading, and teach the lesson which the Apostle so earnestly preaches of, "Try the spirits, whether they be of God."

You will err very much, however, if you suffer such an incident to produce in your mind the conviction that spiritual intercourse is a delusion. It is not so. It is a high and holy truth; but like all others, whether they come to us from Nature or from Revelation, they address themselves to our reason and good sense, and, like Christianity, in all ages of the world, demand the full exercise of our deliberate judgment. We are blest with the capacity to discriminate between good and evil, and we can not escape the responsibility of exercising that capacity. We must judge for ourselves what is good and what is evil, and we can not transfer the task to any other mind. I am directed to say this to you, and to say also, that this use of my name to you was for the purpose of having you refer to me, in order that you may learn how to use your gifts, so as to be (as they may, if you please) of inestimable value to others as well as to yourself.

Yours truly,

J. W. EDMONDS.

—, MICHIGAN, Nov. 5, 1854.

JUDGE EDMONDS AND DR. DEXTER :

My dear Friends—If you will permit me, an utter stranger, thus to address you, can you, with patience, give a few moments of time to the inquiries of one whom you may never see on earth—one in whom you have no interest more than that you have for the whole family of man? But, gentlemen, you will excuse me for that very reason, when I say, I claim a fraternity from the flowing affections of a heart relieved, hope reëstablished, a mind at rest. * * * I have been for some weeks anxious to communicate with you touching one of the most momentous subjects that can interest an intellectual being.

During childhood and youth I was taught by pious and careful parents in the strictest possible manner. They (my parents) were both strict Lutherans, and perfectly consistent in every point. Of course this had great influence with their children. My preliminary education was the best the State afforded, and at the age of seventeen I commenced the study of medicine. The habit of close and scrutinizing investigation induced by this study was soon formed in me, and thus I was soon led to reëxamine the religious principles taught me in early life. The result, unfortunately, was to unsettle the whole range of my religious opinions. Since that day to the present, at the age of fifty-two, I have been in doubt, and often in anxious perplexity. When I heard of the "Rochester Knockings" it engaged my attention for a few weeks; but from the paucity of information that I could obtain, I threw it aside as nonsense. Lately, however, a friend put into my hand a work published by Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, with an Appendix by Gov. Tallmadge.

This work I read and re-read with the most anxious attention. Indeed, shall I acknowledge it, my mind was so absorbed that I could neither eat nor sleep. The third reading was a critical and close examination of principle, doctrine, object, laws of nature promulgated, its consistency with the laws of nature heretofore known, etc., etc. In candor, I must say, I was a ready convert; the more so, perhaps, because the whole doctrine, in a singular manner, agrees with many misty, indistinct, half-formed opinions I had gained by the study of astronomy.

But, gentlemen, there are some few points that have originated painful doubts. I can not deny, indeed I take pleasure in the acknowledgment, the doctrines set forth in your work on "Spiritualism" are the most consistent, natural, beautiful, and sublime of any thing of the kind I ever saw. The perfect naturalness (if such a term is proper or admissible)

of the whole doctrine is sufficient of itself to gain credence with the intelligent. But yet the doubt will intrude upon reason, time and again.

This is my reason for writing you. Will you, gentlemen, be so kind as to answer and explain. You may, perhaps, appreciate the feeling, the heart-sinking despondency, that seized upon me as that doubt crept into my mind. It is possible you may laugh at my terror, and view the objection as a small matter; but, gentlemen, I pray you, do not thus treat a subject of such momentous importance.

And now to the point. In the work to which I have referred, we are taught (and strictly in accordance with sound philosophy) that the laws of nature are equal, uniform, perfectly consistent, ever the same, etc.

I will be as brief as possible, that I do not tire your patience. In many places in the work referred to, the idea is given expressly that the vision of spirits is not limited. They are represented to have the power of seeing Judge Edmonds on board the steamer near the coast of Florida; and on page 279, the spirit of Swedenborg could not see the spirit of the old lady who had just expired at a few blocks' distance, but supposed it "probably remains over" the body. Again, on page 342, the full-grown spirit reduces himself to the size of childhood that he may be known. Again, I see it repeatedly asserted that the spirits (that is, the advanced) answer mental questions, that they read the most secret thoughts. And then, on the contrary, when Mrs. S. inquires if they can read her mind (the page I can not put my eye upon at the moment), the spirit answers, "Not every thought," but if much with her and influenced her often, "enough to get the general tenor." In three or four separate places in the work the same idea is given—they can read the subject of thought, but not the precise character of each mental act. I might bring forward many minor inconsistencies, but I fear to trespass upon your time and patience. In your kindness and love of your fellow-man answer me candidly and explicitly. For a few days my mind was in a condition that was indeed a foretaste of heaven; but then came these terrible doubts. Let me further remark, that we have no "mediums," except those from the lowest and most ignorant class of society, in whom I can not trust. I am therefore (for the present) cut off from actual and personal test of "Spiritualism."

The reputation of Judge Edmonds and Gov. Tallmadge is sufficient with me to rivet conviction of the truth in any and every case where the word of mortal man would avail; but, gentlemen, my *reason I can not sacrifice*. I well know it has been my torment through thirty years of my existence, but still I cling to it, and ever shall.

My dear friends excuse, pardon this intrusion upon your privacy by a stranger in consideration of his anxiety. I beg an answer in the name of humanity.

I am, gentlemen, with every sentiment of love and respect,

Your friend, _____

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19, 1854.

DEAR SIR—I have often observed that the obscurity which at times disturbs us is more frequently owing to the clouds which surround the beholder than to spots on the sun.

May it not be so with you? And are you sure that the inconsistencies which annoy you are not rather owing to the standard by which you measure them than to any thing else?

For instance, you suppose that *all* spirits have the same power of seeing, or you would not wonder why one spirit could see me on board a steamer, and another could not see a spirit just entering its new home. So in regard to reading our thoughts: you suppose *all* spirits have the same power, or you would not have been surprised at one spirit's saying it could not read all of Mrs. Sweet's thoughts.

This is not an uncommon error, and it arises from our very profound ignorance of spirit-nature and of the change which is wrought in us by death. The very best and most advanced among us are but on the threshold of this knowledge. We are learning, little by little, yet as fast as we are capable of understanding, what is the true condition of spirit-existence, and as we learn we see how gross is the error which prompts us to judge of it by the standard of our material existence, or to attempt to explain it in any language now known to us.

One thing however seems to be well established, and it must be so if there is any truth in the doctrine of progression, and that is, that in the spirit-world there is every conceivable condition of power and capacity, an infinite variety of advance or state of knowledge. It is just so with us here, though not to so great an extent. For instance, you put your eye upon this page, and you almost involuntarily and by habit see the *thoughts* which I am inscribing on it, and you do not at all notice the *paper*. Yet how many are there living right around you who can not read or write, who could see nothing but the paper and the ink, and who could not see the thought at all? Would it be proper for you to infer from that fact that you could not read the thought, or would you find any inconsistency in the description of man upon earth, because it was told

of him, that one could gather one idea only (that of paper) from the same page, from which another might gather the inmost thought of a man far distant?

Think one moment. Man is the creature of progression. Progression in what? In love, purity, and knowledge. How can a man progress in knowledge unless he is more highly educated to-day, more advanced in the power of receiving and comprehending knowledge than he was yesterday? unless he who has been a thousand years in learning is more advanced than he who has just begun?

The time was when you learned the multiplication table by heart; but you knew not the power of the figures, you *saw* it not, until your mind was able to do something more than merely repeat the combinations by rote. When you learned your A B C you did not read on the page before you the thought that now you find printed there.

So it is with the spirits in their journey through eternity. They are different in capacity and cultivation, and are alike in this, that all may attain the same high destiny; but in attaining it, they must, of necessity, differ from each other in many, many respects, many more, indeed, than we can now conceive of.

In these views (briefly stated, because my time is crowded full of occupation), you may, perhaps, find a clue by which, if you will direct your mind to it, you may, perchance, find your way out of the labyrinth of doubt which now disturbs you. I hope it may be so, for well do I know the pain of such a state of mind. Yours, etc.,

J. W. EDMONDS.

In our November number we gave, among other instances of the benefits of Spiritualism, the history of a young man who had been redeemed from most grievous error by his conversion to our faith. Within a day or two a letter has been received from him, which follows, without mutilation, and which shows what kind of a mind has been thus lifted from darkness to light.

—, Jan. 8, 1855.

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I feel that you will pardon my presumption for thus troubling you with a letter from so humble a source, when you have perused it; for I know that your generous heart beats in sympathy with the poor unfortunates of earth. You will recognize me as being a certain young man who called upon you in Cincinnati, Ohio, while upon your lecturing tour in the West, a year since; who narrated his painful experience in the dark and awful paths of crime, whither he had strayed, *plunged*, *was*

DRIVEN, as a last resort to drown the dreadful thoughts of the horrible end awaiting those who have "sinned away the day of grace," or "blasphemed against the Holy Ghost," for which "there is no forgiveness," as priestly teachings in pulpit, in press, or in the walk of those who self-constitute themselves the "oracles of God," outside of the pales of whose creed and organization there is not one saved—no, not one—had compelled me to conclude I was numbered.

Yes, I tried their dark orthodoxy in all its various phases, as presented in the creeds and "articles of faith" of many antagonistic and warring sects. Bred a rigid believer in the "*total depravity*" system, how could I but become tainted with it more or less, and *act out my belief*? Taught that "in me dwelleth no good thing," and that the fountain from which every thought sprang, even were that thought pure as an angel's, was corrupt; that every word uttered was recorded as a condemning witness against me, though it were a word of childish love breathed into a mother's ear; that every act but deeper sealed my woe, even were it casting my last penny into the time-worn, trembling hand of the blind wanderer—*Good* shrank away and hid herself in the soul's deep recesses, rarely showing her beautiful, blooming countenance, but to be driven back as a "fiend clothed in the garb of an angel;" and *Good* almost despaired, but waited still, and at every opportunity asked for a hearing, and received the answer, "*Thou art a devil.*"

My sense of justice was outraged, all my perceptions of right were blunted, beclouded, and seared, when, as from one to another *teacher* I turned, I heard others denounced as "taking hold on hell," and their teachings as God-blaspheming; and I turned in vain for a solution of the great problem of the SOUL'S IMMORTALITY, for none could satisfy my longings, but whispered mysteriously in my ear and bid me "walk with them," for they were in the narrow path to the Eternal City.

Receiving nothing definite, I believed, as hope died away, that nothing definite *was* known—for naught but grand conjectures and sublime speculative theorizings were presented as food for my starving spirit, in place of its deep aspirings for *real* light, *real* knowledge, *real* REALITIES of the dark future.

So, Judge, I cared not whither I was blown by every passing breeze, whether for good or ill. Time was short, and eternity nothing—to me. Spirit possessed no form or individuality, *no substance*, NO NOTHING; then what of God? *Nothing!* What of our future selves? "O NOTHING!" reverberated in the chambers of my soul in dismal, mocking tones of my own agony, as answer!! All a blank, all a dreary waste, a chaos,

a wild sea of annihilation, whose mad surges beat against the shores of humanity, continually encroaching and bearing off its powerless victims!

So, you are aware, I took my fill of crime, left no stone unturned which gave me the least encouragement of ministering to abused and perverted faculties—All, a natural result of such teachings, *falsities*, as I have since learned, as were beaten into me by the theological hammer so strenuously yielded in the “sacred desk”(?).

I spurned the Book from which so many inconsistent and absurd war-waging sects derived their “Divine authority,” their “thus saith the Lord,” for all their denunciatory, condemning words of others, whom I could perceive were influenced by motives heaven-born in comparison to their own base, designing ones.

To shorten time, and meet OBLIVION sooner, I planned my own destruction, set bounds to my own existence, tied the cord about my neck, and set about looking out a suitable place; and here, I almost shudder when I think of the bright, unearthly flashes of thought which convulsed my being.

I caught glimpses of a FUTURE! I sat me down upon a grassy mound, weak and helpless, studied awhile, and thought my condition could not be made *worse* anyhow, and I would bear awhile longer, *may be* I had not penetrated all things yet, *may be* uncertainty would give way to certainty, darkness for light, and despair for hope.

Who, what whispered? Strange thought, so late! and yet just in season! Strange emotions, so powerful! and yet saving! There was a *power* there! There was a salvation there! There was a glory there.

The remainder of my history is pleasant to write, for it brings glad thoughts, and revives happy hours and glorious visions again. I heard the “detested” manifestations of spirits, was convinced, and hope revived, and I lived again—a new creature, with new desires, new aspirations, new hopes, new motives.

What Old Theology failed to do. Spiritualism accomplished. Where priestly dogmatism failed to enforce, spirit-love has prevailed. Where error’s murky mists enshrouded, spirit-wisdom now enlightens. Where desperation, hate, and fiendish malice reigned, noble impulses govern and celestial influences control. I can hardly believe that I *was*, when I see, in the light which is shed upon, around, and within me, what I *am*. It seems a disagreeable dream, a dim phantasmagoria, which contrasts strangely with the beautiful present.

I feel that *the past is atoned for*, that darkness is banished, that wrong dwelleth no longer within me working out inharmonies. No other being could have saved me, unless I had worked my own work, though I take

no praise unto myself for all this, but ever looking upward, my spirit-eye resteth on the ETERNAL, and giveth HIM the praise.

To me there is now a GOD; to me there is now a *future* to all intelligences, an everlasting *progressive* future; for those who went before have left no doubt lingering in my mind as to their blessed existence, their joyful returning, their deep love and anxiety for our welfare. Oh, how they worked for me! Oh, how many struggles did the soul pass through ere it was purified as by fire! They faltered not, they wearied not; even did I fall again and again, they would raise me, dress my wounds, whisper new words of hope and encouragement. If I fainted, they fanned my brow with their own reviving breaths, and poured the strengthening balm of peace and joy upon the heart.

I was anxious to become a medium, and in time did so. Then did I ascend, step by step, from out the pit; then did the film grow less on my eyes; then did my limbs grow strong, as I found a support upon every projection, however small, for my further ascension.

Thankful! Oh! how thankful, as gratitude to God and angels wells up as from a never-failing fount.

And now, as I write, spirits fondly breathe their words of gentleness and love to my interior. They tell me not to leave the work to which I have set my hand—that of *proclaiming to a sunken world the joyful tidings of IMMORTALITY, to lighten others in the depths to the elevations of wisdom and purity, to free others now enslaved by priestly enforcements from their life-destroying bondage.*

When I saw you I was still an infant in strength, and the manna of hope and encouragement which fell from your lips was devoured by my hungry soul, which still asked for more. That time dated a new momentum in my upward progress. I don't know why, but I could not express myself to you as freely as I wished I could, but now think it was because my emotions were so deep that my utterance was choked. From the depths of my soul, Judge, have I thanked you a thousand times for your kind words, your sympathy of soul for my woe, and redemption from all; your generosity in granting me an interview; your last grasp of the trembling hand extended, and your treasured words of farewell: "Go on, brother, weary not, faint not, angels will watch and care for thee."

And as the SACRED CIRCLE comes once a month, I feel as I was yet near you, listening to the same tones of love for down-trodden, despoiled humanity.

And angels *have* cared for me. God will not let one of his children fall that he may not be raised again. No fanaticism has led me, no sud-

den and unaccountable impulse has moved me, no novelty or wonder has influenced me, but when I took a step, I had *law* and *truth* for a stepping-stone, and saw the way clearly ere I attained that elevation.

If excitement of fanaticism could have carried me away, I should have been pitched headlong long ago when trying to "get converted" in some camp-meeting with hundreds "convicted" around me.

Calm and considerate I have weighed Spiritualism against every thing else and found it not wanting.

Oh! how can I praise the loving power of that which wrought so much for me while here; for had I gone into the spirit-world as I was, long ages might have elapsed ere I had returned from my wanderings.

As Spiritualism came to me, so has it come to thousands who were buried in darkness and acquired depravity, until no moral sun shone above their moral horizon, until no light illuminated their rough pathway downward, or no kind hand to guide them out appeared.

Thus has it come, thus has it worked, and thus has it saved, and a multitude of prayers are ascending from millions of souls consecrated to the worship of *the true God* as revealed in the harmonies of universal nature's workings, including the much "despised spirit-rappings."

Please accept this as all a grateful heart can offer in *words*, but not in *heart*. And when the spirit leaves its clayey tenement for the angels' homes, then it may, as it certainly tries now, return that *good* by doing good to others.

Why, Spiritualism made so marked a change in my life, mind, and character, that some of my friends, who were its determined opposers, thought "there must be something in it if it will reform so hardened a wretch, when Bible, Christianity, creeds, and all, affected nothing." So they examined, and *are* now rejoicing in the same freedom and blessed intercourse with angels.

Ever yours for humanity, ———



ON the trial of Wm. Penn, in 1670, before the Recorder of London where he was acquitted by the jury, the Recorder became very indignant. He kept the jury two days and nights, and then fined and imprisoned them, and remarked, it "would not be well with us till we have something like the Spanish Inquisition in England."—*D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature*, 294.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPIRITUALIST.—It is long since we have conversed, and it is possible that you have lost your interest in the matters heretofore discussed between us.

SKEPTIC.—No; I have not lost interest in the subject. On the contrary, I have thought much upon it, and have been quietly noting the progress of this new Spiritualism that is bewitching the world, and questioning the good or the evil that will arise from it. Certainly the number of converts to its faith among the enlightened portions of the people is more than respectable. It may be doubted if there are as many of any other faith in this country. But all this proves nothing, for Mohammed with his followers spread his faith far and wide, and it has endured.

SP.—Does it prove nothing that two or three millions of men and women have, upon investigation, found that they can converse with their departed friends? Is it nothing that so vast a body of adults have been persuaded to give up their cherished opinions, taught them in their childhood, and urged upon them, in hundreds of sermons and thousands of conversations by a beloved pastor—opinions which have grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until fully incorporated with their nature? Is it nothing that they have given up, at the word of an invisible intelligence, that which the rack or the fagot could not have forced from them? To each and every one there must have been proof stronger than holy writ. They did not in their feeble infancy adopt this faith from parents or teachers. It was forced upon them, and the ties which bound them to a life-worn faith fell asunder, as the flax falls at the touch of flame. A pure truth took possession of their minds, and the dark shades of fiction fled. Does it prove nothing that so many have believed?

SKEP.—Are there not more in numbers who believe other doctrines which you and I think erroneous?

SP.—They are bred in their faith, and would adhere to it however monstrous. But suppose that there were more Turks who, from investigation, had come to believe in the doctrines taught by Mohammed, than there are *Spiritists*, what would it prove? Surely not that we are right and they are wrong, nor the contrary. The truth or error of their faith is a matter of opinion. But we have here at hand a proof, in the unprecedented spread of our faith, which ought to have immense weight in the argument. For millions of well-educated and intelligent persons who did believe, as you now do, have given up their faith as untenable; and if you would put yourself in the way of Spiritual Manifestations, you too would believe. Perhaps that is what you fear.

SKEP.—No, I do not fear, whatever the truth may be. I have sought enlightenment with an honest purpose. I have had an opportunity (obtained with difficulty) to be present at the Miracle Circle. I there saw the wonders I had heard so much of. I saw and recognized the *spirit-hand* of a deceased friend. I saw it take up a pencil and write a letter to me. I saw it take up the paper and hand it to me. I touched the hand and felt that it was a real substance. I saw this while in the midst of a company with whom I occasionally conversed, and I know I was awake and in my right mind. But it failed to convince me that your theory is true. I have seen the tricks of jugglers where quite as incomprehensible a miracle was wrought. But if it failed to convince me that the Spiritists are right, it convinced me that they have good reason to think there is something in it. I am sure now that they are honest, though possibly deceived.

SP.—Well, you have seen enough of the physical manifestations. A little *moral* evidence is what you now want—something to attack the interior of your mind. The cannonading has gone far enough; Spiritualism must now carry your mind by storm. You will then surrender—not before.

SKEP.—I am not satisfied that it is desirable to be convinced. I resist conviction, because, firstly, my own feeling is against it; secondly, because the warning voice of my friends and my family still sounds in my ear. I hear the words of my aged pastor, under whose preaching I have sat for a lifetime, warning me not to be deceived. I see tears stream down his eyes, as he seems to fear that the arch-enemy of mankind is likely to steal from him one of the most cherished of his flock. I see my aged mother also in tears for my delusion, because I even *listen* to the subject. All dread my defection, and shake their heads in doubt; yet I have not consented to believe a word of Spiritualism yet. Then.



in the third place, I shall lose caste in society—be looked upon with a kind of suspicion by fashionable people; and, what is of more importance, I shall lose *business*. But I claim to be too honest to care much for all these things, if I know that I am getting rid of error and acquiring truth. Yet I will admit that my friends' sadness on the subject has had a deep effect on me. My pastor, my mother, my family, all love me. I know they are honest and wish me well. They entreat me not to get mixed up in this matter. They tell me I am well as I am. The religion which was good enough for Wesley, for Calvin, for Chalmers, is good enough for me.

SP.—Such advice did Christ receive from his brothers and sisters—they thought him wrong, and, as they loved him, they begged and besought him not to preach such false doctrines. They wished him to go and be taught by the priests, and not to set up for himself as knowing any thing beyond what they had all been taught. Christ, however, persisted in preaching charity to the world, and soon found himself banished from his home, because of the hatred of his brethren, and had not where to lay his head. In a word, he was made houseless and homeless, without food or clothing, and almost without friends, because he would be a Spiritualist. So, take warning. Should you embrace the doctrine of this new sect, and openly avow it, you must expect that your priest will give you up, and that many of your friends will think you crazy. When did ever the selfish and the sensual see any good in religion?

SKEP.—Show me that you are right and that my pastor is wrong, and I will not count the cost of my conversion to your faith. I will give up all my friends, my family, my good pastor—yes, all the world, including my dearly-earned business—whenever I am convinced that it is a pure truth which you offer. But I must be very sure of it before I barter for it all that now seems good to me in life—before I give up the chances of business, the good opinion of those who have long esteemed me, and who stand high in the world, and before I do that which will grieve my aged and beloved relatives, and sow dissension possibly between me and my family. Yes, before I do all this I must be very sure.

SP.—And so you ought. Do you know of any one who ever adopted a new faith before he was quite sure? You have now a suspicion that we may be right and you wrong, but you are not quite sure; so you have not yet adopted our faith.

When we were, some two or three months ago, conversing on this subject, you laid much stress upon the authority of the Bible, assuming then that our faith was not founded on the sacred writings,

or not consistent with them. Have you found that the Bible is on our side?

SKEP.—No, not entirely. I own that, on diligent examination of the texts you have named, I see some things which change my former interpretation of them. I have no doubt that the old Jewish prophets were inspired by angels rather than by God himself, because on this supposition absolute infallibility on every point need not be claimed for their utterances. I admit, too, that as the angels' teachings must be distilled through the mind of a mortal, there was always a chance for them to receive some slight *coloring* from that mind.

SP.—That is admitting much, and it proves your honesty of purpose to do so. There is scarcely a salaried clergyman from Maine to Georgia who would dare to do as much. And yet the whole fabric of Christianity, as well as almost every other religion in the world, stands upon a structure of spiritual communication. What is there, or could there be, known of the spirit-world, except as told by spirits? God, in his proper personality, does not, as I think, act in these matters. He delegates his angels to perform these little duties. Doubtless the original impulse of all acts is from God. We, too, are his angels, and do his bidding. If his word does not come to us direct, neither does it come direct to a spirit, or, as you would call it, an angel. There are many grades of beings between us and those high seraphs who stand in the presence of God. His commands are doubtless conveyed to his angels, who have their respective missions, some to one earth, and some to another; some to spiritual spheres, and some to angelic spheres. Doubtless they are sent from the presence of God (if such a phrase be admissible, he being supposed to be everywhere present) in myriads of millions, each charged with a duty which he seeks the best means in his power to execute, calling to his aid and making use of angels, spirits, and mortals.

SKEP.—I see no resemblance between the mediums of the present day and the prophets of old; therefore I can not recognize the parallel you have heretofore drawn. They treated of great and holy things; these speak of trifling matters.

SP.—In the time of the Hebrew monarchy, mediums (called prophets in the translations) were numbered by thousands. How do you know what they generally uttered? We have received the recorded words of a few of their speaking mediums, covering a space of some hundreds of years. All that is written in the books of the Bible would not be as much as a verse each for all the mediums. While Ahab was king, there is recorded one occasion when many hundred mediums were collected. It

is reasonable to suppose that these prophets, in the course of a lifetime, uttered something worth hearing, and also that they uttered many trifling things, as modern mediums. See how little is recorded of the doings of Elijah, of Isaiah, of Jeremiah, of Ezekiel, and the other great prophets. All that they prophesied, so far as recorded, could easily have been done in a day. Yet who will suppose that we have received full records of their doings? Probably, once or twice in a year, some highly developed spirit may have uttered through them some teaching or prophecy of an important character, and the rest of the time, when influenced at all by spirits, it is probable that they gave communications to friends, as mediums now often do. Give the mediums of the present day time and opportunity, and they will be made to utter sublimer truths than ever were given through the Jewish prophets.

SKEP.—I can not listen patiently to your disparagement of those holy men. Were they, then, no better than the common Spiritualists I see around me—they, the chosen prophets of the Most High God?

SP.—Many, indeed the far greater part of them, were ignorant and unlettered persons. Joshua was a servant of Moses, but, becoming a good medium, he was exalted, much to the chagrin of Miriam and Aaron. Elisha—see 2 Kings ii. 24—because a flock of children laughed at his bald head, “cursed them in the name of the Lord, and there came forth out of the wood two she-bears, and tore forty-two children of them.” If there be any mediums of the present day who would kill forty-two children for any offense which they might commit, then I have been much in error in my estimate of them.

SKEP.—That was a judgment of God upon the children for mocking so good a man.

SP.—How did those children know he was so good a man? and how good did he prove himself to be, to curse so unforgivingly those children; and what right have you to assume that the good God did such a thing?

SKEP.—Well, I have always supposed it was all right. I have never thought of the matter before. There must be something about it which we do not understand.

The prophets of old assumed to talk with the Lord God; your mediums talk only with spirits, and those often not very good ones.

SP.—True, they assumed it, because all good spirits were called *gods* in those days (see Isaiah, Job, and Witch of Endor), and inferior spirits were spoken of as demons. Thus, I (if a free spirit) should be by such prophets considered a demon, though unchanged from what I

am now, while they would reserve the appellation of *gods* for spirits who had left the earth some thousands of years before, and who in that time had acquired the knowledge of high and holy things. They generally supposed that they talked with the Lord, as they called any high spirit though many supposed it to be God himself. But, by their own accounts, mischievous spirits often troubled them. Read the account of Ezekiel and his barley cakes (Ezek. iv. 12-15). It is not sufficiently decent to print here. Does it not prove that a mischievous spirit was trying to see to what lengths he could make him go? So, too, of Abraham's being ordered to kill Isaac. Did not an evil spirit disturb Saul? Did not St. Paul complain that a messenger of Satan had been sent to buffet him? What right have we to assume that mediums in old times were exempt from the annoyances which befall us? They were mortals, and by nature or by practice rendered susceptible to a spirit's magnetic influence. They could and did sometimes see spirits as we now do, probably not so often nor so clearly as we do, or they would have known more about them. But generally they could not see them, and some mediums never saw them. They could therefore be imposed upon, and undoubtedly were so in thousands of instances.

SKEP.—You will persist in making out the ancient prophets to be *only mediums*.

SP.—That is all I can allow them to be. I know of nothing better they could be, if they were what mediums ought to be—conscientious and faithful.

SKEP.—Let us turn our attention to a few of the charges brought against your people. Do not some of them manifest a certain laxity of principle, and call it *Free Love*?

SP.—I have heard of such things, but have never yet seen an individual Spiritualist who would confess to any such doctrines. All that I have ever talked with have spoken of the matter with disgust, if not with horror. No, my friend, there are no *Spiritualists* who have the notions you allude to. There are gross and indecent sensualists in all societies (if all tales are true, they have now and then been found in a pulpit), and they are not slow to seek a cover for their beastly appetites. If they can find a spirit base enough to utter the doctrine, and a medium willing to suffer it, they will get it uttered, and then claim there is authority for it. But never believe such people are Spiritualists. They are the very reverse; for our faith is the faith of chastity, and there is not a sincere Spiritualist in the land who does not believe in and practice purity as the first and holiest principle of his faith.

SKEP.—I am glad to hear your testimony on the subject, for you have so long mixed among the people of this religion that you are competent to speak as an expert.

SP.—I can not claim for any men as a class or a sect that they always conduct themselves with propriety, but I claim for the faith I profess that its doctrines are pure. Many men, the most exalted in character and station, may have behaved in an unseemly manner; but does their example sanction the sin? Some of the holy prophets were but poor exemplars in religion or morals. Moses killed a man and fled from justice. David was willing to rob a man of his wife, and Solomon was not the most moral man in the world. Many of the patriarchs, whose word, if quoted from the Bible, would be a text on which divines might expatiate with much unction, did things which, if done among us, would go by the old-fashioned names of murder, rape, robbery, treason, etc., etc. However, the standard of morals was not so high then as at present. Men lived in tents—whole families, with all their dependents and guests, often sleeping in one room. Men and women wearing but a shred of stuff to hide their nakedness, and boys and girls nothing at all; having none of the conveniences of life, none of the comforts, none of the refinements, and often none of the decencies. Yet these people are set up as our exemplars, and the words they uttered are preached to us as the law of God.

SKEP.—You treat the old patriarchs rather irreverently. Remember that in those primitive times it was a rare excellence in a man to be good and pure. The far greater portion of the world was in a state of barbarism. The Jews were the best and most religious of all the world at that time; they alone kept the ordinances of God.

SP.—I can not agree with you in that time-honored error. The Jews were neither the most refined, nor the most learned, neither the best nor the most religious people of the world, as many in modern times have supposed. All that the Jews possessed of civilization, even, they gained while in the bondage of the Egyptians. At this time we know by monumental records, that the Egyptians were a civilized people more than a thousand years before any authentic records speak of the Jews. Though Moses prefixed to the Pentateuch a Song of the Creation of the World, there is no scientific person at this day that will allow it any force as a history. All Oriental nations have done the same thing—carried back their history into the night of ages. "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians," and he elevated his people from ignorance and slavery to be an independent and tolerably enlightened nation, con-

sidering the state of the world in those times. But the privileged classes of Egypt had written records a full thousand years before the Jews had an alphabet or any records. They had existed, doubtless, somewhere in Syria as a nomadic tribe, and first became enlightened by the mediumship of some of their people. The first things recorded, almost, are their talking with spirits, and by means of this higher mode of teaching they advanced rapidly in knowledge ; and though a small and feeble nation, eventually rose to some historical consequence. But for all the consequence which the Jews possess now or ever have possessed as a nation among nations, they are indebted to their intercourse with spirits, an infinitesimal part of which has been preserved to us—though dimmed, distorted, and mutilated—in the books of the Bible. The spirits that spoke through their prophets must have been of their kindred, speaking the same language, and who had left the earth when there was still less knowledge in it, and therefore even the knowledge of the spirits must have been imperfect and limited. It must have been difficult, also, for the spirits to utter their exact sentiments, else we should have found in all the works written some word or faint allusion to the nature of the life beyond the grave—a knowledge all desired to gain, and which, undoubtedly, all spirits would desire to impart to their kindred left behind—but not one word of information was imparted to them, so far as it has reached us, and it is reasonable to presume that it could not be uttered through the mediums. Yet enough was uttered to direct the Jews in their government and in their wars of conquest, so that under the direction of the spirits they conquered and exterminated a few small nations or tribes, and took possession of the country which the spirits had promised them they should gain. So have we on this continent driven out the native inhabitants and taken possession of the country. The question of the abstract justice in either case we will not discuss.

SKEP.—They were heathens whom the Jews drove out.

SP.—They were God's children, and acted according to the light and knowledge possessed by them. God is no respecter of persons. I will not say, however, that it was wrong in either case. It requires a higher wisdom than that of a mortal to judge of the matter. Perhaps such extermination of a people is warranted upon the principle of "the greatest good to the greatest number."

SKEP.—It would have seemed more just to teach the heathen nations, than to kill them.

SP.—Yes, if they could be taught ; but our faith would not do for them any more than theirs for us. They will not mingle with us in the

world of spirits any more than they do here, and it will be many ages before the different races of men—even on this one earth—will assimilate to each other so far as to associate harmoniously.

SKEP.—The Jews must, notwithstanding all you say, have been an extraordinary people, else they could not loom up to such dimensions on the horizon of the past. What nation of so remote a period has occupied so large a space in the eye of the world?

SP.—Surely none. There is a good reason for the importance of the Jews. For more than twenty-five centuries their records of spirit-intercourse have been the text-books of an extensive worship. Suppose, however, that the records of all the spirit-mediums of Assyria, of Egypt, and of all the Orient had been preserved, and all their teachings widely disseminated, would then the spirit-teachings of the Jews loom up into such importance? They owe their greatness, in the eye of the world, to the circumstance of being almost the only ones which have escaped destruction—I should rather say almost the only ones which have been widely spread over the world. The doings of Egyptian, Roman, Greek, Chinese, Scandinavian, Assyrian, and other mediums still exist, going back many of them thirty or forty centuries, and the records exist in Chinese, Greek, Latin, and other languages, and many of them are accessible to us. They record more miracles than the Bible contains, a hundred times over, and claim to be quite as authentic. But see the extent to which the spirit-intercourse of the Jews has been scattered abroad! Being adapted for worship, they were multiplied immensely by scribes and priests up to the time of printing, and then by the press they were multiplied by millions, and translated into all languages. If the Bible were as *rare* a collection of books as are the records of Egyptian and Assyrian spirit-intercourse, think you it would govern the civilized world?

SKEP.—Do you assert that those heathen nations knew any thing of the true God?

SP.—They knew but little, but they knew as much as the Jews did. All the Jewish prophets, in talking with a spirit, called it the Lord, or the Lord God, and evidently supposed that it was the Almighty Creator who was so familiar with them, or some mighty angel sent to them. If they saw a spirit, they told that they had seen God face to face. Does all this look as though they knew much of the matter? The Jews found Spiritism prevalent among the Egyptians, and learned it of them, and,

gained for them a world-wide celebrity. Wherever the Jews journeyed, while without a land to dwell in, they found spirit-intercourse all around them. They called the mediums of foreigners false prophets, prophets of Baal, etc., etc. Isaiah says to some strange mediums, or to the spirits speaking through them, "Show us the things which are to come, and prove yourselves to be gods."

SKEP.—Do you assert, then, that all the nations of the earth have had intercourse with spirits?

SP.—I do assert it. There is not an island upon the ocean, nor a country so remote or so inaccessible, that has not always had intercourse with spirits. The ignorant inhabitants generally do not comprehend it; they think it a Fetish or a God. Some one who is first aware of the manifestation—who sees a spirit, or imagines he does, attempts to describe the vision, and in accordance with his description they will sculpt a block of wood into the fancied shape, and, supposing that it represents or typifies a superior being, they pay it great honors, and bestow on it eventually a kind of worship.

SKEP.—Those were idolaters. Do you consider such people worthy of salvation?

SP.—Why not? Their paying divine honors to a statue or a crocodile is an indication of their ignorance, and therefore a proof of their need of salvation. Of all the Christian world who have died in the last eighteen centuries, as well as all others, not one has entered into the spirit-world with any previous knowledge of it. Now if ignorance be a crime, and worthy of damnation, there are very few to be saved, and I fear that the old Jewish prophets would be among the lost.

SKEP.—Is not idolatry, then, a crime?

SP.—Yes, and it is our duty to teach the world the worship of the true God; but if by the misfortune of his position a man could not possibly know of the true God, he could not be blamed, and therefore a just God would not condemn him.

SKEP.—Do you then save alike the believing and the unbelieving?

SP.—The word *save* is often misunderstood. If an ignorant and wicked man dies, his spirit goes to another world, the conditions of which are adapted to his more sublimated nature. He is *saved* because he is in existence. He is not saved from his sins, because they must cling to him until he atones for them and rises above them. If God, in creating man, left him in a condition to perish eternally, his creation were a failure; but I think that the earth is not a failure, but is in the condition at this time which its Creator intended. Man was not created

in a day, and it was evidently not the intention of the Creator that he should at once develop all his faculties. If he were, then there would be no progression. Were mankind made perfect at once, they would stand still to all eternity.

SKEP.—Then you think mankind have not fallen, and that they are not depraved ?

SP.—No ; mankind at large are not fallen and depraved ; individuals undoubtedly are. I think the world is right as it is. Those who can not progress here, have the bright hope that they can begin their life over again in another world. They are not *lost*, but they must try a second time the task of life. There is an eternity before them, and it will be strange indeed, if they do not, soon or late, take the upward track.

SKEP.—Not to suppose mankind depraved and fallen is practically to make God the author of evil.

SP.—God is the author of all that exists. Evil is the absence of good, as cold is the absence of heat. Would you have all the earth equally warm inside and out, and every thing on its surface possessed with an equal quantity of caloric ? Yet that would be like wishing that all things on earth were of one degree of goodness. I will not pay you the poor compliment to assume that you think you could have designed this world better than the Great Architect has done.

SKEP.—No ; I am not like Sir Godfrey Kneller, who said that had he been present at the creation he could have given God some useful hints. I am satisfied that He created the world in infinite wisdom, and that no weak, erring man is qualified even to judge of it.

SP.—I agree with you there. God knew what he was about when he began this world. I should be amused, if I were not rather shocked, to hear unfledged human spirits standing in the pulpit pronounce all this fair creation a failure—that its masterpiece, man, was not so constructed as to be fit for the purposes of his creation.

SKEP.—I should like some time to discuss that matter with you. I do not understand the matter exactly as you do, though I could not arraign the Almighty at the bar of my judgment respecting his work.

SP.—We will speak of this on another occasion.

W.



THERE is nothing that raises the resentment of a generous heart more than unjust accusations of the amiable and the innocent.

"I BELIEVE IN THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS."

The following touching communication was sent through a medium to a clergyman from the spirit of his departed wife.

He coldly returned it with the remark, "My communion with the departed, through my own nature and the Christian faith, has always been sufficient for my own wants. No outward demonstrations or material helps can add any thing to its value."

Alas! for the hallucination of Jesus and his disciples in supposing that "outward demonstrations" of spiritual intercourse through them could "add any thing to its value."
E.

My beloved, I am near you; you see me not; your outstretched hand can not clasp mine, but why mourn? Spirit-union, spirit-communion needs not the sensuous plane to assure itself of the reality of spirit-life. Its joys, its aspirations, its eternal progress toward infinite purity, infinite perfection, speak to the *heart* the truth of spirit-life.

I come to you from my spirit-home to counsel, to advise. Tenderly did the tones of my voice vibrate within the portals of your existence while I was a dweller on your earth; tenderly *now* let my words be received, for I would be to you, though robed in the garments of spirit-life, as in times past, "your better angel."

I ask the privilege of daily communion with thee, that thoughts high and holy may mingle with thy every daily act; I would thy earth-life to be one purpose of eternal good.

I come to thee to speak of the future, not to criticise the past.

(The past needs no spirit-monition, needs no spirit-aid that it may have a place in the spheres of man's eternal existence.)

The present, the to-day, is the theme to be talked about, with its attendant future.

I would have thee glean out from the garner of thy inner life all that bears the impress of the spirit of truth, then with prayer, in faith, take these thy treasures and *use* them in the vineyard of the Lord.

"Where thy treasures are, there will thy *heart* be also."

I would have thee come down from "thy place," which the pride of man has prepared for thee, and sit down even as a little child by the side of the humblest soul that asks of thee water from the fount of life; I would have thee robed only in the garments of the humblest wayfarer that walks by the side.

(Truth needs not the aid of your earth's fashions, no drapery of man's construction.) Nay, I would have thee blot out from thy remembrance the place of elevation which thy brother MAN has given thee, and in humility take the lowest seat at the table *thy* Master prepared for thee ; perchance His voice may reach thine ear, "Son, come up hither." I would have thee leave *all* that the pride of man has prepared for thy entertainment, and seek out the stricken in heart, the cheerless, the suffering.

Go where human woes and human agony is bearing its victims unto an untimely grave. List ! hear you not *now* that dying wail ! Lo, its fearful utterance reacheth the portals of heaven ; ministering angels leave their blissful realms to soothe the fevered anguish of earth's sufferers ; say, do they find the man of God there ?

There are lambs to be fed, and thou must feed them ; hie thee out in the highway. True, thou will find hedges, ditches, perchance a thorn, but fear thee nothing ; for He who once trod that pathway alone will be with thee. Fear thee not the coming shadows, for His face, brighter than the sun, will throw around thee its beaming effulgence. The stillness of death may be there, but His voice will cheer. Thou mayest faint, but His hand will sustain.

My beloved, I bring thee words of truth from spheres of heavenly order ; heed thee well their import, for the day is fast approaching for the life of the spirit to be manifested on earth ; men are no longer to walk in darkness, for the truth, fresh from the fount of Eternal Wisdom, is destined to illuminate, to vivify all space, all things contained therein.

That knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation will be sought for as the pearl of great price ; children will no longer receive stones for bread, nor will the scorpion be found among the good gifts which man dealeth out to his fellow-man.

The Spirit of Truth will descend, will yet make unto itself a home wherever there beats a human heart ; its mission being the redemption of man, it will do its work fearlessly ; the spheres of earth, within which man has made his resting-place, will rock to and fro, will reel like the drunken ; men will quail before the testimony of the living God, and seek to hide themselves in the darkness of their own creating.

Vain will be this wrestling of the earthly man with the Spirit of Jehovah, whose words are, though all flesh fail, "The living spirit must seek and know the place of its heavenly Father."

Let man purify and humble himself, let him be ready to join in that song of rejoicing, "The kingdoms of this world are become our Lord's and his Christ, and He shall reign forever and ever."

My beloved, commune with thine own heart ; let thy daily prayer be ;
 " Lord, what wilt thou have me to do ? "

Fear not ; new intelligences, fresh from the fount of Infinite Wisdom, will be given thee.

Fear not the impress of the spirit, though it pierce thee even as a two-edged sword, and probe thy innermost life.

Fear nothing but the works of man and the vain sophistry of scientific lore.

Seek Jesus, seek Him as he trod upon your earth ; follow His footsteps, though they lead thee far from the beaten track which the pride of man rejoiceth in. Let His words ring their pealing notes unceasingly in thy ear, " If ye love me, feed my lambs. "



EXTRACT FROM SAMUEL ADAMS' ORATION,

DELIVERED AT PHILADELPHIA ON AUG. 1, 1776.

OUR contest is not only whether we ourselves shall be free, but whether there shall be left to mankind an asylum on earth for civil and religious liberty ? * * * * * * *

A little agitation gives vigor to the mind, and liberty, not peace, is the real source of the prosperity of our species. * * *

If we cast our eyes over the nations of the earth, we shall find, that instead of professing the pure religion of the Gospel, they may be divided either into infidels who deny the truth, or politicians who make religion a stalking-horse for their ambition, or professors who walk in the trammels of orthodoxy, and are more attentive to the traditions and ordinances of men than to the oracles of truth.

The civil magistrate has everywhere contaminated religion by making it an engine of policy ; and freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience, driven from every other corner of earth, direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum.

Let us cherish the noble guests, and shelter them under the wings of an universal toleration. Be this the seat of unbounded religious freedom. She will bring with her in her train industry, wisdom, and commerce. She thrives most when left to shoot forth in her natural luxuriance, and asks from human policy only not to be checked in her growth by artificial encouragements.

IT IS ALL CLAIRVOYANCE!

BY R. H. BROWN.

SUCH is the objection made by a great number of those who have slightly investigated the Spiritual Phenomena of the present time. We are willing to grant to those who make this objection the possession of a candid spirit. The appeal which is made to Clairvoyance is the result of a sincere and honest attempt to account for the strange and mysterious manifestations which are occurring in all parts of the civilized world, and traces of which may be discovered even among the ruder and less progressed nations. We wish to meet this objection in the same candid and philosophical spirit with which it is made.

It is all Clairvoyance! Thus it is that Spiritualism has come to the aid of Clairvoyance. Before the advent of Spiritualism, Clairvoyance was the great mysterious humbug of the day, and all the wise and scientific men of the land shook their heads and lamented the credulity of human nature, and the superstitious, wonder-loving ignorance of the masses. Spiritualism has forced the world to admit Clairvoyance, because there is no middle ground. These things are either what they profess to be—the work of spirits—or they are the result of Clairvoyance and Magnetism. It was thus, also, that Magnetism came to the aid of Phrenology, and proved it to be true.

It is all Clairvoyance! But what is Clairvoyance? The phenomena of Clairvoyance may be briefly described as follows: Persons thrown into the somnambulic trance by Magnetism, through the agency of an operator, or falling into the same state involuntarily, have been known to see without the aid of the physical or external organs of vision, and *without the assistance of light*. Books are read as well in the darkness of night as in the full glare of noonday. Objects and scenes, at great distances, far beyond the reach of the external organs of vision, are seen and described. The clear sight of the clairvoyant mind not only penetrates through the most opalic and dense substances, but also sees the thoughts that bud and blossom in the inmost recesses of the soul. The past is illuminated, and its most hidden passages revealed; and the

future, hidden by an impenetrable vail from the normal eye, prophetically presents its yet unrolled panorama, and stamps upon the clairvoyant mind the impress of its coming form. This is Clairvoyance. Now let me ask the candid investigator *what it is that sees without the physical eyes, and without the assistance of light?*

It is evident that neither the optic nerves nor the crystalline lense are employed by those who read a book, amid the darkness of midnight, unaided by a single ray of light. The answer to this question is all-important, for therein hidden lies the golden key which will unlock all the mysteries of Spiritualism. What is normal sight? What is it that *sees* when the natural or external eye, together with light, are the mediums of perception? It is evident that the mere fluid called light can not see, neither can the lense or humors of the eye, nor the optic nerve, nor a combination of these; for light and the visual organs are only the mediums by which perception is conveyed to that mysterious something which lies hidden within. In ordinary or normal sight three things are employed—the object, the eye, and the light which serves as the connecting link or medium of contact between the eye and the object. The eye, like a beautiful and delicate camera obscura, paints with fidelity the picture of the exterior world upon the retina. It is the immortal soul which stands behind the curtain, and gazes upon the shifting panorama. Let the soul be absent, and sight ceases, though the organ be perfect; it becomes but a common camera obscura—the mere arrangement of parts for the production of a picture. The picture is perfect, but there is no spectator. When a person falls into a state of profound abstraction, the eyes, though open, often cease to convey any idea of sight to the soul. This is because the attention of the spectator behind the curtain is turned in another direction; he does not regard the panorama which moves along the darkened curtains of the eye. The materialists reply to this, that sight is not the result of the attentive perception of the soul to the pictorial sensations of the optic nerve. They tell us that the soul has no separate and distinct existence apart from the body. Light, they claim, is but sensation, and sensation is the result of organization. When the organization ceases (they argue), sensation will cease—that of sight together with all other sensations; and that when sensation ceases, the whole being ceases to be, for organization and sensation, say they, compose the whole of man—there is no soul. (See Baron D'Holbach's "System of Nature," chap. xiii., for an able statement of the materialistic argument.)

This method of argument is plausible. At the moment that sight is

proved to exist *without the use of either light, sensation, or any of the physical and material organs of vision*, the whole pyramid of their logic falls to the ground. Its base is thrown from its foundations, and the whole fabric of their labored art crumbles to atoms.

Thus it is that Clairvoyance furnishes the most conclusive answer to the ingenious ratiocinations of the materialists, and presents the most satisfactory proof of the existence of the soul, separate and apart from the body, residing within it, generally employing its organs for the reception of ideas, but at times acting independent of them, and obtaining information without their aid. By Clairvoyance we have thus shown the truth of the first proposition upon which Spiritualism rests—the existence of a dual nature in man, a soul as well as a body. We have unlocked the casket, and shown within it, shining with celestial radiance, the jewel which it contains. But we are not content to rest satisfied with this; we will not leave the subject until our whole case is demonstrated. The second proposition, which lies at the basis of the new philosophy, is the existence of a “spiritual body,” interfusing and permeating the physical, material, or “natural body.”

If, in an obscure field, you should pick up the fragments of the bones of an arm, the inference that there had once been a full and complete organization, of which the fragments before you were a part, would be logical and correct. The train of reasoning by which your mind would instantaneously deduce that conclusion, if analyzed, would be as follows: The whole is equal to the sum of all its parts. In all the works of nature all the parts are *adapted* to each other. The whole can not exist without the existence of all its parts. A single part can not exist without the existence of all the other parts to which it is *adapted*. Here is a part before me—it is an arm; an arm is *adapted* to a human body; it is a part of such a body; therefore such a body must have existed. The nature of each part is *adapted* to the nature of the whole. This part is physical and material; therefore the whole must have been physical and material. And the final conclusion to which you arrive is, that the arm must have been a part of a human body, physical and material in its nature. It is thus that the naturalist is enabled, from the fragment of the skeleton of an extinct antediluvial race of animals, to reconstruct the whole, and draw the portrait of a creature which existed before the flood, and whose kind ceased to be thousands of years before the creation of man.

Of the logical accuracy of this method of reasoning, and the absolute verity of the conclusions it draws out, there can not be the slightest doubt.

Let us, then, apply this method of reasoning to the subject under consideration.

The clairvoyant mind *sees* without the aid of light, or the assistance of the external or physical eye.

The soul does not leave the body to place itself in direct contact with the object seen; therefore the mind must have some medium of sight. This medium of perception is neither light nor the optic nerve. What, then, is it? It is not the odic force simply, for there must be some means *whereby the character of the impression conveyed by the odic force is determined and individualized*—some agency whereby the impression of sight is made distinguishable from that of hearing, or the impression made by an abstract idea. It is the peculiar function of an organ to individualize and characterize the nature of an impression received. A simple object—for instance, a tree—makes upon the physical body a multitude of impressions, and it is the various organs of the body which individualize these impressions. The impression which the size, form, and color of the tree makes is individualized and characterized by the organs of sight. The impressions which its hardness and impenetrability make are individualized and characterized by the sense of touch. If it were not for this, the mind would receive a mass of confused and jumbled-up impressions, without possessing any means to analyze, arrange, or distinguish between them. As a prism separates and individualizes the various colors which compose a ray of sunlight, so the senses separate and individualize the combined impressions which an object makes upon the physical organism, and presents them in an orderly and defined spectrum to the mind. If the reader has followed attentively and closely our train of reflection, he will be prepared for the conclusion to which we have arrived, to wit: If the mind *sees* without the aid of light or the assistance of the optic nerve, it must have *some other medium* by which the simple impression of sight can be individualized and presented separate and distinct from all other impressions; or, in other words, that there must be a spiritual *organ* of sight, distinct and separate from the physical *organ* of sight. The remainder of our task is now simple and easy; for if there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a spiritual organ for the individualization of all the other impressions. In nature each part is adapted to all the other parts, and the existence of one part presupposes the existence of all the other parts. If there is a spiritual organ of sight, there must also be a complete spiritual organization or body interfused with and permeating the physical body.

Here we will be obliged to take leave of the subject for the present.

The first two propositions upon which Spiritualism rests have been considered, which are : 1st. The existence of the soul, separate and distinct from the body. 2d. The existence of a spiritual body, interfused with and permeating the physical body.

In a future article we will consider the last two propositions upon which we rely : 1st. The immortality of the soul. 2d. The power of the soul to communicate after its return from the form—both of which propositions will be examined in connection with Clairvoyance and Magnetism.

DETROIT, Feb. 6, 1855.



EXTRACT FROM THE LECTURE AT PHILADELPHIA.

For eighteen hundred years the prayer has gone up from the Christian world, "Thy kingdom come !" It is coming. Its advent is now in our midst. Springing now, as in days of yore, from the humble, the lowly, the despised of earth, its voice is now ringing in our ears the knell of waning ignorance and persecution, and echo returns from the far-distant realms of the blest, the voice of the charmer speaking peace to the heart.

Listen, my friends, it is the voice of the departed, of the loved ones who have gone before, speaking to us from the grave : "Dear ones, scorn to be slaves. Strike from your mental limbs the shackles of bigotry and superstition, and stand erect in the presence of your God redeemed by his freedom, that when the last pulse has beat, when the last throb has ceased, when has past the struggle of expiring mortality, your spirit, instead of wandering darkling around this impure sphere, may soar aloft in illimitable space, free to choose its abiding place where the glory of the Godhead is most manifest.



THE person who lies, in order to conceal a weak or wicked action, is no more sure of effecting the purpose, than the slattern who ties a clean apron over a dirty petticoat is of concealing her untidiness—the slightest gust of wind may blow aside the apron, and the slightest cross-examination may detect the lie.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

IN newspapers conducted by persons who have not learned the fact that departed spirits can and do communicate with mortals, we frequently see offers of rewards to any one who will do the things alleged by Spiritualists to be often done at their circles. The rewards vary from a hundred to five hundred dollars, and to those who know nothing of the matter, seem *bona fide* offers. The public wonder that the challenges are not accepted and the money won, if there be any truth in the stories told ; but as no account is heard of the money being paid over, the great mass of unbelievers assume that the thousands of spiritual miracles recorded are either deceptions or mere fabrications. Doubtless there have been deceptions where credulous persons have been imposed upon, and doubtless there have been great exaggerations in some instances respecting the miracles wrought by spirit-agency ; but no man of common intelligence can read the evidence in the case and doubt that a vast number of wonderful Spiritual Manifestations have been made. The difficulty is, men who disbelieve will not read the accounts, listen to the narration, or be witnesses of the facts. They ridicule the subject (as infidels ridicule the worship of God), and will not put themselves in any possible position to be convinced.

About a year ago one of the notorious lecturers against Spiritualism, after showing off *raps*, and by confederacy proving their correctness, offered five hundred dollars to any one who would cause to be produced the alleged spiritual *raps* upon a table which he should produce upon the stage. At his next lecture, parties appeared and publicly announced to the assembly their readiness to cause spiritual raps to be produced upon any table produced. The result was that they were grossly insulted for their pains, as any body might have foreseen they would be. Many similar offers have been made in the newspapers with equal sincerity, by which an equally cheap triumph has been achieved.

But there are people truly sincere in their search for truth, and who take a similar mode to find it. They advertise a reward to any one who will come to their office and move their table by spiritual means, or who will bring intelligence from distant places. To *such* persons our words

are addressed, and we will endeavor to explain the difficulties under which Spiritualists labor in their attempts to procure information of the kind alluded to.

Suppose it is desired to ascertain what is doing before Sebastopol, and that a thousand dollars can be earned by any one who will tell it. For this purpose, the seeker after this information will probably go to a rapping medium. If he goes to a public one, where there are many visitors, there will be, as it is well ascertained, a vast number of spirits present, amid whom it will be very difficult for any particular spirit to give a communication upon any subject whatever, yet not so difficult but that veritable communications are every day made by which the most obstinate skeptics are convinced. Yet, knowing these difficulties, the seeker will not trust to a public session, but rather go to a medium in private. Here, then, will be a better opportunity. But as mediums know their value, it will cost *five dollars* to have the time for an evening of the person in whose presence and through whose magnetic influence the *raps* can be produced. But as there is nothing so uncertain as a circle, he may not at once succeed. There may be no spirit present who knows the matter sought after; or if there be, there may be present other spirits who will prevent the communication; this almost any evil-disposed spirit can do. As raps are produced by taking detonations of magnetism from a table or some other thing which has been positively charged by the efflux of the nervous fluid from the medium, any spirit in a negative condition can produce an equilibrium by touching it, so that no raps could be obtained. Thus, on many occasions, the best mediums fail to get communications from spirits.

If the communication be made, and there be no identification of the spirit making it, the seeker will not trust it, and thus it will be of no use for publication. To identify the spirit is difficult, except by those who have had large experience. Any mischievous spirit, reading his mind, could cajole him and make him ridiculous by a false communication.

With a *tipping* medium there would be still less chance of a reliable answer to the queries. In not one case in a hundred would the spirit, ordinarily attendant on the medium, have any personal knowledge of the matter in question. The spirit could identify himself and tell any matters of his own knowledge, but would be unlikely to give any account of the siege of Sebastopol.

With a *speaking* medium there would be no difficulty, ordinarily, of *identifying* the spirit (because the medium can recognize those who are in the habit of influencing him), but there is a greater difficulty in the

way. It requires a very deep trance to make the statements reliable, and when made, if they relate to matters respecting places, dates, names, and minute circumstances, there will always be a doubt, at least with the medium, how far his own mind may have got mixed up with them. Few are willing, under such circumstances, to trust the communication far enough to publish it.

With a *seeing* medium, if he be very impressible, a view of the events to be described can be obtained in a psychological vision. The medium must then describe what he sees, and put his interpretation upon it. It may be a true vision given by a true spirit, or it may not. To ascertain this it will be necessary to know what spirit gives the vision, and if this fact be satisfactorily ascertained, the description of the vision correctly made by the medium, and no important matters omitted or misunderstood, then the communication will be reliable, and if the seeker be sufficiently *courageous*, he will publish the statement. But in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the communication even then would not be given to the public with the name of the seeker; but if so published, and if at the end of thirty or forty days the statement should have been proved true, what then? Then the *Spiritualist papers* will publish the fact, amid hundreds of other equally important facts, *but the secular press will be silent as the grave on the subject*. For all the purposes of convincing the public, the seeker might as well have published a false statement as a true one.

Many years ago, when the United States Government was at war with Mexico, the question of animal magnetism was agitated in newspapers. Almost every editor had something to say about it, and it was a frequent remark, that if clairvoyance was not a humbug, some of the magnetic subjects (as mediums were then called) would be able to tell what our army was doing in Mexico; and so they did in many cases. In Newark the whole attack upon and capture of the city of Mexico, was described at the time it took place, and the account published. It was, if my memory serves me, in the *Newark Daily Advertiser*. The statement was extensively copied into other papers, and many an editor said, "If this prove true we will believe in clairvoyance." The statement was in due time confirmed in every particular, but did it convince the skeptics? Not at all. It was then called a clever guess. However, very few newspapers ever alluded to the statement after it was proved true; though, had their conductors been sincere inquirers after truth, they would have given the clairvoyant statement its due weight.

It will now very naturally be asked, how we can rely upon communications? We answer, that every diligent seeker after truth will not fail to find it if he shall persevere in the search. Individual statements may be mixed with error, either from the mind of the medium or from a false spirit, but in the multitude of communications there will be safety. He will soon learn to sift the chaff from the wheat, and all that is desirable to know of the worlds inhabited by spirits, of their conditions and pursuits, or of our duty in this life, will be obtained. Even the seeker after *facts* or matters of special information will obtain satisfaction *if he will persevere*. He will not be likely to get the statements on a wager, nor publish them to get a hundred dollars.

There are some among us, possessed of more than ordinary moral courage, who will sometimes take the bold risk of publishing spiritual communications, where the slightest deviation from the literal fact will insure ridicule against them, and where, if every thing were exactly true, they would gain nothing. But as generally there is much to lose and little to gain in making such public statements, there are few willing to incur the risk.

It should be remembered that spirits do not always feel willing to trouble themselves to obtain facts with which to satisfy the doubts of skeptics. We can not tell why, for it seems that it must be useful to do so; and yet, as it was said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be convinced though one rose from the dead." Spirits often express a doubt of the good result of their attempting to give facts, asserting that those who could be Spiritualists will believe better from *internal evidence* than from any thing else. So we think. Our experience proves that to our satisfaction. We have seen skeptics at circles where many great spiritual miracles were performed, and seen them apparently convinced, and even express themselves so; but the effect is very often only temporary. In a short time this conviction, made against the will, will fade away, and the deeper and stronger feeling of doubt and hostility in their minds will return in full force, and they will be as much skeptics as ever. The *Spiritualist* feeling is a *religion*, and in some minds there is not and can not be a religious feeling. *All is of the earth earthy.*

There are people who will not consider our argument conclusive, for it is difficult to explain, to one unaccustomed to spiritual communications, the difficulties that are encountered in getting them, or to explain how, nevertheless, they can be obtained and depended on as true. If those who so boastfully offer rewards for information of events, while

transpiring at a distance, would themselves enter into the investigation, they would soon learn that the thing is possible—nay, of frequent occurrence—but they would not therefore attempt to set up a telegraph, where messages and information generally would be conveyed by spirits. They would see that reliable spirits—such as on earth would from their position, education, and principles have been considered good witnesses of any important fact—are not ambitious of being sent on errands to satisfy an idle curiosity in the mind of a skeptic, who, if satisfied, would merely require to be satisfied again.



WITHOUT command of temper, no one can be sure of always speaking the truth ; for many persons of both sexes utter, while under the dominion of passion, what they are glad to disown and explain away when their passion is over.

If happiness be the goal in view, virtue and talent may be called two Arabian coursers, which, however fleet and powerful, would never reach the desired and destined point, unless managed and guided by the hand of temper.

There exists not any man or woman of an affectionate and generous nature who would not much rather blame themselves than blame the object of their esteem and tenderness ; and no feeling is more difficult to be borne than the conscious degradation of the being one has fondly adored.

A child of four years old knows right from wrong as well as a person of forty ; and the boy who lies at four years old will lie when he is grown up ; and it is to prevent this that he ought to be reasoned or punished out of this fault when a child.

Those accustomed in childhood to curb and deny their little appetites and passions, will be best able to struggle with and surmount the passions and appetites of their riper years.

Love casts its own hue over all that it beholds. As a Claude Lorraine gloss sheds one equal and beautifying tint over every landscape and every cloud, giving warmth to coldness and clothing barren scenes in beauty, so love gives a charm even to unamiable qualities in the eyes of an ardent lover.

THE CLAIMS OF SPIRITUALISM VINDICATED.

MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

THE objection is urged against Spiritualism that it is fanatical, that things contrary to reason and common sense are given as coming from the spirit-land. We grant that it is so, but what then? Shall we, because truth is enshrouded in error, sit down supinely and cast both aside? Is this a wise conclusion, worthy of that intellect God has given man? does it satisfy the soul? can that remain passively content when the whole panorama of nature is moving on in silent magnificence, ever developing new beauties, and new homage unto its Author giving?

Does the forest oak stop its towering because by its side a sapling bends and breaks beneath its foliage? The forest monarch presses on; the natural laws by which it is governed are not impeded by a will of its own, and it bears its mission proudly to the skies though the whirlwind rushes on beneath.

So should man, with the power of intellect bestowed upon him, stand forth in its strength, and guided by its instinctive aspirations, study and compare the universe around and within him, nor longer judge by another's will the properties of his own. Free and independent, made in the image of his God, his works he should understand, that his laws may be obeyed. Acting thus, how long would he remain the bond-slave of public opinion? Take the investigation of any subject that attracts his peculiar organization, would he give it up because conflicting views were advanced by other minds? on the one hand believing too much, on the other condemning all?

Would not a proper appreciation of his manhood teach him to pass them by, and humbly seek strength to pursue a middle path, through which he might arrive at truth?

This is all we ask for Spiritualism—a fair and candid inquiry, based upon facts appealing to the reason and judgment. If it is a monster of error and superstition, striding the land like a colossus, it certainly can not gainsay the power of God. Let it then be met in his name and strength, and be subdued. That Christian has little faith in his creed or

its Author who would shrink from the attack. The martyrs of olden time would rise up in judgment against him, even in this advanced state of religious refinement and progress.

But if, perchance, it is a still, small voice of God speaking to the soul in accents of love and affection, filling it with hope, educating it to truth and duty, where is the accountable, reasoning being, bearing, within his own casket a trembling, doubting soul, who would dare to close up its avenues and condemn it still to flutter in its prison-house of clay when it might soar and rejoice?

Or by what authority does he shut out these messengers, if God in his wisdom and mercy has sent them, knocking at the portals of his own imprisoned spirit within, summoning it to him?

We ask not belief till reason and judgment are convinced; but how can these be reached if man proudly turns to us a deaf ear and closes his understanding to us? Would the most beautiful picture excite admiration if the eye was closed and the blinded sight read only its own vision? The heart must be open for us to enter in, and be willing to hear our testimony before it decides. We act by natural laws; these are acknowledged in their operations as far as they are made plain to the material sense. Man knows he has a spirit. If reasonable, he must admit it has its laws as potent and real as the natural system. His not understanding them does not destroy their vitality, they act on the same. But if he could understand and obey them, then would he indeed realize that he was made in the image of God. These two laws, the natural and the spiritual, are destined to work in harmony in the perfection of God's wisdom. It is through their adaptation to each other that spirits come and commune with mortals. Were the two existences separate and apart, were we disjointed members of the human family, then would we be in our heavenly home, and man still groveling on with the flickering light that only makes the darkness more visible to him. We are spiritual, governed by spiritual laws; but we can combine the two, and, when acting with the will of man, can draw near by the natural laws and elevate your spirit-nature, and we in turn receive instruction through you.

We bring the little spirit-child in its innocence and purity and place it in the circle of home and natural influences that its natural nature may be developed, for only can it be taught the experience of earth by coming to earth. That that experience is necessary for the formation of the perfect character, no thinking mind will doubt. God never would have made the earth in its beauty and wisdom and given it to man for a home

had it not an important mission in the completion of his designs. Thus we see it is not alone the dispensation of death that softens the heart and spreads a sanctifying influence around, but of life and death combined. The unseen messengers, with their cherub charge, must breathe around their own purity ere it can inhale the atmosphere of earth again. Truly the ways of Providence are wonderful in leading man to himself.

This will give an idea of the intimate connection between mind and matter, how closely they commingle and influence each other; that the natural and the spiritual life is the same under different laws, that there is no antagonism between them, and that they are to flow one into the other, as naturally as the little brook leaps into the mountain wave. When developed in their harmony they shall each point to the dial-plate of eternity as well as time.

A new and beautiful subject of thought is opened to the contemplative mind, rich in fruit and flowers; but weeds are intermingled, and noxious herbs with their vapor defile the air. It is only by a wise discrimination it can cull the good and eradicate the evil. The soul has an instinctive power to discern and decide between them. The moral nature is no less susceptible of improvement than the natural is of cultivation. The rich tract of land, teeming with luxuriant fruit and foliage, is not fenced in and passed by as useless because the thorns and briars rise up also. The more fertile the soil the more prolific the weeds, and the stronger the inducements offered for a judicious training of its various resources.

Patiently and carefully the ground is to be tilled, fostering each feeble plant of good, rooting out the evil, time be given for the maturity of nature's laws, and then will come the harvest of glory and beauty.

Could we as wisely regulate the culture of the soul, how much of harmony and beauty could we produce! Would we could imitate the husbandman in entering the field of our own spiritual nature, we, like him, might arrive toward perfection and happiness. If the natural redemption must be gradual and wisely directed, inasmuch as the spiritual is higher than the natural, it demands still more attention, and the day of time is given as an introduction into eternity.

How shall each soul be ushered into the company of the past denizens of earth? The little seed now received and protected will then have become its ripened foliage. It can come breathing the perfume of its own flowers; giving and receiving pleasure, or clad in the somber hues of repentance and sorrow, it must now learn the lesson of earth, ere it proceed on in the scale of progression.

Does the soul shrink from the responsibility involved in its very nature and construction, and disclosed by its own spirituality? Let it take courage; the living light of that eternity is pouring upon it direct streams of its own energy and vigor, warming it to life. No law of nature, spiritual or moral, will be required of man without its attendant aids to assist and teach its fulfillment.

Spiritual intelligence will exert a powerful influence in this regenerating process, and the more freely they are allowed to act on the will of man, the more efficient will be their labors. Condemn them not if, when acting on the varied soil of humanity, they are sometimes misled from their right direction, and produce confusion instead of peace. They are a combination of the natural and the spiritual laws, not yet understood. Where the material mind is most powerful, it will overcome the spiritual and realize its own sphere; but if high and holy in its aspirations, it will attract a divinity to lead it on.

This is but the beginning. Novelty, curiosity, and superstition are attracted, and they attract in turn; they will sway the mind till higher and holier motives can be aroused. It is now but the small seed cast into the ground, and you would not expect the perfect sheaf of wheat in the eventide if the morning gave its seed.

Spiritualism meets human nature as it is. It will be received, not as its own intrinsic merits deserve, but as each individual heart can appreciate it; and to be demonstrated it must be understood and practiced. The surface of the wave does not reflect the sparkling diamond; it must be sought and polished to show its value.

The very laws by which it acts will not admit of any miraculous display of its power. It must fall into the heart as gently, and develop as gradually, as the grain of corn produces the ripened ear.

Its small channels have long borne their messengers; at last they have united like the mountain rills to form a mighty current, whose stormy waters shall overcome all opposing elements and make a pathway of holiness and righteousness unto the Lord, where man may walk and fear not, for the Lord God of the nations shall shed his own spirit upon him to guide him onward.

Its flowing tide shall pass in solemn grandeur and power over the creeds and sectarianisms of time; they have long enough stood as the entrance gates to the city of Holiness, and too long have they closed her portals to the weary heart.

Give but the soul liberty to soar, and its native air will bear it on to God. It needs not the staff of theology or the religion of expediency.

These only fetter its wings and bind it to the earth. Let the holy ministrations of nature speak with its spirit-tongue, and it will utter praise the weak heart of man might blush to hear. Every brook is warbling its song, every glade its silent homage offering, every dell its tone of joy, each mountain breath of air its inspiration pure and deep, each morning its awakening of gladness, and each evening its starry canopy of glistening angels twinkling in his light and love.

When man with us shall read these glorious scenes as emblems of our Father's love, and trace their wondrous order as they glide, he will adore, nor calmly pass them by as nature's laws to frame a world for him to tread upon, and sometimes in his wisdom to condemn.

The soul as now conditioned in mortality is shorn of its glory, and its proportions lost. Placed in the scales eternal justice ever holds, the natural and spiritual, how seldom would they equalize! The spiritual to soar must leave the mortal, and the body dies the soul to free; or, if the body strong and active lives, the soul too often slumbers in its ashes, nor flames to Heaven.

Eternal truths must come to restore the harmony of each, that both with twin-born energy restore the soul and make it fit for Heaven.

WEST ROXBURY, Feb. 18, 1855.



HINTS TO INVESTIGATORS.

God endowed man with reason, and never intended he should dispense with its exercise. Were spirits gifted to see clearly the whole present, past, and future, they would, in this respect, be equal to God himself; and were mediums able to give invariably correct communications, their word would be absolute, and their power over humanity most enslaving. Wisely, then, are stumbling-blocks left standing in the path of the investigator—to him they teach discretion, and to the medium humility.

Look not, then, *at* but *beyond* the medium. Be patient, persevering, and watchful, and try and catch *understandingly* the beautiful harmony which bright and elevated, though *not perfect*, spirits are striving to convey to your *untuned* ears through *imperfect* instruments. Can you perfect yourself in chemistry by a single lesson? And can you be prepared to pronounce upon the profound philosophy which Spiritualism presents at a single sitting?

GLIMPSE OF A HIGHER LIFE.

NEW YORK, Jan. 10, 1855.

The following sketch of personal experience was given through Mrs. Sweet this evening by the spirit of VOLTAIRE.

At last the great struggle is over—the spirit has parted from the body. They have been companions so long that the separation was hard to be effected; but they have parted, never more to be united. The worms will have a rare banquet upon that which once was the pride and glory of my manhood; and the green grass will wave, and the winds will sing a requiem over the spot where my humanity has gone to mingle with its native elements! What care I now for that which was once so tenderly loved and daintily handled! It served the purpose for which it was given; it received the spirit; it grew up and unfolded in its proportions, until it assumed the stature and recognized appearance of manhood, and, like the short-lived flower, when the meridian of its strength and beauty had departed, it gradually withered, and drooped, and finally sought its mother's bosom, and there is lost for awhile, until nature again requires its elements in the formation of other matter. And now that I have made this great change, it all seems natural; it takes place without any effort on my part. But I have left behind a world whose laws I was acquainted with, whose aspects were all familiar, inasmuch as I was brought in contact with many of them. But this new life, this evolving of the spirit into what seems another spirit, is awakening within me strange and undefined feelings, not of uncertainty, but of the knowledge of my own ignorance, so far as regards the laws which govern the invisible but tangible world.

Strange metamorphosis! I find that here I need a body as well as yonder; but it is more refined; it obeys my will; it is still a willing machine. While below, I knew how to direct its motions, where to command it to carry me; but now I am at fault; for behold I am clothed indeed with a new body, and its proportions are all natural and pleasant to my spirit's affections. It is as a nicely fitting garment, adapted to the stature which my spirit recognizes as belonging to its likeness. And now where shall I turn, whom shall I address, and what shall I seek?

The future, thus far, has been an unexpected, practical tangibility. But my vision is limited. I have a hundred impulses to go hither and thither to seek information in every direction, but no definite plan has yet formed itself in my bewildered mind; for I confess to you, my friends, that I was not a believer (in my earth-life) in the individualized existence, or the practical hereafter, or the spiritual development of the human soul as a revolving and isolated germ, among thousands of others, all tending to and circling around one Great Center, but each totally unlike all who surround it. But I stood thus far alone, quite alone; my consciousness of individuality was as clear and distinct as ever my earth-life had realized in its most exalted moments of communion with the invisible and mysterious voices of the past. I was not lost in chaos, nor swallowed up in the whirlpool of changing matter; my intellects were intensely alive to my uncertain position, for I knew that with my existing wants there must be means to satisfy them in this place as well as there had been in the land from whence I came. And gradually the mists cleared away, and my vision became stronger. A great feeling of reverence for a Great First Cause had always existed in my heart, and now it became stronger, for I seemed to approach nearer the mighty confines of that great unknown mystery which had by its very vastness shrouded my soul as with a mantle, which shut out all light, all knowledge. Feelings of great power, and a presence of I knew not what, shook my soul to its very foundations. The portals of the invisible world were opening before me, and I feared to cross their sacred threshold. I began to see forms; human forms they seemed, but they were clad in a lightness which caused them to float in air, or glide rather than tread upon any seen substance. As the rays of the sun dispel the darkness of night and lights up into glad brightness the slumbering world, and bids the darkness recede before his glancing rays, so opened upon my vision, gradually, but oh, how grandly, the sublime beauties, the wondrous majesty, the unlimited extent of the spirit-world! And this, which seemed to my faint sight so stupendous in its grand dimensions, was only a small portion which my contracted vision was able to take in. Shall I ever be able to describe the thoughts which flitted through my mind? Wonder, astonishment, and awe took possession of my soul; my own insignificance crushed me down to earth; but the sweet power of love came over my spirit and sustained it through the trial. I smote my breast. I called myself a groveling earth-worm, a crawling reptile, unfit to behold a tithe of the glories revealed to my vision. I struggled, I staggered for some strong arm to lean upon, for as yet none had come near me, but the whole

glorious scene had been as if the curtain of Elysium had been withdrawn that my astonished eyes might gaze, that my unbelieving spirit might feel, and see, and then sink back into its own insignificance. And what sustained me in that hour? Was it hope? Oh, no; for mine was lost in the ocean, which I supposed engulfed the millions who were constantly tending into the sea of eternity. Therefore it was not hope which sustained me, but it was an invisible power, a wisdom which I in my blindness had not yet seen. Unaided, my spirit must have lost its consciousness again, and sunk into the slumber which it had just awakened from. But what I beheld was no bright, fleeting vision, but real, blissfully, beautifully real! Oh, who shall describe it!

Vast and grand are all things pertaining to this fair country. My vision can not compass its unlimited boundaries; my eye can not scale its lofty mountains, neither can my weak calculations follow the length and breadth of its broad and flowing rivers, rippling and sparkling in the sunlight of its rose-tinted sky, whose clouds drop down blessings as pearls, kissing the hearts of its rejoicing inhabitants. The fragrance of its flowers enrapture the senses, for delicious odors cause the soul to dream of what it hath not yet seen. But strange voices are whispering in the air, and the glancing light of their floating forms sends thrills of joy, and expectant gazing for angelic faces. What order, what deep harmony pervades and intensifies every soul as to a measure of well-timed music! I hear the voice of song, the sound of merriment; children's voices mingle with the sounds. Surely, as they approach nearer, they will not pass me by, they will not leave me to sink beneath the overwhelming sense of all this marvelous beauty and unspeakable grandeur.

I but stand at the threshold of the city; I can not yet enter its holy precincts. I see them approaching; they are a company of men and women, and many are with them whom once I knew, and marvelously have they changed; but still each soul has retained the character of mind which nature first imprinted upon its tablet called the human countenance. I see it has been transferred from the mortal clay to the spirit-likeness. I see thoughtful and earnest faces; but they look as if a deep and holy quiet had overshadowed their spirits, and they were reposing from their labors in a life of congenial activity, which is to them rest eternal. The glad smile and the merry laugh; the voice of affection; the eye lighted by the spirit-love, are all here displayed as they pass away from before the place in which I stand. They divide, and each one takes a different direction. I see that all have different occupations

suited to the developing state of their higher faculties at the present time, their labors changing as they progress step by step in the harmonies of their higher unfolding, each element as it is unfolded becoming an essence, and concentrating within their being as they rise higher in the circling dome of opening light. I perceive that they are, by the nature of their occupations, assisting one another; fitting some to be the messengers of knowledge—the teachers of wisdom and of practical usefulness to those who are below them. Every task, every exertion embraces within its scope the happiness or instruction of another. I see no selfishness here displayed, but each laboring at the occupation most fitted to their capacity, and necessary to complete, in all its varied lights and shades of coloring and utility, the order and harmony of the progressive joy of the spirit-life. I gaze on. I can not cease; I long to join them! Why had my soul ever refused to see the wisdom of God in its natural and deeply mysterious forms of truth and knowledge before? My soul bows down in deep humility before the majesty of his power, as I see how Godlike in its attributes he has created the germ which emanated from so glorious a center, so fruitful, so wise a source. For of the countless intelligences which have been evolved as sparks of light from the mighty, beating, pulsing Heart which gave them being, no two are alike, nor shall be in all the circling cycles of eternity.

As I stand and look upward, countless myriads of worlds are revolving around their orbits in the illimitable regions of space. I see far up until they look no larger than small, bright grains of golden sand touched by the sunlight glancing across their darkness. Ah! they tell me that these are worlds yet to be inhabited by those gross, crude spirits who are struggling in the changing ocean, which bears them farther onward into the oblivion of earth, but not of eternity. Who can measure the wisdom of the Creator? the mighty thoughts of the Deity who can fathom? He calls worlds into existence, and He creates far down in the first intelligent forms germs of immortal life who have sprung from himself; and as rivers tend to the ocean, and as the sun's rays draw its waters upward, so shall the countless millions ever glide onward and onward, continually growing more in the likeness of Him who formed them; yet never reaching, never equaling, but always aspiring up to, and perfecting and expanding in, their attributes, so that they may give eternal glory to the great, loving, overflowing Heart from whence they spring.

Sons of humanity, to me, earth-worm as I am, it is revealed that ye little know of the mystery of your eternal destiny; for that which now

seems as an unmeaning clod of the valley, only possessing a faint spark of intelligence, shall in the changing cycles of time become purified and ennobled in the upspringing faculties which lie deeply hidden, until it revolves in the orbit of celestial beings who exist in the atmosphere created by their own purity. Oh, little, little does man know, in the most giant-like grasp which his outstretched arm hath besought of Heaven. I would that man should ask for truth, eternal truth, coeval with the Father; the first cause, the only framer of truth himself. I would that the flood-gates of the eternal ocean of knowledge were flung open, that man might drink deep draughts until his soul was strong and great, that he might set his foot upon the earth and say, Thou art my servant, thou art the ladder, the footstool by which, with my right arm, I may ascend to heaven. For earth is but a small school-room wherein man takes the first lessons of his intelligent and intuitional being, and it will indeed seem very small to thee, man, when thine eyes have been opened with the strong touch which will empower thee to gaze upon one leaf only of the unfolding glories of the opening spheres.

Mine eyes have been blessed; my spirit has been humbled; I am content to stand without and listen to the invisible presence whose voice is forever speaking in my ear words of mighty import and ever-changing thought.

I linger, I dare not enter, because I am feeble; its splendor and its light, and its holy atmosphere of purity, overcome my dim and fading senses, as I contemplate its beauties without.

But I have found sympathy and love; congenial voices whisper to my heart, and soft hands press mine and urge me onward; and when I have become strong in my hope and faith, and when my power as a spirit is as great as the gratitude which fills my soul to my heavenly Father, who has vouchsafed me so much of his love, I will enter! Oh, I will enter the abode of the blessed; its atmosphere, filled with the perfumes of life and healing, now fans my brow; I gaze from afar on its beauties, and my soul drinks deep inspiration in the contemplation of its mysteries.

Roll on, ye circling worlds, around your center, and in your orbits grow brighter and fairer to my enraptured eyes; sparkle in the firmament as gems which deck the brow of majesty and light, and let your radiance come down as a stream of ambient light, and draw my wishful, earnest soul to penetrate your glories, for I know I shall visit you; I know that I shall be there; the Father's promises are for aye and for evermore; and I doubt not the vastness of his love, when he hath revealed so much of his glories to such a worm of earth as I.

Beloved of earth, I wait, I work, I pray. If my voice would reach your hearts, oh, mount up with me, press upon the ascending ladder in throngs, eager, glad, and hopeful; for the children of earth have never conceived of the mighty love of the Father; but hereafter they will glorify him, when their brows are crowned with the flowers from the garden of Paradise, and their lives are one continued song of joy for evermore.

EXTRACT FROM THE LECTURE AT ST. LOUIS.

ON then, dear friends, in your work. Fear not what man can do. Is it not the cause of God, and shall we fear to embrace it? Acknowledge no submission to popular clamor. Pay no obedience to the conventionalisms of society which would trammel your freedom of thought. Yield not to the craven fear that would hesitate at the reception of eternal truth, lest fools may sneer. Own no fealty to the fell spirit of sectarianism which, born in selfishness and ending in intolerance, would bind the immortal mind in dumb obedience to the behests of its baser fellow; but finding in yourselves a divine attribute of your great Creator, your reason, next to him acknowledge its supremacy alone. In its tribunal willingly appear. To its decision cheerfully submit. Its commands try to obey, but surrender not your freedom of thought to aught beneath the divine source from which you derive it. Then indeed will you recognize in the work now going on among men the work of an Almighty hand, and to you the evidence of its divine origin will be so plain that it will be impiety to doubt it.

ALL trials of temper are salutary, and as this world is a state of probation, and the little daily trials of life are perhaps more difficult to be borne than great and unusual ones, I can not allow myself to think any dispensation otherwise than a kind one which calls into use those serviceable and Christian virtues, patience and forbearance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LEXINGTON, GEO., *Nov. 7th*, 1854

HON. N. P. TALLMADGE.

DEAR SIR—My mind is a good deal perplexed on account of a pretended spiritual communication made at a meeting of our circle some time ago, and believing that you will take pleasure in removing the doubts that may harass the mind of any honest searcher after the truth, if you can do so, I take the liberty of addressing you, hoping that you may be able to give me an explanation of the circumstance.

About two months ago, what purported to be the spirit of a friend who had often communed with us previously, said, "C. J. is here." C. J. is an old friend of mine, who I believed to be then living in Pennsylvania. In reply to the question, "When did he die?" J. H. L. said, "On the 4th of August." After some further communication with J. H. L. he left, and soon a spirit came that gave its name as C. J., and spelt out a communication to me upon a business matter which, I am certain, no one save myself and wife knew any thing about. The next day I wrote to C. J., without mentioning the circumstance. At a subsequent meeting of the circle the spirit of C. J. came again, and in answer to mental requests by myself, spelt the name of his nephew, and also the German of "How do you do?" From the tests put to the spirit, and from all the circumstances attending the communication, we had as good evidence to believe that it was the spirit of C. J. as we have to believe that any of the spirits who have conversed with us are those whom they purport to be. Six weeks passed on, and I still received no answer to my letter; I began, therefore, to think that C. J. was really dead; but a day or two ago I received a letter from him; he is still in this world. This, my dear sir, is the matter that has puzzled me. Will you please favor me with your opinion concerning it.

Very truly yours,

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, *February 3*, 1855.

DEAR SIR—My friend Governor Tallmadge some time since called my attention to a letter from you, and I promised him that I would

answer it for him. I have, however, been prevented from doing so by my numerous engagements, very much to the annoyance of the Governor, who felt that through my remissness he was made to appear uncivil to you.

I have been now for several months aware of such manifestations as those you refer to, and have been carefully studying them, and we thought that therefore I could better answer your inquiries, and that you would pardon a little delay under the circumstances.

The first manifestation of the kind which I witnessed was last August. There came to me through a medium (who was one of the best and most reliable I have ever seen) the spirit of a man whom I had known intimately some twenty or twenty-five years ago, when I lived in the country. He conversed with me through the medium for at least an hour. He was a peculiar man, and had a character very strongly marked, so that there was no mistaking him. I supposed, of course, that he was dead; and judge of my surprise when, two months afterward, I found that he was still living! In the mean time, however, I had heard of other kindred instances, and having early learned the folly of condemning any thing on this subject because I did not understand it, I began to inquire what it meant.

My attention being turned that way, I began to receive more manifestations of that nature, and through my daughter, who is a medium, I frequently conversed with the spirits of friends living in Boston; and at a circle in Boston, through its medium, my daughter, while with me here, has often communed with them, conveying to them, over two hundred miles distant, not only *her own* thoughts at the moment, but *mine* also, even when I did not utter them aloud to her. This has occurred frequently, until now at a particular hour agreed upon between us and the friends in Boston, we have a regular weekly communion with each other through this instrumentality. We are keeping careful records of it all, that we may by-and-by understand what now seems to be a very singular feature of these manifestations.

I have myself several times seen the spirits of persons whom I know to be still living on the earth, and that so distinctly that there was no mistaking them. The same thing has occurred to my daughter and other mediums, so that it would seem to be a reality, and one worthy of our examination.

But how account for it? is the next and most natural question. But it is one not easy to answer. I can not tell what makes a blade of grass grow; but I can know that it does grow, and I can learn what use to

make of it after it has grown. I am inclined to believe, however, that we shall not always be thus limited in our knowledge of this phenomenon, but that in time it will be made intelligible to us. At present I do not suppose we can understand, and I for one am unwilling to build any theory about it. I prefer waiting until we get facts enough to reason safely upon. I do not believe in building a theory and then try to make the facts square with it. That has been tried altogether too often already in our spiritual philosophy, and the result has been almost inevitably sometimes to reject some facts as well authenticated as any, and often to find the theory finally overthrown by the accumulation of new facts. How many facts in astronomy were rejected in order to keep up the theory that our earth was the center of our universe! And how simple, finally, is the theory which *all* the facts—none being rejected—have built up and demonstrated to our understanding!

We are as yet in the infancy of this new science, philosophy, or religion—call it which you will—and it is not wise for us to assume that we yet know enough of its phenomena to be able to explain it.

Franklin discovered certain properties of electricity, and put his discoveries to a practical use, but the theory on which he attempted to explain them was absurd enough. In time, probably, with that as with our planetary system, facts enough may be given to enable us to understand the law which generates the facts.

So, too, it may be with Spiritualism in its various phases. But, in mean time, it is not true philosophy to reject from our consideration well-authenticated facts, however they may differ from what we are accustomed to, nor to attempt a solution until we have sufficient data on which to erect it, so that it may be satisfactory to the keenest reason and the most deliberate judgment.

I find, however, this difficulty frequently with myself: when a new fact comes—one to which I have not been accustomed—I at once, and as it were instinctively, measure it by the standard of my own knowledge, and if I do not happen to have knowledge enough to explain it, I am tempted to reject the fact as the result of error or delusion. I have done this so often that I am admonished by experience to beware of such an error, and to wait with patience until I can learn a little more.

In this way I have learned to deal with this whole subject. I have learned how little I know of it—how much there is yet to be learned, and how unsafe and unsatisfactory it is to jump to hasty conclusions, but wait with patience until the time shall come when the knowledge shall

be unfolded to us, and our minds become sufficiently developed to comprehend it.

In the mean time, there is much which we can comprehend—much which we can make available in conducing to our happiness.

Thus we can know that intercourse between us and the spirits of the departed is a reality, and we can make a practical use of it by observing how it can unfold to us a more intimate knowledge of ourselves, of our real nature, and of our future destiny. We can have demonstrated to us the existence of a God, and our immortality; we can learn something of the existence after death, and be taught how best here to prepare for the hereafter. And we can more clearly discern what is our duty to our fellow-man, and how necessary it is for our future happiness to deal with him as a brother—to lift him up from his degradation, whatever its form, or to whatever cause it may be owing, and to recognize the solemn truth, that with every man his destiny is just as high and just as holy as ours, and that they and we are destined together to inhabit the same eternity.

So much we can now know and understand; and as time rolls on and these revelations continue, we shall be able to know and to understand yet more of the wisdom of the Great Creator, and of the operation of his laws, so that when we too enter the next state of existence, we may not linger amid the darkness of our own ignorance, but be prepared at once, with an enlightened understanding, to enter upon the eternal pathway of progression.

I should err, however, if I were to close my remarks here and leave you under the impression that no explanation had been attempted of facts like that you mention.

The fact involves this idea, that our spirit can leave our form even during our earthly existence, and, proceeding a distance from it, animate and speak through the form of another mortal, and again return to its own proper habitation. The fact seems really to be so, and the explanation attempted seems to be this:

Man consists of three bodies—*tria juncta in uno*—a material one, an electrical one, and a spiritual one. (I do not use words that convey my precise meaning, but I do the best I can with such words as I have at command, and which will somewhat give the idea.)

The material body has its mind, the same as the dog or the horse have, which performs its functions the same as theirs do, and which dies with the material body.

The spiritual body has its mind also, which is a part of its indepen-

dent existence, and lives with the spirit after the material existence here has ceased. The electrical body has no mind, but is the connecting link between the other two, does not die with the material body, but passes with the spirit into the spirit-world, and gives it there its outer form.

It is the operation of our material mind that we are most conscious of, and that is approached exteriorly through our material senses, and interiorly from the spirit-mind. If we are grossly material in our organization, our propensities, or our education, our mind is most accessible to the exterior impression through our senses, and becomes almost inaccessible to the spirit-mind. If, however, our spiritual nature is cultivated, the spirit-mind can more readily influence the material mind, and more easily and distinctly makes its impressions upon it. Hence it is that mediumship is so much affected by spiritual cultivation, so that if not absolutely produced by it, as sometimes it is, it is at all times liable to be improved and perfected by it. And hence too, I suppose it is, that whether we are mediums or not, as we progress spiritually, we are more accessible to spirits, and are more capable of becoming conscious of spirit-presence and impression.

But is that existence of the electrical and spiritual bodies so independent of the material that they can leave the form and go to a distance from it while animal life pervades the material body as well as when that life leaves it? It can surely do so when that animal life leaves it, but can it do so before?

It would really seem so, and it would also seem that it is on this hypothesis that many phenomena connected with man's existence here can be explained; such, for instance, as those deep trances of which we have accounts, where there is for awhile no sign of life in the body, yet by-and-by animation returns, and with it comes a consciousness of what has occurred in the interval, here or elsewhere. So of clairvoyance, when the medium describes events passing at a distance with a minuteness that is inexplicable upon any other idea than that of being personally witnessed at the moment, etc.

This is the general idea I desire to convey. I have expressed it imperfectly, I know, and simply because I do not perfectly understand it myself. But I give even this imperfect utterance to it, in order that other minds as well as my own may be directed to it, and we may make a common effort, with the means at hand, to see if it has any just foundation.

If you should feel interested enough yourself to pursue the subject, I should be happy to learn from you the results of your inquiries.

Very truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

PRINCETON, MASS., WORCESTER Co., Feb. 8th, 1855.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

DEAR SIR—Excuse me for intruding myself so much upon your notice as to call your attention to a few thoughts, which permit me to suggest for your consideration.

I would not presume to do so, but from a sense of duty I owe to myself as an humble seeker for truth in every good cause, not excepting the great and, I sincerely hope, good cause which you have fearlessly espoused, and so ably, boldly, and efficiently advocate to the world at large.

I am a reader of the SACRED CIRCLE, and I have become much interested in the investigation of the great truths which I believe it to promulgate. I anticipate its monthly advent as the messenger of "peace and good-will" to all candid and inquiring souls who may be striving to make larger and higher attainments in "spiritual life."

My eyes were more especially opened to see the beauty and rationality of the "spirit-doctrine" while listening to a discourse on the subject by yourself in the city of Worcester one year ago this present winter. 'Twas then that I became deeply impressed with at least the importance of investigating the subject. Indeed, the world had so long groped in darkness and superstition—in every age of the world had it been involved in so much doubt and uncertainty in reference to *all* that concerns man's future, and much that concerns his present well-being, that I was strongly encouraged to hope that a new "era" was about to open, or had already opened, upon the world, to relieve man, in *some* measure at least, from the mists and mysticisms which had so long obscured his mental and moral vision.

In this, I trust, I did not hope in vain, for I have reason to believe, from my own experience and observation, that those hopes and anticipations have already, in some goodly degree at least, been realized. Already has the development of the "new phenomena" served to relax the firm hold which vague and irrational notions had previously obtained upon the hearts and consciences of many, and the work is still steadily and successfully progressing, as we have reason to believe, for its final and ultimate triumph.

But while our mental and moral natures have been improved and quickened by the teachings and impressions of "departed spirits," in respect to what is to contribute to our highest enjoyment in the future world, or "spirit-world," there are, I regret to say, on the part of some, too much of a disposition to lose sight of some of the great practical

questions of our age which have reference to the physical wants and necessities—and not less of the mental and moral—of a less fortunate class of our fellow-beings who are at present shut out from all chance to exercise their faculties for mental cultivation—and but very little scope, if in reality any exists, for the proper exercise of the religious element in their natures—by the cruel arm of their oppressors, who are hourly subjecting their fellow-mortals to a condition of bondage, one hour of which, in the language of Thomas Jefferson, “is fraught with more misery to the slave than ages of that which our fathers suffered, and which they rose in rebellion to oppose.” My attention was drawn to this train of thought by reading in the last CIRCLE a correspondence between a gentleman in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and yourself, upon the subject of “Spiritualism.” Your correspondent commences by expressing the great interest he feels in “Spirit Manifestations.” He then introduces himself as a “sugar-planter, engrossed by a large and complicated business on the bank of the Mississippi.” Should he, by a letter from you to that effect, receive permission to visit you the next summer, he expresses his determination to do so, to converse with you upon the subject of “Spiritualism,” unless he should sail directly to France for the instruction of his little children in French, etc. “I am anxious,” he says, “to believe that loved friends who have gone before are permitted to visit us and communicate with us,” etc. Lastly, he tells you he has “around him every *necessary comfort*, and invites any friend of yours, a medium, who may be visiting the South, to pass as many weeks with him,” etc. Now, sir, please for one moment to reflect upon the emptiness and hollow-heartedness of this individual. First, he tells you he is a “sugar-planter,” which is, as we understand the term, synonymous with slaveholder, or, in other words, an owner of the bodies and souls of his fellow-beings. He has subjected them to mere chattels—articles of merchandise—machines to carry on so complicated and extensive a trade, etc.; all this to afford him the pecuniary aid desirable to sail to France, if he chooses to do so, to get his children instructed in French, or come to the North, if he chooses, with perhaps his family, to enjoy during the warm season the luxury of regaling himself in its pure mountain breezes. He says he has around him “every comfort necessary to make the visit of his friends pleasant and agreeable, while the poor bondman is toiling on under the lash of his cruel overseer to afford his master all these luxuries and comforts. He says he is anxious to believe that loved ones who have gone before are permitted to commune with us, and visit us, etc.; but where is his poor victim-slave? He

might thirst and pant for knowledge of that or any other kind essential to his comfort and happiness, but the dark avenues of *his* condition can not be penetrated; the portals of his aspirations are closed against him. Now, sir, we come to the answer to his letter. You regret that your friend did not visit you, etc. You speak of the rapid progress which the "spirit-doctrine" is making at the North, and of its *slow progress in taking root in the South*. Now, sir, how evident the reason for its slow progress, where every thing else which serves of good is slow to take root, and where so many barriers are imposed to shut themselves from the light.

You say, "I have been anxious for its spread at the South, because in it I can see an element which will tend to *cement the bonds of union* between us, and remove that feeling which is growing up to our mutual alienation."

And pray, sir, what is it that has produced this "mutual alienation?" Is it a fact that we of the North have done them injustice in exposing the sinfulness of their system, which holds in bondage three and one-half millions of their fellow-creatures; and would you have the agitation of this great moral subject quieted for the sake of *cementing* the "*bonds of union*" between what *should* be opposing elements as long as slavery exists, rather than that *we* should cease agitating so great a wrong as that which is daily and hourly-inflicted upon the poor slave?

You say, "With pain I have seen the *growing discord* which *fanatics* and *demagogues* have been fostering among us, and I have hailed the advent of Spiritualism as the instrument of overcoming the evil, and bringing us together again as a united family of freemen." With all due respect to you, sir, I would say, God grant that that day may not come while slavery exists, if, as a condition, the slave's cause must be sacrificed for its "general diffusion at the South," and instead of being united, as in "our infancy," with the South, my prayer is, that hatred of oppression will still grow stronger in the hearts and consciences of men, until the South shall see the error of her way, and relax her hold upon its fellow-victim; for *never* can we be an "example of freedom to other nations" until ALL are at liberty to enjoy it, whether black or white, bond or free alike. No; may this agitation never cease, and may there not be wanting "fanatics"—if to constitute a fanatic one needs only to plead the slave's cause—until this foul blot upon this country's (what would be but for slavery) fair fame shall be effaced. Then, sir, shall we present *truly* an "example of freedom" such as no other nation indeed presents.

Dear Sir, I have protracted my remarks to a greater length than I intended when I began, but in addressing you thus I feel that I have been prompted by a sense of duty, for I could not bear the thought that this "glorious doctrine," with such a champion for its advocate as yourself, should ever be used to quiet the nerves of the slaveholding portion of our country; but far to the contrary it should—as I believe it does—teach lessons which should sting the hearts of the slaveholders until they shall yield to the dictates of their better judgments, and give up their victim, no longer to withhold from him his God-given right.

I do not suppose, sir—nor do I dare to flatter myself in the least—that you will notice this communication so much as to answer it privately, however short your address, as your time is so occupied in your professional duties and otherwise; but I should be extremely happy if, at any time during your most leisure moments, you should feel disposed to address even a short communication to me—although an humble individual in life—and if I am laboring under a delusion respecting the matter, of the *nature* of the correspondence I have been referring you to, I wish sincerely to be set right, as it is the truth, and nothing but the truth, I am seeking for.

Very respectfully, yours, etc.,

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 14, 1855.

DEAR SIR—I avail myself of the earliest opportunity to reply to your letter, because I am unwilling to leave an erroneous impression on your mind for a moment.

That impression, however, is not entirely of my creating, but arises in some degree from your measuring my letter to Baton Rouge by the standard of your previous opinions. Thus, you had been so much in the habit of hearing the term fanatic applied to all who are opposed to slavery, that you took it for granted that I used the term as politicians have of late become accustomed to use it, and then you ran off into the idea that I, like them, aimed at a restoration of harmony between the North and the South only by abandoning the right at the North of defending freedom.

You never committed a greater error. It is difficult for me to use terms strong enough to express my utter abhorrence of slavery. I regard it as a great curse to our country, and as indeed more injurious to the master than to the slave. I deem it impossible for our country ever to occupy the position which I painted in my letter so long as slavery

exists among us, and I look upon the abolition of slavery as part of the manifest destiny of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism as a more effective instrument of its abolition than all the anti-slavery societies in the world. I have said this to ———, to ———, to ——— and others, and during my journey, last winter, I never neglected a fitting opportunity to inculcate the principles of freedom which have so signally showed their fruits in all that country since.

Now please to re-read my letter in the *CIRCLE*, with a knowledge of these as my views, and see if there you can find one word in conflict with them.

Hostility to slavery has made more progress at the North within the past five years than during the previous fifty. The madness of the pro-slavery interest in pushing the Nebraska bill afforded the opportunity of concentrating that feeling, and it told with fearful warning.

Ten years ago I wrote to President Polk in regard to the admission of Texas, and told him then that there was such a feeling deep-seated at the North, and if once awakened it would sweep away in its progress every impediment, party ties and all. The prophecy of 1845 is history in 1855, and I have no doubt that the prophecy in my letter to Baton Rouge will in another ten years be nearly, if not quite, history also.

But in aiming at such a result, I differ in regard to the means with many who have been active of late in the anti-slavery cause, and therefore I do not labor with them.

Thus I can not regard the slaveholder as deserving only of condemnation. His condition awakens my compassion, and in relieving him from that condition I do not deem it wise or just to inflict upon him unnecessary and unavailing suffering; but with him as with the erring everywhere, I would deal gently, and convince him of my sincere friendship for him, not by pandering to the perversions to which his birth and education have already condemned him; not by producing in his mind the conviction that I aim most at the gratification of my own feeling, but by convincing him that I am truly anxious for his welfare, and that in my pursuit of what is strictly right, I am not regardless of him. I would stand by his side, not like the executioner, with axe uplifted, but like the compassionate physician, with healing remedies in my hand; not like his own overseer, with brandished whip, but like him who said to the erring Mary, "Go and sin no more."

Here is where I think has been the error. We have had too little regard for the unhappy condition in which the slaveholder has found himself enslaved by his material surroundings. We have made too little

allowance for the habits which have grown into his nature, and made him morally diseased. We have too much viewed him as voluntarily responsible for the wrong which surrounds him, and are unmindful of the long years of error which have made him think that wrong was right.

Do you think that it was mere political or party considerations which induced Calhoun, with his vigor of intellect and independence of character, to say on the floor of Congress that slavery was a great good? Do you suppose that the clergy, and others really pious who are now defending slavery as a divine institution, are all willfully teaching falsely, and that none of them believe what they preach? No one conversant with the human heart, and seeing how it may be perverted by education, can think so. No one acquainted with the people of the South can so err.

If this is so, what then is the course which wisdom and brotherly love point out to us? Shall we go, like Mohammed, sword in hand, or like him of Nazareth, shall we say, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do?"

My religion—and it is that of Spiritualism—teaches me plainly enough, for it tells me not to forget that the erring one is my brother, and not my enemy; and as I have been lifted from my degradation by patience and gentle dealing, so it becomes me to deal with him; and more especially when both good sense and experience teach me that by a contrary course I awaken an opposition which may easily be avoided.

This view involves, of necessity, the course of appealing to the Southern slaveholders themselves. Hitherto "fanatics and demagogues"—I repeat the expression, without fear of being misunderstood—have rendered the ear of the South deaf to us. It was inaccessible to our admonitions, our reasoning, or our entreaties. But now Spiritualism will open it, for no man can be a Spiritualist and be an advocate of bondage; they are utterly irreconcilable with each other. But Spiritualism will do its work there as everywhere else, gently, wisely, but most effectually. It is His will, and man can not withstand it.

I have already seen the effects of this. I have now letters from slaveholders, showing me that they begin to feel it; and while they can not endure to own a fellow-man as property, they beg to know what they are to do with the obligations which the inheritance of such property nevertheless imposes upon them?

What say you, my friend, would be your answer to such a question: Would you say to such a one, "Emancipate your slaves, sell off -

property, and come North, where you may enjoy freedom?" This would be pleasant to him, and be a comfortable gratification of a selfish desire. But in the mean time, what would become of his duty to those to whom he owed an obligation of protection? He inherited that duty with his property, and he owed it to himself and to his God that he should not selfishly abandon those who inherited their ignorance and degradation from the same source whence he derived his ease and comfort; and why is it not then his duty to remain with them, until by a proper course of training they become fit to be free?

Now, sir, this is no imaginary case, and I ask upon what principle can we justify a course which may retard all his efforts, and perhaps render them entirely nugatory? And if this be now a solitary instance, how can we say that with the spread of Spiritualism kindred cases may not everywhere spring up?

Again I say, re-read my letter, and see if something more is not meant than what you suppose—whether there is not another and a better mode of attaining the object in view than that which has as yet done so little—little, indeed, when we consider how deep and abiding is the real hostility of our people to slavery.

The subject is attended with its difficulties in all shapes; but they are not insurmountable. Good sense and brotherly feeling can overcome them; fanaticism and demagogueism never can.

There are fanatics and demagogues on both sides, and we must avoid their arts. There is just as much fanaticism in proclaiming slavery to be a great good as there can be in demanding immediate emancipation, regardless of the future welfare of the ignorant and helpless slave. There may be just as much demagogueism in rallying one section against a measure as there may be in rallying another for it. And we can avoid all their mischiefs by conducting this great question with a due regard, and nothing more than a due regard, for *all* who are to be affected by its determination.

It is an old and almost exploded system of medical practice that eradicates one disease by substituting another in its place. Sometimes the patient dies under the treatment, and often bears the marks of it about him in years of after-suffering. Surely it is not necessary for us to follow so bad an example, either in morals or politics, and the true wisdom is to eradicate the disease without impairing the constitution.

Can not this be done with slavery? Think a moment. Cast your eyes again over the picture I faintly shadowed forth to my correspondent, and fill it up with the prevalence of Spiritualism at the South as

universal as it is becoming at the North, and tell me how long it will be before our Southern friends will be coming to us, beseeching us to aid them, like brethren of a great family of freemen, in removing from them a load, of whose crushing weight they are just becoming sensible?

No, my friend, I am governed by no morbid feelings—influenced by no fanaticism—swayed by no undue excitement, when I say with a full knowledge of what Spiritualism is and what it teaches, that I regard it as its manifest destiny to abolish slavery, and to make us stand before the world an example, indeed, of freedom, and that that will be effected by instrumentalities not alienating us from each other, but drawing us nearer together by the recollection of benefits conferred and enjoyed.

Thus it is that I view this matter, and I submit to your good sense whether there is not much in it deserving the serious attention of one who justly calls himself a seeker after truth, and nothing but the truth.

Truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.



CAREFULLY as the mother nurses her new-born babe, nurse thou the new-born spirit just awakening to conscious, intelligent life.

Manifestations only prove the existence of a thing; what is wanted is a knowledge of the thing manifested, that thy dealings may be intelligent in their bearings and useful in their applications.

So of organism. If properly adjusted, spirits can and do operate within its mechanism, for good it may be, for evil it may be.

Manifestations prove existence—organism admits the operation of a power not inherent in itself.

Manifestations and organism may serve the purpose of progressing the immortal soul, or may not.

Intelligence, directed and controlled by Heavenly Wisdom, alone can read aright the truth which manifestation proves, and leads the way to a just use of the organism thus manifested.

What should be your duty is to note manifestation, and guard with tender care the organism that holds within its folds the new-born spirit.

We would have in your midst an intelligent spirit-life, applicable in all cases to serve the highest use, both for individual progress and the good of all.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC

CHAPTER IX

SPIRITUALIST.—The subject we last discussed seems unfinished, and I should like to resume it with you.

SKEPTIC.—With all my heart. Assuredly no harm can arise from discussion. The doctrine that will not stand sifting to the bottom must consist of chaff that fears it. The faith that is based upon the Rock of Ages alone will stand the winds of argument and the waves of infidelity.

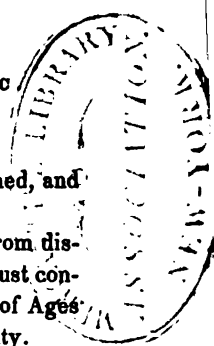
SP.—Yes, you are right. Upon that point we shall always agree. I base my faith upon Christ's doctrine—it is the Rock of eternal ages, and I therefore have no fear it will be overthrown.

SKEP.—I do not understand how you can claim for your faith the same basis I claim for mine. All clergymen of the orthodox churches have united to denounce Spiritualism as a heresy, and little, if any, better than atheism. They have always hated the Universalists and Unitarians, and have rarely united with them. But now that your new philosophy has taken the field, orthodoxy looks with a more friendly eye upon its old adversaries who denied the Trinity and eternal damnation.

SP.—Well, they may well call in all their reserves, and form all possible new alliances, but it will not avail. They must ultimately be defeated. It will not be to-day, nor to-morrow. It may be ages first; for the roots of the great orthodox tree are so deep, so numerous, and so wide-spreading, that no blasts that heaven could blow would uproot it at once. Nor is it desirable to uproot it at once. But it is desirable to reform it—to bring it back to the spiritualism in which Christ founded it.

SKEP.—You will persist in calling the religion of Christ Spiritualism.

SP.—Yes, for such it is. Your orthodox clergy call it infidelity, because they do not like it. They call it a dangerous heresy, and warn their flocks against it. They denounce upon its adherents the damnation of hell; and yet they do not (this is the most charitable supposition) know any thing of the matter. They hurl thunders at an imaginary thing. A something dreadful threatens their business, and they are



roused to combat it. The Church of the humble and loving Redeemer is before them in its pristine purity and brightness ; but, in their blindness, they deem it the fortress of Satan, and hurl their damnations at it with a will and a vigor worthy of a better cause. But they will die out. The next generation will be "to the manner born," and will know the truth, and they will quietly interweave the golden thread of Spiritualism with their surplices, and the Church establishment will yet be full of fat livings, and hold its pride of place in society. The Spiritualists will have achieved a good, but will not get the credit for it.

SKEP.—If the Church shall adopt your views, then mankind, under that sanction, will be ready to believe.

SP.—Those who shall be born to the belief will think nothing of it. But they will be better and happier for it. They will not have to listen to the thunders of the pulpit until their souls are full of vague terrors at the thought of death. That mighty weapon, Hell and the Devil, will be broken. Hence the fear of death will be banished from the world. They will know that they can learn the nature of the life beyond the grave from one who has been there, better than from one who has only been in the pulpit. Hence the business of the priest will be what it ought ever to have been—to teach honesty and spirituality, as opposed to grasping covetousness and sensuality ; to teach, by example as well as precept, the doctrine of love ; to eradicate from the hearts of their flock selfishness and gross appetite, and leave in place charity and refinement. Such a priest I should reverence.

SKEP.—We have many such in the Church—many whose hearts are warm and pure, and whose example in all good works keeps even pace with their precepts.

SP.—I know it. They are generally the curates of country villages, with a salary that gives them but a crust. They are not corrupted by luxury. And yet I do not know that they would bear to be transplanted to the hotbed of city life. I think their virtues would wilt. Nor am I entirely sure that, with all their charity, they would keep their temper if I propounded to them a new dogma not known to their creed. They would lose their temper at first, and then they would pity my delusion and pray for me. They would continue to utter, "I believe in the communion of the saints and in the resurrection of the body," for years, before the idea would get through their heads that it was *Spiritualists doctrine*.

SKEP.—Do you mean to say that the old Fathers who concocted the Creed meant that they believed in talking with spirits ?

SP.—Yes; they talked with spirits at the time the Creed was agreed to. By the body they meant the “spiritual body.” (See St. Paul.) The saints they communed with were those who had gone before them.

SKEP.—I think there are none of the clergy that would thus interpret those passages of the Creed. For myself, I have never thought of them in that sense.

SP.—Of course not. There are a thousand texts of Scripture which prove spirit-intercourse, and I presume you have never (unless it be lately) thought of departed spirits at all in connection with the texts. If the spirit was spoken of, you thought of a man’s sentiment, or his bodiless, immortal soul, which was not himself, but a sort of aerial nothing, which, from necessity, at death, fitted somewhere to a heaven or a hell.

SKEP.—True. I have never been in the habit of thinking of the soul as you do. I think its destiny is fixed at death, and there is no change afterward.

SP.—As the tree falls, so it lies. As a man dies on the earth, so does he wake up in the spirit-land. *The man* wakes up. It is not a bodiless thought. The man, with all his individuality, wakes in a new life. But you think he stands still to all eternity. I assert that such a thing is impossible. He can not stand still there any more than he could here. He begins a new life, and he will probably begin it with new resolutions, and undertake to become wiser and better. ●

SKEP.—Do you mean to say that a glorified spirit in heaven has got to go to work and reform himself? Is he not reformed when he is saved by the blood of Christ?

SP.—“A glorified spirit in heaven” is an orthodox phrase. All well-behaved men, with clear consciences, are already in heaven, though they are still upon earth. They will never find any other heaven than such as they themselves make by cultivating their affections, purifying their hearts, and refining their minds. They will arrive in a more beautiful world, and it may be such an outward heaven as will harmonize with that which they have within. Side by side with them, on their arrival, may be others that carry a hell in their breasts, and who will turn from them to society more congenial. *They*, too, will find an outward hell to correspond to that they have within. But that world has but little advantage of this earth in that particular. Every man you meet carries in his breast his heaven or his hell. It may be heaven in the morning and hell at night. He may easily know what will be his fate, as it respects his happiness in another world, for it will be the same, with a few exceptions and modifications, that it is here. Remember that heaven and hell

are *comparative* words, and have no positive and determinate signification. That degree of happiness which to-day is heaven to you, a thousand years hence would seem a hell. All states and degrees of happiness are heaven. Hell is but the absence of heaven, as cold is the absence of heat. Am I understood?

SKEP.—Yes, your meaning is clear enough, but it is arrant heresy. Is there, then, no heaven—a place of unutterable joy, where the good are separated from the bad?

SP.—Yes, if you desire it. By the *good* you mean those who sympathize with you; by the *bad*, those against whom you feel antipathy. Is it not so?

SKEP.—I meant what I said—the good. I meant the redeemed—those who have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

SP.—You could sympathize only with those who were like yourself. If the love taught by Christ had filled your heart, and you had washed it white in the waters of purity, you would associate with such persons, and there would be heaven. The bad—that is, those who did not believe as you did, who had not the same degree of refinement and purity—they would be separated from you by a wall of antipathy, for they would shrink from you as much as you would from them.

SKEP.—This is all heresy. There is a heaven where God dwells, throned amid his holy angels. I trust yet to be of the band of the redeemed, who shall kneel at his footstool and sing praises forever.

SP.—Is not God omnipresent?

SKEP.—I suppose he must be.

SP.—Then you can kneel here upon this footstool of earth and praise him. Prayer and praise are always in season.

SKEP.—I can not give up the idea of a local heaven. Christ said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." I believe there is a place where God makes himself visible to his angels and to the redeemed.

SP.—It is possible. 'Tis a matter which does not admit of proof. But if it be so, the great question before us remains the same. Angels were once human spirits, born in the flesh, upon the same earth. Spirits of all kinds and degrees can come to earth, or other planets where they were born, and (though with difficulty) manifest their presence. They have always done so. Occasionally they have been recognized. Almost always they have been misunderstood—sometimes believed to be God, or a god; the devil, or a devil; an angel that never had existence as a human being, or a departed spirit. Theologians having long "darkened counsel with words without knowledge," it has been difficult to suppose

that the departed of earth could return. Thus men have run into absurdities to explain what did not exist, and to deny the existence of what was often manifested to them. Assuming the false hypothesis, that spirits are *immaterial* beings, they argued that, of course, they could never appear or act upon earth.

SKEP.—Our spirits are immaterial, else they would not be immortal.

SP.—I do not see how you could *prove* that assertion. Matter is as eternal as God. When you assert that our spirits are immaterial, you are probably right, for they are probably of the same essence with God, being part of him. But to enable them to manifest existence, they are clothed with material bodies. The man on earth is just as immaterial as the man in heaven. The body he wears is, however, gross on earth, and more refined in heaven; but it is ever matter, else there could be no manifestation of existence. Even *thought* must have a body, else it can not be manifest. Persons sometimes say they are impressed with ideas, but not with the words. Such persons are in error. An idea can only be perceived by the words or body in which it is clothed. *Feelings* we sometimes have, and do not readily find the words to express them, as we may feel the presence of a spirit, yet not be able to see it.

SKEP.—Then many of your mediums are in error, for they say they are impressed with ideas, but not with words.

SP.—In so far as a medium has to use his *own words* in making a spiritual communication, so far is it unreliable as to the spirit's meaning. A spirit may wake in a man a *feeling*, and upon this superinduce a train of thought, and the medium may write or speak well or ill upon the subject, but it will not be the writing or speaking of the spirit. It may be from the promptings of the spirit, and be likely to be generally correct. But a thousand things that the spirit desired to say will be left unsaid, because the unaccustomed train of thought could not be wakened in the medium's mind.

SKEP.—How, then, can you rely on such communications?

SP.—I can not and do not. 'Tis not of such statements that our belief is made. Extemporaneous orators or improvisators, poets, and authors are often thus inspired, speaking or writing the general intent of the spirit. But a good medium utters *the words* of the spirit, and thus gives what he would say, and only that.

SKEP.—I am inclined to assent to the proposition, that the spirit, and all manifestations of thought, require a body. It is difficult to tutor oneself to believe in new dogmas; and besides, it is unsafe to do so without examining them. Your doctrine is very new to me. It startles me. I

have not had time to weigh it and consider it in all its bearings. I have not yet recovered from the shock it gave me when the bold assumption was made that, in the words of the poet,

“Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth unseen.”

SP.—Is it, then, so new? Is it not as old as the creation of man? Is it not the foundation of all religion?

SKEP.—I alluded to this *new philosophy*, as some call it, but more particularly the new manifestation of it.

SP.—That is certainly new, for the present phase of it is a novelty to the world, inasmuch as it is *understood now*, whereas it was not understood before. Even the raps, which are peculiar to modern times, in spirit-communications, have been heard frequently in all parts of the world, and at all times, and still are remembered in tradition and in history. There is scarcely an aged person in the civilized world who has not stories to tell of mysterious noises or mysterious sights. Probably very many of the cases are founded in error, but the facts are too universal not to have some basis of truth.

SKEP.—We can not take old and mystified traditions as the foundation of a faith. Old ghost stories and accounts of mysterious noises are not the material on which to build either philosophy or religion.

SP.—If phenomena were not noticed, I can not see how the natural sciences could exist. All phenomena of nature should be noted, for there every sight and every sound is as it were, the voice of God, which may teach us important truths.

SKEP.—Are *raps* the phenomena to teach important truths?

SP.—I think they have done so already. Who among the skeptics has explained them away? Who has been able to account for them? Those manifestations of nature which can not be readily understood have always received from philosophers the closest attention in their attempts to elucidate; but the detonations of an invisible and unknown fluid, known as rappings, must not be investigated, for fear it will be found that they were made by spirits of departed men. Is this reasonable?

SKEP.—I think that scientific men *should* investigate the matter. Not to do so proves them bigoted, or ignorant of the importance of the matter.

SP.—Some are bigoted, being slow to look with favor on any new thing; but the great mass of natural philosophers assume that it is a humbug, and commit the folly of saying so, while they know literally nothing of the matter, and resolutely refuse to learn. There are a few

exceptions. *Faraday* investigated, probably with an honest purpose, respecting table-turning, and having no mediums through whom spirits could act, he could not get spirit-manifestations, and thus easily proved that the table that he tried was moved by the will of the man whose hands were on it. This laid the ghost, with the skeptical, for a time. Finally another philosopher, of higher rank than *Faraday* (Prof. Hare, of Philadelphia), tried a series of experiments, with equally sincere purpose, and he demonstrated that a table could be moved without or against the will of the one whose hands were on it. Other persons, equally eminent (Major Raines, U.S.A., and Prof. James J. Mapes among them), have investigated the raps and table-movings, and fully demonstrated that the medium's will had nothing to do with them.

SKEP.—I respect the authority, but I require to see for myself.

SP.—Like Thomas, to put your finger in the nail-holes. This looks to me a little like inconsistency. Here in our midst, men whom all the world would trust in any scientific investigation have demonstrated a truth. Nobody doubts their honesty of purpose, the saneness of their minds, or their high ability. They give their testimony to the public, and the public receive it, for it can not be questioned. But does that public believe? Possibly; but they do not own it. They shut their eyes to that which is directly before them, and endeavor to look off on the misty horizon of the Past, almost into the night of ages, and there think they see infallible proof of similar things. They believe Matthew and John, who record miracles performed by Christ, and doubt miracles of the same kind done before their eyes in the same way, and testified to, not merely by *two persons* only, as in the case of Christ's doings, but by thousands of living witnesses. Is not this inconsistent?

SKEP.—Do you pretend to compare the testimony of any man of the present day with that of the Evangelists?

SP.—They were men in every respect like ourselves. Some thirty years after the death of Christ, they wrote down what they had seen. We believe them truthful, and receive their testimony. Is their word better thirty years after the events than ours at a day? Is the record which has traveled through eighteen hundred years of time, and amid many perils of translating, copying, and interpolating, better than one made yesterday? Remember that the testimony of a few unknown individuals constitute the entire basis of the Christian faith—and it is sufficient. But is not the testimony of our friends as good, while it bears witness to similar works?

SKEP.—I find it difficult to admit that there is any other testimony so

conclusive as that of the Evangelists and the Apostles. The age of the record is nothing against it.

SP.—So I think, if we know it is the record. Documentary evidence has less weight in a court of justice than oral testimony. Human testimony, though fallible, and in instances corrupt, is the highest source of truth known, as it respects facts. Had St. Mark, when he had written his account of the doings of Christ, been brought upon the witness-stand and questioned, and his answers incorporated with his direct testimony, it is possible that the effect of his record would have been different. One of the questions put to him would have been, "How do you know these things, which seem so impossible, to be true?" His answer must have been to the effect that he had been told the stories by persons who were present, and on whom he could rely. He would have to admit that of his own knowledge he could say nothing, but his record was made according to the information which he could gather. If Luke were questioned, he would have answered that St. Paul, whose scribe he was, had told him much, but that he had learned the accounts from people in and about Jerusalem, who were knowing to the circumstances. Then each would have made his record upon hearsay. If St. Paul were questioned, he would answer that he did not know Christ while in the flesh, but that he had seen him in the spirit, and that he was fully persuaded that he wrought the miracles attributed to him. Thus only the testimony of Matthew and John is positive, if we reject the uncanonical books, and yet we can not doubt it, always taking into account the probable errors of translators and copyists. If we, then, yield a ready credence to men whom we do not know, when they assert that they saw a man raise the dead, restore the blind to sight, and cast out evil spirits, notwithstanding that the deeds asserted to have been done seem almost impossible, why should we withhold our belief from honest, intelligent, and scientific men among us, whom we have known for many years, and in whom we have implicit faith when they give their testimony concerning things done before their eyes, and which are not in their nature half so incredible as that a man should cause the dead to be raised?

SKEP.—Christ was the Son of God, and the miracles he wrought were a matter of course, but no possible testimony would prove that others could work miracles.

SP.—Your argument proves, perhaps, too much. That Christ was the Son of God, and a divine being, is *part of the record*, and attested by the same proof which establishes his acts. The testimony of the Evangelists is all of a piece. The fact that such a man as Jesus Christ ever

lived stands on the record in question. If you would discredit the account of a miracle, you must discredit the fact that Christ ever lived—that is, *the* Christ; for the name of Jesus was as common at Jerusalem in those days as that of John is now, and Christ was also a name worn by many people, and is common at this day all over the world.

SKEP.—I thought the verity of the record of the New Testament was admitted.

SP.—So it is; but you threw doubt upon it by denying that human testimony could establish the fact of a miracle, unless a divine being performed it.

SKEP.—That Christ performed a miracle is easy to believe.

SP.—Yes, it is; but that he even lived rests upon common human testimony, and that not very abundant. If you deny a man's word who would attest a miracle, how can you take it that he has seen a divine being, which is a much more incredible thing?

SKEP.—Well, I must admit that the same witnesses must prove both things—the Godhead of the man and the fact of the miracles.

SP.—On what testimony rests the divinity of Christ?

SKEP.—Upon the miracles he wrought, and which no mere human being could have done.

SP.—And on what testimony rest his miracles?

SKEP.—On that of the persons who saw them, and recorded the facts.

SP.—The miracles are more easily proved than his Godhead. How would you prove that, except from the miracles?—for as miracles have been wrought in all ages, something more is requisite to prove that fact.

SKEP.—The miraculous conception proves it.

SP.—Who proves that extraordinary fact?

SKEP.—The Evangelists.

SP.—How did they know it?

SKEP.—I can not tell. They assert that such was the fact.

SP.—It must be a difficult thing to prove, as there can not be (if 'tis a truth) more than one person to know it. The mother of Christ knew the circumstances, and her word must be the only possible testimony. It does not seem to have been much promulgated till after the death of Christ, when his Apostles, who worshiped him, were disposed also to *deify* him. Sixty or seventy years after his birth, and when Mary had probably long been deceased, the Evangelists wrote the gospels in which the miraculous conception is recorded, and when there was no person living who could attest it. This being a greater miracle than all the others put together, requires its share of proof. But it is not attested by any

one who *knew* any thing of the matter. Say what may be said of it, and bolster up the argument with an infinity of words, it comes to this at last, that the woman who was about to bear a child asserted that it was the offspring of God, and not man. This assertion has been credited by hundreds of millions of intelligent beings, and is therefore entitled to great respect, though the thing asserted is a phenomenon unique in its character, new then to the world, and then, as now, deemed utterly impossible. In imagination transport yourself to Nazareth, to the home of Mary, betrothed to Joseph. Taking the only authority extant on the subject (the apocryphal works, many of which were long considered reliable), we will take our testimony on the spot.

SKEP.—Please be not irreverent.

SP.—I shall not be irreverent assuredly. Is there any thing in this matter which will not bear discussion? Is there any thing which would fear the light?

SKEP.—No; every thing in this case will bear investigation. Truth never shuns the light.

SP.—But only shows the more beautiful for all the brightness of noon-day. Let us look at this history in the scene where the events occurred. Mary was placed as a child in the temple at Jerusalem among the many attendants who served the altar. At the age of fourteen years she was betrothed to Joseph, who was a widower, and had a large family. He took her at the temple, and conveyed her to his house. He left her there, and went to a distant place to build a house, and was gone some months. On his return, he perceived that his intended was in the family way, and being unwilling to disgrace her, he was about "to put her away privily." But he had a dream, in which he was informed that the Holy Ghost was the parent of the child to be born. He believed the dream, and married Mary. This is the exact story, so far as the records extant declare it. Now, suppose yourself in Joseph's place; waive the dream which some people would not consider good authority, and take the words of the woman who was found in this situation. Would you at once, and unhesitatingly, credit the story?

SKEP.—I suppose I should not believe it. But the Divinity of Christ was proved afterward by his acts.

SP.—Take care that you do not argue *in a circle*. You say you would not believe the story uncorroborated. Probably the most enthusiastic Trinitarian in Christendom would find it difficult to believe. As you would not believe it, had you been present and heard the woman make

the assertion, is the story any more credible because some good men sixty or seventy years afterward wrote it down?

SKEP.—No. It could not gain or lose probability from any other circumstance. The truth of the story must of course rest on the evidence of Christ's miracles.

SP.—Miracles are not conclusive on that fact; for miracles were wrought by the prophets and by seers, and magi cotemporaneous with Christ.

SKEP.—Their miracles were not equal to those of Christ.

SP.—We will not now discuss that point. If the Divinity of Christ stands upon the testimony adduced for his miracles, on how much broader basis stands modern Spiritualism, where there are tens of thousands to attest its miracles! If you looked upon the whole question in the light I do, you would see no difficulty in the way. The miracles attributed to Christ were wrought by spirits through him as a medium. The miracles attributed to his cotemporaries, as also to the prophets, were done by spirits, and they still act among us to perform signs and wonders. In the light of Spiritualism the Bible becomes as clear as day.

SKEP.—Your doctrine shocks me. I can not look upon Christ the Redeemer as only a medium.

SP.—To be a medium is to be the servant of God. We are all His children, and he who can serve God as a medium, to convey his will to earth, is highly honored. Did not Christ say, "Of myself I can do nothing." A God would not have said so. Throughout even the whole New Testament the vast preponderating testimony is to the effect that Christ was a mortal—superior undoubtedly to any one on earth—but a mortal.

SKEP.—There is the point where we are at issue.

SP.—Fifty or sixty times Christ is represented as speaking of his father, where the natural interpretation of the text would refer to the spirit of his earthly father then attending him. Sixty or seventy times he speaks of himself as the son of man. Yet in the face of all this you will make him out to be the Infinite and Almighty Creator of the universe. It would seem that there was a determination (quite unnecessary I should think) in the religious part of Christendom to make out Christ to be God himself. Though to establish the fact, they must get over the difficulty of the alleged miraculous conception, wherein a new and unheard-of phenomenon (seemingly impossible) is stated to have taken place, and by one who was so situated that she could be pardoned for the statement if it were an error. They must believe the *miracles* recorded

almost half a century after their occurrence, and be content with the testimony of two men for the whole foundation of the history, and in addition to that, trust, in modern days, to documents proved to have been after mistranslated and changed in copying.

SKEP.—You are very severe upon the Sacred Word.

SP.—I respect it as much as you do, and believe that a thorough investigation can not harm it. It is only when you claim too much for it; when you will have every translated word of King James' version *infallible*, and even then distort its obvious meaning to support preconceived opinions, that the record will not stand the test.

SKEP.—What would you have us do? We have nothing but King James' version of the Bible, and wherever the English language is spoken, that is the authority. Must I become an Oriental linguist—a perfect Hebraist—familiar with Arabic and Coptic, Sanscrit and Persic, before I read my Bible?

SP.—No; but those who have studied those languages, and thrown light upon the dark mysteries of the ancient record, should be listened to. You seem to think that it is better to go forward blindfold than to use a light, lest the path should be found different from what you had thought.

SKEP.—I do not object to light; I only object to tampering with the Scriptures, when you only perplex the mind.

SP.—If examination of the Scriptures will cause perplexity, then there is necessity for their examination. I only ask that you will look the question in the face. I have seen but few of the orthodox faith who ever looked at the Bible with their eyes open. They yield to it a blind homage, and deem it sacrilege to look too closely at it. It is a hidden altar, and to an unknown God. They dare not lift the veil lest some mysterious light should blind them, or some terrible power blast them for the act. Now I think that the days of *blind faith* are over. In this progressive age we dare to enter into the *sanctum sanctorum*—thrust aside the priest, and see what is the actual offering he has put upon the altar; and perhaps to strip off his robe, and see if he be, as he pretends, holier than we. You have not reached that point of independence—you still look with fear and reverence upon the man you have placed at the altar to serve you.

SKEP.—You mistake me. I have no especial reverence for the clergy. I know that they are such as myself; and I know that if I wished the office, I, too, could be a priest, and have many ignorant persons looking to me as an oracle.

Working signs and wonders and through dangers leading,
Till the Cross received him for the nations bleeding.
Then the Sun was darkened—blind with fear and wonder,
When the unfettered spirits burst the graves asunder.

With their mighty Captain sped the strife now proudly,
And the truth was uttered fearlessly and loudly.
First in ancient Jewry was the Lord's bread broken,
Then amid the Gentiles was the Gospel spoken.
Soon each bright apostle—thankful to the donor—
Gained from earth and heaven all a martyr's honor,
Then in swift corruption sank the priests and sages,
And upon Religion fell the night of ages.

Now again the angels are the trumpets sounding,
Now their myriad millions are the earth surrounding;
Now they come to conquer, and their proud endeavor
Is to win the nations to the Lord forever.
Far o'er distant mountains, over many an ocean,
Marches on the army with its mighty motion.
Over fertile valleys, over barren regions,
Soon the Host of Heaven will have spread its legions.

Soon their mighty Captain—he that came to love us—
Will descend in glory from the sky above us.
And as erst Elijah, in his car of fire,
Rose to Heaven in glory, so will come Messiah.
He shall reign among us—every spirit bending
To his God and ours, through a life unending.
While the Host of Heaven shall outspread their banners,
Singing for their triumph pœans and hosannas.

W

WITH many persons who are sincere believers in the truth of Christianity, religious faith is a thing which they are contented to know that they possess, without bringing it into every-day's use; they seem to consider it like family jewels, not fit for every day's wear. Its efficacy as a daily guide, as the impeller to good feelings, and the restrainer of unkind ones, and as a purifier and regulator of the thoughts and actions, is never present to their minds; and any person who should venture to make it evident that, with them, such an influence is perpetually present, they would be apt to style Methodists or fanatics.

THE HOST OF HEAVEN.

ON Sinai's mountains—in the Jordan's valley,
Erst for Israel's rescue did the angels rally.
O'er the sandy desert—through the parted water,
Did they lead the bondmen safe from Egypt's slaughter.
With devotion earnest—hearts that did not falter—
They defended ever Israel and her altar;
Bearing high their banner o'er her as a warning.
Like a fire in darkness, and a cloud at morning.

When in gloom and sadness Israel's children slumbered,
Then the watching angels weary ages numbered;
While above the sleepers, dropping tears of sorrow,
Watched they through the midnight, waiting for the morrow.
Yet through holy prophets, as the power was given,
Did the warrior angels speak the 'hosts of Heaven.
And the erring pilgrims sought the bright salvation
Of the land of promise given to the nation.

When on Judah's mountains—in her fertile regions—
Rushed in mighty masses all Assyria's legions,
But the angel army came upon their border,
And Assyria's cohorts fled in wild disorder.
O'er the hostile strangers rang their weapons' clangor,
While the sun stood moveless, looking down in anger;
Till the mighty leader, with God's banner o'er him,
While delayed the even, swept their hosts before him.

Thus the angels battled as by God appointed.
Till to rule o'er Judah came the Lord's anointed.
But he grieved the spirit, and the prophet parted;
And the king grew ever cold and cruel hearted.
But the Host of Heaven ever watched unsleeping
O'er the chosen people, tireless vigil keeping;
Till the ark of mercy, borne by Hebrew sages,
To the Gentiles floated down the stream of ages.

Then within the temple—by Siloam's fountain—
In the crowded city or upon the mountain,
Led they the Messiah, in his labor sharing,
Guiding on his mission—in their hands upbearing.

IT IS ALL CLAIRVOYANCE!

BY R. H. BROWN.

THIS article is in continuation of the one which appeared in the March number of this magazine, in which it was shown that Nature has not only endowed the soul with the power to exist after the destruction of the "natural body," but has also carefully prepared a second body, wherein the soul enshrined may live in the enjoyment of all its faculties, when these frail temples of clay have crumbled into dust. Nature, our wise and powerful mother, foreadapts every thing for the conditions amid which she intends it shall live. How shall we escape the conclusion, that by adapting the soul to another state of being, and endowing it for that purpose with the power to exist, act, think, see, and hear, without the aid of the body, and separated from it, Nature has given us her solemn and sacred guarantee that we shall live hereafter? To arrive at any other conclusion is to charge Nature with the weakness of creating that which is useless, and God of the folly of adapting man to a sphere of existence which he does not intend him to enjoy. All the arguments which have ever been made against the immortality of the soul are based upon the idea, that the soul has no identity of being separate from the body. From which premise the conclusion is correctly drawn, that the soul and body being one in substance must perish together. But Clairvoyance demonstrates to us that this premise is false, and teaches us that the soul and the body are not one in substance, but, on the contrary, that the former can think, act, see, and hear without the aid of the latter, and independent of all its organs. It is thus that Clairvoyance with a mighty hand crushes to powder the labored logic of the materialists, and places the belief in our immortal nature upon a firm and scientific basis. But again, Clairvoyance, by demonstrating the truthful character of the teachings of *Intuition*, has afforded conclusive proof of a higher sphere of existence. God has given man two methods of attaining a knowledge of truth—*Intuition* and *Reason*. The one is intended to prove the correctness of the other, thus affording man the highest evidence of truth, by giving him the power to arrive at the same results, by

two distinct and totally diverse mental operations. What Intuition and Reason both affirm to be true, no man need doubt.

The teachings of Reason have always been relied upon with more or less confidence, but Intuition has been regarded with but little favor or reverence. Yet why should not the one faculty be thought as truthful as the other. Both are the free gift of Nature, both are essential and proper attributes of the soul, and as such have their corresponding external phrenological developments. It is true that neither is infallible, and he who expects to find any *human* faculty infallible in its nature, only betrays his own ignorance of the laws of mind and matter. Nevertheless Intuition is a faculty of the soul, just as reliable as that of Reason, and the teachings of the one may be reposed upon with as much confidence as those of the other. Clairvoyance has demonstrated beyond all cavil the truthful character of Intuition. Nor can any one at all familiar with the wonderful and truthful revelations of the past, present, and future, and in all the departments of science, literature, and art flowing from intuitive perceptions of the clairvoyant mind, for an instant doubt that Intuition is a faculty just as reliable and just as divine as Reason.

What does Intuition say in regard to the immortal nature of the soul?

There is not a clairvoyant in all the world, no matter what may be his *normal* belief, who does not affirm the existence of the soul after death has destroyed the clay-built palace wherein it dwells during its brief residence upon earth.

Many philosophers have puzzled themselves about the theory of "*innate ideas*." And the belief in our immortality has been classed as an "*innate idea*." But the philosophers may learn a lesson from Clairvoyance. It is no "*innate idea*," but only the divine voice of Intuition, which, deep within each man's soul, proclaims a life to come.

We must look to Intuition for the true cause of that faith in a future beyond the grave, which has prevailed in all nations and all ages.

Clairvoyance, then, in demonstrating the truthfulness of Intuition, has also demonstrated the immortality of the soul. We would be pleased to say much more upon this branch of the subject, but space and time will not permit. Enough has been said to put the mind of the reader upon the right track. Follow this path to its termination; the clear and radiant light of truth will illumine your footsteps. It will conduct you into a spacious temple, from the summit of whose crystal dome you may catch a view of the "*better land*."

We have now arrived at the last of the propositions which is to be

considered—the proof which Clairvoyance affords of the *power* of spirits who have left the earth-form to communicate with those who remain behind.

As a matter of course, this portion of the argument, as well as the former, is addressed only to such as believe in the phenomena of Clairvoyance. To those who are yet so far behind the great age in which they live as to doubt or sneer at magnetism and psychological science, all that has been said or will be said by the writer can be of no use. Such persons have yet to learn the a-b-c of that great science which lays at the basis of all others, and is the most important and sublime of all others, because “the proper study of mankind is man.”

In order to make it plain to the mind of the reader that Clairvoyance does afford conclusive and scientific proof of the power of spirits to communicate with us, it will be necessary to refer to some of the familiar and ordinary phenomena of “animal magnetism.” Those phenomena may be divided into three classes :

1st. Profound abstraction, magnetic sleep, and insensibility to all external influences.

2d. Sympathetic Clairvoyance.

3d. Independent Clairvoyance.

Your attention is more particularly requested to the second class, viz., Sympathetic Clairvoyance. The *subject* while in this state is almost entirely under the control of the *operator*. No vocalization of the will of the positive *operator* is required to induce obedience in the negative *subject*. The simple concentration of the unspoken will is all that is required to direct and control the subject. So great is the sympathy induced between the two, that the will of the one acts freely upon the muscular system of the other, and compels him to rise up, sit down, walk, stand, or talk, according to the volition of the operator. The nervous system of the two are fraternally united by a constant interchange of the odic fluids. This union is as perfect as in the case of the “Siamese Twins,” who were united by a continuous branch of nervous fiber. The result of this intimate union and fraternal sympathy between the operator and the subject is, that the thoughts of the one are known to the other. By this means an idea evolved in the mind of the operator, *though unspoken*, also immediately becomes present in the mind of the subject. But you will remember that the will of the operator also has control of the muscular system of the subject. Hence no sooner is the idea of the operator present in the mind of the subject, should the operator will that idea spoken by the subject, than the subject is compelled to

speak to it. In other words, the operator for the expression of his own silent thoughts can use the vocal organs of the subject.

EXAMPLE.—A, in the presence of C, magnetizes B, and throws him into the *sympathetic clairvoyant* state. This being done, A silently thinks in his own mind these words: Good-evening, friend C. Now by virtue of the sympathy established between the *operator* A and the *subject* B, those words are immediately impressed upon the mind of B, and become present there. A now silently wills B to speak those words, which B is compelled to do, and so he turns to C, and says, Good-evening, friend C. Thus you perceive A, instead of using his own organs of speech, has employed those of B. In other words, A has been speaking to C *through a medium*. This is an experiment which the writer of this article has performed with success.

The above are the facts from which we will proceed to draw our inductions.

It will be observed that the *body or physical organism of the operator was not employed in the above experiment*. The operator used two things only: first, his will; second, an odic force which was controlled and directed by his will, and made the agent for the transmission of his thoughts and commands to the subject.

It is evident, therefore, that though the operator *be deprived of his body*, he will not lose the power to control and speak through B, provided he yet retain the power of volition and the command of the odic force.

It needs no argument to show that the escape of the soul from the body will not deprive the soul of the power of volition. The will is an essential attribute of the soul. Without volition a soul would not be a soul, and nothing short of a total annihilation of the soul can destroy its volition. The whole is equal to the sum of its parts. If the whole is immortal, all the parts must be immortal. Hence we see that the immortality of the will is just as certain as the immortality of the soul. But will the disembodied volition still retain command of the odic force? There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body. This spiritual body, the existence of which we attempted to show in our first article, is very rare and refined in its nature, but is yet less refined than the soul enshrined within it. The soul therefore needs some agent by which it can put itself in connection with that spiritual body. The soul can not come in direct contact with that body; it requires an agent which may transmit its commands to the various parts and members of the same.

What Nature requires, Nature supplies, and such an agent exists. The

agent which serves to put the soul in connection with its new spiritual organization is an etherealization of what we term the odic force or vital fluid. It has been termed spiritual magnetism, in contradistinction to animal magnetism. Hence we have surviving the destruction of the human form the only two conditions needed to enable A to control and speak through B. This, then, is the true philosophy of the method by which spirits speak through media. It is sympathetic Clairvoyance in both cases. In the one case the *operator* is a spirit *in* the form; in the other case, the operator is a spirit *out* of the form. In both cases the *subject* is the same. In the former case, the spirit *in the form* uses his will, and the odic force evolved from his physical organism. In the latter case, the spirit *out of the form* uses his will, and the odic force flowing from his spiritual organism. The analogy between the two is perfect, and the means used are the same.

We have thus shown that spirits not only exist, but also exist in the full possession of all the powers required for them to communicate with us. If they possess such power, why should they not exercise it? How can they refrain from exercising it?

When the arisen spirit of a mother gazes upon the form of her child bowed to the earth with grief, and refusing to be comforted because he believes he shall see her no more forever, how can she withhold the gentle words of love and consolation, the joyful news that she yet lives and can speak to him in her old familiar way?

DETROIT, April, 1865.



WHAT IS TRUE WORSHIP?

BEHOLD the granite rock! It is composed of elements held together by an attractive power, and holds its due relation amid the gross and huge forms around it. It is in its appropriate place.

The flower, too, unfolds itself, but not for itself alone does its beauty glow or shed its fragrance on the evening air; but its colors glow to gratify the eye of beast and man, its fragrance to be inhaled by the lover of its sweetness; and even its death, as its elements mingle with other forms, proclaim it born to bless.

THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

THROUGH S. W. JORGENSEN, OF MILWAUKIE, MEDIUM.

SHALL I give you a short description of myself and of my entrance into this beautiful land? Know then, in the first place, that I was neither a saint nor yet very devout while on earth. There, it is true, I learned to know the Saviour; there it was I once thought I was the possessor of perfect happiness; but yet how dark, how clouded was that life, that happiness, when compared with the life I now live, the happiness I now enjoy! Life to me then was as an ever-changing dream—now sunshine, now clouded. But now my life is one clear, unclouded scene, unbroken by stormy passions, untainted by the breath of hate and strife. Brighter and more blissful than your fondest ideal is this, the beautiful home of the redeemed. I was an orphan boy, left at an early age without my earthly parents, thrown on the cold charities of the world in the morning of life. Is this to be thought strange that the words of the Holy Bible, taught me by my departed mother, now arose in my desolate soul and strengthened the fainting one? “When thy father and mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up.” I pondered the holy, blessed words in my mind; they gave me a consolation which none of earth could have given; they bound up my bleeding heart, and gave a heavenly courage to my young soul to go forth and struggle in the world alone—not alone! I never felt alone from that time until I was called to a new life a new home in Christ’s kingdom. Blessed is he that receiveth instruction—blessed is he! though a thousand foes arise, they shall all fall down before him that trusteth—the Lord is sure in his promise, he never fails. When the time came that I should take my leave of earth and earthly friends, I was living at the house of John Alwell, now residing in the town of Linden, Wisconsin. I was as a member of his family at the time, being a teacher of music. When I confronted death, it wore no horrible aspect for me; all was peace and resignation, seeing occasionally with my internal eyes glimpses of the radiant and beautiful beings sent to bear messages of love from on high. Oh, those spotless ones! looking down upon me with love beaming from their beautiful eyes—a joy not of

wholly of heaven, casting a glorious light across their divine
Such was my escort to the home of the ransomed, the bright
lustrous spirit-land; and those bright beings whispering softly and
quietly to me words of courage and congratulation. Going on in this
way for some time, we arrived at the foot of a beautiful mountain, covered
with living green, adorned with majestic trees, from which hung drooping,
graceful foliage, also of a beautiful green, covered with a profusion of
beautiful, transparent flowers of every hue; the rich carpet of the mount-
ain was also bedecked with most rare and fragrant flowers. As we lov-
ingly ascended the mountain together, I was filled with joy unspeakable
at the grandeur and sublimity of the scene which lay in all its heavenly
light and beauty before me. Beautiful crystal fountains gushed out here
and there, flowing musically and joyously along, their lovely velvet banks
fringed with the most beautiful tiny flowerets of the richest and most
varied colors. On we went, happiness pervading my whole being;
higher and higher we arose, until at last we stood, or rather poised, on the
summit of that glorious mount, and then, oh then! what a scene of glo-
rious, heavenly beauty rested before my enraptured gaze! Music, the
richest, the grandest, the most entrancing, saluted my ear wherever I
turned; visitants of light and loveliness, such as I had never dreamed
of, came and took me by the hand, offering sweet congratulations on my
arrival. Sweet was the communion held among these brilliant ones.
At one time I imagined it was all a dream; but, oh! to what a blessed
reality was I awakened by the sound of a voice calling me by name, ten
thousand times more sweet, more entrancing than any thing I yet had
heard! I immediately aroused, and, looking round, beheld beside me a
being more glorious than you can conceive of at present. He smiled be-
nignantly on me as he kindly proffered one beautiful hand, and speaking
in a voice of the sweetest melody he thus addressed me: "Thou of the
redeemed, hearken unto the Redeemer! Thou hast been called from thine
earthly labors to join the heavenly host: thou art of me, I am of my
Father. Through me thou hast obtained a seat near the throne of grace;
from thence shalt thou be the bearer of divine messages of love sent
forth from the fount of light and holiness to those who are appointed of
God to do his work. Draw near. I salute thee;" and with a graceful
inclination of his majestic form and a smile of divine love radiating his
noble brow he left me standing entranced at the sight of so much glory.
As I stood there, lost in wonder and admiration, I heard suddenly soft
Æolian sounds, which seemed to issue from a beautiful band of white-robed
minstrels, which were coming in the direction of the place where I was

standing. They seemed to beckon to me to advance and join them ; but I felt I was unworthy to take a place in the ranks of that shining band. I was perplexed, wishing to go and yet hesitating on account of my unworthiness, when suddenly a voice spake, saying : " Enter into the ranks, thou blessed of the Lord, nor fear, nor tremble, for thou art found worthy to be placed among my followers, and to sing praises unto the Lamb that was slain and that liveth forever and ever !" I entered, and robed in living light, with a lyre—which was brighter far than gold—in my hand I sang praises with my angel-companions until Heaven's high wards resounded with our anthems of praise and thanksgiving offered up to him that sitteth at the right hand of God. 'Twas then I began to realize Heaven ; 'twas then I first knew how empty, how vain were all earthly pomps, all earthly grandeur, when compared with the magnificence, the grandeur, and the sublimity of the courts and kingdom of the eternal God.

My description is finished. It will give you perhaps a faint idea of the land of which I am an inhabitant ; though faint indeed it must be, for were I to write the whole world over, I could not then give you an idea of half its loveliness, of half its love.

B. W. B.

Night hath drawn her sable vail across the face of nature, and darkness broodeth over all. The little stars peep out, but their pale faces are scarcely discernible through the midnight gloom. But ere long the gray light of morning shall break over the sky and the stars silently withdraw to make room for the glorious orb of day. So also the world is now in darkness, and the few feeble guides are scarcely enough to guide man forward ; they must withdraw to give place to a more brilliant and powerful guide : the spirit-light from on high.

B. W. B.



It is the observation of every unprejudiced person, that those parents are treated by their children, through life, with the most regular attention, affection, and respect, whose conduct toward their offspring, through every stage of their existence, has been marked by undeviating principles and ever-watchful care—by salutary severity tempered by parental tenderness ; and who laid down for their education rules of right acting, which they enforced by habitual firmness—those rules, like the steady flame which guided the children of Israel at night from the land of Egypt, led them safely through the dangers of childhood, and quitted them not till every peril was passed.

LEAF OF LIFE.

GIVEN THROUGH A. HOYT.

Son of man, go take thy book,
Let the page be fair and clean,
Life is but a narrow nook
Pictured on a fleeting scene.

Write thee down its ills and cares,
Write thee down its weal and woe,
Write thee down its wheat and tares,
Which awhile together grow.

Write thee down its shame and sorrow,
Fill thy page with grief and fear;
Tell of day that hath no morrow,
Sadness such as naught can cheer.

Tell of prisons dank and cruel,
Where the fetter'd slaves of power
Burn with madness (human fuel
To the passions of an hour).

Tell of hate, revenge, and lust,
Till thy page is blotted o'er,
End it then with "All is dust,"
Leave no margin there for more.

Turn thy leaf. Mark the sunshine
Gilding vistas spreading far
Where the wreaths of glory twine,
Radiant as the morning star.

Write the heroes who shall wear them,
Few were on the earth renown'd;
But a line thou now mayst spare them,
Now with fadeless honors crown'd.

Gather up the kind and gentle
From the city's lane and street;
With endowments only mental
Thou shalt not the list complete.

Take the widow, orphan, beggar,
 Leave the miser with his gold,
 E'en the poor, despised negro,
 Write him now no "chattel sold."

Side and side with Wilberforce,
 'Mid that lofty noble band
 Who have stemm'd the damning course
 Long pursued in every land.

Leave no line for martial heroes;
 Blot the name of Waterloo,
 Popes, and kings, and modern Neroes—
 Strike them worthless from thy view.

She who, worn with bitter anguish,
 Earn'd her scanty meal in tears,
 Honor'd now, no more to languish,
 Place her name where Christ's appears.

Go among the lost, forsaken,
 Poor, and scorned by human pride,
 Let thy list of Life be taken—
 Give them what the world denied.

When complete, then write "Forever!"
 On the record thou hast made,
 Place it with the wreath that never
 From the victor's brow shall fade.



THE BLESSINGS OF INQUIRY.

Nov. 9th, 1852.

The Circle of Hope met this evening, having two or three friends present.
 Through the medium it was said:

BLESSED are your eyes, that they see what the prophets and holy men desired to see, but were not permitted.

Blessed are your ears, for they hear the things which the Apostles desired to hear, but could not.

Blessed, thrice blessed are ye, when the world reviles ye; for then it is manifesting its true condition and your relation to it; for then you become a city set on a hill.

Blessed are the truth seekers, for they shall find it.

Blessed are those who pray, though not as the Church prayeth, with the lips and words of profession only, but internally and externally by leading harmonious lives.

Blessed are they who put forth their hands and take of the fruits of the tree of life, for they shall eat and live forever.

The nations of mankind have long eaten of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; but now the flaming sword of imaginary vengeance has fallen from the nerveless grasp of ancient deities. It no longer guards the Tree of Life; but the gate is thrown wide open to all, that all may eat thereof.

There is no crawling serpent here, whose sting is death, for you to fear; to wind his dark coils around the uplifted form of man, or crush his noblest powers, or longer stifle his holiest aspirations.

Wide open swing the portals of eternal life. The voice of Truth bids the rudimental humanity enter. Not one nation only, not the Jews merely, but man universally. God has no creed but the Book of Nature, which he himself has written. His throne is in the vortex of infinity itself. There is one temple, one universal Spirit-Father, one fold, one Shepherd, and ye are all the sheep of His pasture. In His holy temple all the nations of the earth may worship and be glad. Each intelligent eye reflects a ray from the sun of Infinite Intelligence.

Blessings, and honor, and praise belong only to Him; and they rise from each laboring hand, from each throbbing bosom; they unfold in the interior sanctuary of each infinite intelligence; speak in the granite rock, the beautiful flower and the Godlike form of man; rise from the bosom of the majestic ocean and sparkle in the bright stream that tumbles down the mountain side; unfold alike in the tiny violet and the giant oak of the forest. In short, all nature worships God. Every form, animate or inanimate, ascribes praise to Him.



THE original Christian doctrines were simple, but they come to us through the Arabians, who were metaphysical, and to whom the fine arts were forbidden by their religion, and hence the metaphysical disquisitions which assumed the name of Study of Divinity.—*Curiosities of Literature*, p. 103.

INTERVIEW WITH THE POET POLLOCK.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 15, 1852.

I WENT this afternoon to Mrs. Sweet's, in order to have Mrs. Hemans finish her vision, but the conditions were such that she could not affect the medium sufficiently to do so.

While we were waiting in expectation that she might yet succeed, I took up a copy of Pollock's "Course of Time," which Gov. Tallmadge had presented to Mrs. Sweet, and began reading aloud some passages from it. I expressed my admiration of the work, saying that the world did not yet appreciate it as it deserved. During my reading the wish was expressed that we might commune with the author some time or another, but we did not expect to do it at that time. In a little while we perceived the medium to be affected as by the presence of a new spirit (for we can always tell whether it is one who has before spoken through her or not). I continued my reading until he obtained complete possession of her.

His amazement was very apparent. He could not realize that he was again tenanting a mortal form and using organs of flesh. He felt of himself—he looked around the room—he gazed upon us. He attempted to walk, and in various ways demonstrated to us how novel was his position to him, and how difficult it was for him to realize where he was and what he was attempting.

At length he spoke :

"My name is Robert Pollock. I can not as yet suppose it possible that I am again really in a mortal body. I feel bewildered.

"The news reached me in my home that I was wanted on earth, that I was wished for. A fair female spirit announced the tidings in tones of joy. She smiled as she broke the news with a smile of ineffable sweetness, and said, 'Come, Robert, they have arrived at the point of wishing for thee. I believe you thought you were forgotten on earth ; but you must be up and doing. You will be needed there again.'

"I prepared to obey the summons, and with some difficulty have presented myself before you."

I inquired if he had ever before this, since his departure, conversed with any in the flesh ?

He answered :

"When I have seen a free thought struggling for utterance in a soul striving to be free, I have striven to assist by lighting the passage, that it might escape unchained.

"How I have longed to find some source by which I might disabuse the mind of many errors by which I myself have been led astray ; that is, my mind has been warped by the unconscious power they cast around me. But I find a great revolution is going on among spirits as well as men. They tell me intercourse is being opened in many different avenues of outlet. They say the time is coming when spirits and men may converse as freely together as though they were still walking on earth as of yore ; and they say the rising generation is to be instructed fully in this mode of communication. They say that calling 'mighty spirits as from the vasty deep' of time, shall be no more only in imagination, but in reality shall they sit down and sup with us to our heart's content.

"How very astonishing ! How inconceivably sublime it seems to me ! Had such a thing been known when I existed, it would have rent asunder the strong battlements which were then erected to bigotry and dedicated to superstition. And if in my work you find a free or chainless thought, think not it was the work of my benighted mind, but conceive of a bright array of friends, congenial minds long before departed to the world of spirits, and watch the rays of light which dart as they encircle me, and light upon my soul as though that is uplifting its head and struggling for the utterance of inspiration. How gladly have I greeted those friends whom I have since met within my better existence !"

You mean, I inquired, those friends who thus inspired you ?

"Yes."

"How plainly can I now perceive with what power and might spirits who have long since departed in body, but have lived in name, may approach to rectify what may have been errors ; and with their better light, their clearer views, and more sure experience, may now approach and benefit the world more greatly than they ever have done before.

"What a vast object ! What a mighty aim ! What a magnificent fulfillment of long prophecy and foreboding !

"My first introduction to you may seem a very dry one, void of interest. My second visit may prove more interesting ; my third and subsequent ones, pregnant of much benefit to us all—to me as well as to you.

"In coming back again to this sphere, after an absence, I have much to learn of the existing state of society and men's minds, and my labors must be directed accordingly.

"Many kind thanks for this opportunity."

Mrs. Sweet asked if he could not through her give utterance to poetry like that which she had been reading of his?

He answered:

"When I shall learn how to use your mind to convey my ideas, you shall speak them for me."

I inquired if he had been aware of the existence of this spiritual intercourse before he had been called on to-day.

He answered:

"So great! so unexpected a privilege! It is such a miracle! Yes; I had heard of it as a marvelous thing that was taking place; but I had no idea I should be called on so soon. This afternoon this person was wishing that my spirit would come. She was gazing at my likeness in the work which contained it, and wishing a spirit would bear a message to me, if such a thing could be possible; and she looked at my likeness until she thought it smiled. Well, that spirit—it was Mrs. Hemans—bore me the news. Why, I was delighted! And when your second wish came, I answered the call, and am here. And yet I ask myself can it be possible? It is so. It must be. Others, my familiar friends, are around me here, and still I am gazing on mortals with mortal eyes!"

I asked him if the familiar friends who were with him in his spirit-home had accompanied him here, and were now with him?"

He answered:

"Yes. Each must bring his familiar friends, congenial spirits, to assist. I will come again when you wish me.

Then he shook hands with us at parting, as he had done at the beginning, and so the interview ended.

His deportment throughout was characterized by great calmness, gentleness, and humility. His joy and wonder were evidently very great, yet expressed with remarkable moderation and calmness. His subdued manner was inexpressibly touching.



WHEN oneself is on the brink of eternity and of final judgment, how poor, how weak, how wicked, must appear all earthly enmities.

"FREEDOM SPEAKS TO EARTH AGAIN."

MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

Boston, Feb. 22, 1855.

WITH feelings of deep-swelling emotion have I hovered over my beloved country this day. Its joyous peals of ringing gladness have penetrated my spirit and aroused all my love for her, have renewed my aspirations for her greatness, and my fervent gratitude to the Giver of all blessings, that it is indeed my country; that in my earthly life I was empowered to come forth and do battle in her cause, to assist her elevation in political and religious freedom; and that now in my spirit-sphere, drawn to her by ten thousand streams of thought and affection, I can still aid her advancement, so that spiritually as politically she may rise in native dignity and strength, a beacon-light to the world, shedding its beam to the remotest corner of the earth, filling it with joy and gladness.

The bursting cannon has pealed its thunder tones, telling of liberty and Washington, and many hearts have this day with veneration and love lingered around my name and memory. Could they have traced the spirit-emotions of my soul, as it read the open hearts of my countrymen, how much of gushing love would they have seen! What a mighty power of emulation and improvement would it have excited! for I would now teach of moral and spiritual redemption as the foundation of all true civil and religious liberty. I would have Americans develop all the law of God, written on the tablets of the heart, making them indeed the freemen of the Lord, abounding before him in good works.

You rejoice to celebrate the natural birth-day of Washington, and it is well. With it is connected the birth-day of your freedom. Civilly and politically you are free before the world. You are enjoying great and manifold blessings, that the despairing sons of the Eastern World only dream of, when weary fancy takes flight from the sad realities of life. When, like you, shall *they* rise in the morning to joy, and in the evening rejoice in the name of the Lord "under their own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make afraid?" The time seems far distant to these suffering children of earth; and you, in your Western Hemisphere, have

an important part to perform in their amelioration and restoration. The privileges guaranteed to you by the Charter of Independence, written in the blood of its defenders, and sealed with the smile of Heaven's approval, are not for you alone. Its borders must be extended till they cover the earth, as the waters do the seas. Is not the dusky African, the degraded Pole, the suffering Greek, also of the spirit of God? Are they not his children before him as well as the highly favored American? The work of regeneration has begun with them, but its purifying notes shall yet reverberate throughout the earth. You are the elder brothers in the family of progression. Be true to its responsibilities, preserve and extend its power, and refuse not to partake of the feast of freedom with every son and daughter of God. With us who have passed on, lead on the march of victory, till the vanguard of liberty join the front ranks of reform, and circle the whole earth with its blessing.

As you are firm in all truth, steadfast in its application, you form a pillar of strength and energy upon which others can lean. The fountain well, supplied with pure water for yourselves, will send its gushing streams to the desert plains of humanity. As the star of your progression ascends higher and higher in the horizon of hope and promise, so much clearer the reflection upon other hopes of salvation and redemption. The stronger you build the watch-towers of liberty and truth, the more courage and enthusiasm do you beget in benighted and despairing minds.

Yours is not alone, my countrymen, to enjoy, but to transmit and preserve. If your fathers needed, and by prayer received, the guiding inspiration of Heaven, the same source is freely open to sustain their sons, and it will also lead them in the path of righteousness and peace. My children, think seriously of these things; give them that important consideration they deserve, that, as responsible and accountable beings, invested by God with his own regal robe of honor as his freemen, you despoil not the ermine of your nobility. It is borrowed from no earthly monarch, but is the free gift of God, and the talent bestowed must also be rendered up with interest. Your beloved Washington is pleading with you. Let this western light be freely fed with the divine oil of truth and wisdom, that its steady flame tower above the nations, revealing the glory of the West and the guiding star of the East. Thus shall you rear a monument more glorious and enduring than the granite shaft to the memory of Washington, showing that the principles he inculcated still live in the lives of his countrymen, and produce the acceptable fruits of righteousness and peace. A practical application of truth is the best appreciation of its power and value. The minds of many in this favored

land are now prepared to understand their whole nature. They are free to expound its laws spiritually and naturally. As the mind expands, the more eagerly it searches into the mysteries around it, grasping at every shadow as the solution of its disquiet. Hence the numerous and contradictory theories that startle the trusting soul, making it tremble for the pillars of its faith. Here is the same indomitable spirit which led the Pilgrim Fathers to these desolate shores, and planted here the banner of freedom. That banner proudly waves over a nation free and independent in its social and political relations. The bonds of tyranny are broken. The mind bounds like the roe in vigor and beauty, spurning all control; and were its energies unchecked, it might rush on to the destruction of its high hopes. That same fatherly care which has sheltered the infant in its weakness, still guides it in its strength. The spirit-law is now opened to its astonished gaze, and it must pause and read its dictates, for it appeals to his reason and judgment, and will not be gainsayed. Though spurned for a time, it will meekly pursue its course, till, to the delight and joy of every true American freeman, it shall be acknowledged as the foundation pillar of free government. The spirit of man that walketh within himself, baptized with the spirit of truth and love, shall become a law unto himself, revealing a beauty and harmony in all the works of God and the aspirations of his own soul, elevating him above the conventionalities of state and country, and placing him upon the broad platform of universal brotherhood and philanthropy, as children of God and heirs of immortal progression.

Then shall the birth-day of spiritual and moral freedom reverberate throughout the earth, and the spirit-spheres shall echo back the hosannas of peace and happiness. Behold the spectacle of the beatified hosts, bearing higher and higher the bursting strain from the heart of man, in his natal sphere, blending with the music of the spheres, like the different chords of the same harmony, making perfect melody.

Such the glorious picture that fires my spirit with hope, and I would lift the veil, that my countrymen might also gaze upon its beauty. It may be far distant, but its dawning glory appears. I have strong confidence in you, my countrymen. Have I not tested your fidelity; even now am I not witnessing your affectionate remembrance of me. I could not doubt you; it would be distrusting my own nature. You need but the path of truth and righteousness opened to you to walk therein.

Since God in his wisdom and love has given this power of communion between us and mortals, we feel that the revivifying influence of the Holy Spirit must regenerate every principle of thought and action, and

base them upon the pure inspiration of spirit, truth, and duty. We know they are all-powerful here, we are living in their life, we see their adaptation to the earthly pilgrimage, and we know that ultimately they must progress man onward and upward. Thus girding on the armor of faith and hope, we come to you, surround you with our influence, made tangible as far as practicable, and draw you with us; even though the heart rebel, we trust in God and the power of his word. So let it be with you; you need the same invincible armor, and while ours is woven with the delicate fibers of love, we bring you the mailed helmet of truth and the breast-plate of righteousness, that the attacks of sin fall harmless at your feet. Its materials are scattered in your pathway, and each one must gather them together for his own shield, so fitly joined that no arrow can pierce you, save the arrow of love, which wounds but to heal; binding captive only the warring passions of humanity, making them submissive to the law of God.

My countrymen, I thank you for the past with gratitude and love. I bear you upon my petition to the throne of grace. My spirit-prayer is for you, trust me still. I am as true and faithful as when crossing the ice-bound rivers of your continent, cheering on the soldier, or maturing the policy of political government. That mission ended, behold I come in spirit, and to your spirit-nature will I be as true and faithful. The freedom of the spirit shall hallow and exalt—the natural freedom, now your birthright; for by it, it must and can only be preserved.

If then my earthly calling was of God, for the advancement of man how much more the spiritual! It shall reveal the crowning stone in the temple of liberty; and till that is added, the beautiful goddess must sit with folded wings and saddened brow, for her votaries understand not their devotions. The spirit would soar like the eagle to cleave the heavens. Let then the dove of peace glide by its side; and while one bears the parchment of political freedom to all nations, the other shall twine the olive branch of love and forgiveness, showering from her wings the dew of holiness and truth.

My heart is with my country still. I would see the temple of liberty, beautiful in all its proportions, rise from the ashes of discord and disunion, to be indeed a strong fort for the soul, as well as its material garment. One perishes, the other is immortal; let its immortality in holiness and happiness begin on earth, and Washington, with the blessing of God, will be still an humble watchman on her holy towers.

WASHINGTON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

——, N. J., Jan. 5, 1855.

DEAR JUDGE—I suppose in the great mass of correspondence, as well as in your professional business, you have forgotten your unworthy brother, myself. If you have, let me assure you I have many a pleasant thought of you flitting almost daily through my mind.

I have something pleasant to relate, and I must tell it to *you* first. You will, perhaps, recollect I told you some six months since, how there were some three of us in our little town, carrying about a church and a half on our backs, and in addition to this load I had the opposition of wife, children, and all my relatives to battle against. I met all calmly, and with weapons of love fought determinedly for the glorious truths that are being given to the world. Within a fortnight, Judge, my whole household has become convinced of the reality of spiritual communion; four of my children (I have six) and a niece have become mediums—two of them writing and clairvoyants. My niece, an orphan, is also writing and clairvoyant—all this, Judge, within two weeks. Now, tell me, is this not most glorious? I write you, because I feel well satisfied of the pleasure all such tidings give you. You know I told you a year since that I should “never cry die as long as there was a shot in the locker.” Truth is indeed worth living for, and who of us do not feel desirous to disseminate it. My eldest child, a lad of sixteen, the spirits write and speak through, and when he sits at the piano they play through him. My next is a daughter about twelve years, whom they write and speak through; she is also clairvoyant. The next is a boy of nine years, whom they write through; and the next a little girl about six, whom they speak through and make an effort to write through. My niece, about fourteen years, is writing, speaking, and clairvoyant.

Are we not blessed? True, there is much yet to contend with. My wife, although convinced of spiritual communion, is not yet satisfied as to its philosophy; but I mean she shall be if my exertions and example avail any thing.

I have been several times in the city lately, and thought some of calling on you, but was fearful I might intrude in your business hours. If

you should come this way, Judge, stop and see me with your friends. I have always a spare knife and fork with a comfortable berth for you. All will greet you with love should you come. Our band of brothers in this place are not many in numbers, but they are strong in truth.

I come occasionally to New York to snuff the sea air and take a squint down through the Narrows, where I have often passed out with heavy heart, and passed in again on return voyage with a light and buoyant one. When I come again I will try and see you.

With the congratulations of the new year, I remain,
Affectionately and fraternally,

—, N. Y., *Feb. 23d*, 1855.

MY KIND FRIEND—I wish to tell you a few things that have taken place in this region since the angels have descended and rolled the stone away from the sepulcher in which true Spiritualism has so long been buried, by the dogmatical theology of the popular religions of the modern churches and priests of to-day, who are crying out until they are hoarse, fraud, deception, humbug, and the devil, to all who believe any other teaching than what comes through the narrow channel of their own creeds and confessions of faith. I have stood as a bunting-block for the shaft of bigotry and hateful superstition for some three years alone in the midst of a case-hardened region of sectarianism. I have been used as a rapping, tipping, writing, and a little as a speaking medium, and now I am often used as a healing medium. Of late there has been a goodly number, who were high on the ladder of ridicule, taken down by others being taken up from beds of sickness. I never claimed to be a doctor, or skilled in the healing art—neither do I now; but I wish to tell you a few cases that I have been the agent used for their recovery. In October last, I was impressed to go to a village four and a half miles from me, but did not know that any one was sick until I arrived there. The first man I talked much with, on my arrival, began to tell me of a sick woman in a house close by us, who had been visited by a physician for several weeks, and still she was running down. I was caused to say, “I can relieve her in a few minutes.” My friend then said, “I will go in with you, and introduce you.” I followed him in; the woman (an entire stranger I had never seen before), was on the bed, apparently in much distress, and weak. My friend told her that I thought I could help her. She replied she wished I would do so, if I could. Her mother and sister were present; her husband was not at home. I then went to

the bed, and from a small vial that I was impressed to take with me, I applied some of its contents, which was very simple in its qualities, to her head, and gave her a few drops to take. I then placed my hands upon her head, and made a few manipulations over it and her neck for less than one minute, and then left her and sat down. She immediately said she was free from distress and felt well, but quite weak. I left the house within some five minutes after I entered it. I saw the man that entered with me a few rods off, who asked if I thought I could help her. I told him she said she was well; he would not believe me, but went in himself, and saw, and was satisfied. After talking with him some fifteen minutes I started for home, and having to pass the house, I thought I would call and see how she was. She met me, opened the door for me, and set a chair for me; she had just finished sweeping the house with her own hands. The next day she was hanging out her washing, and has from that time enjoyed good health without a return of feeling of ill health, she and her friends being the witnesses.

A few days after, I was some eight miles from home, and called at a house where there was a young woman sick, also a total stranger, whose parents told me the doctor had visited every day for some weeks; and by the consent of her parents and herself I took her in hand for about two minutes, and started immediately for home, leaving her sitting up, talking and laughing freely. There were some six or eight persons present at the time.

I have not seen any of the family since, until a few days ago her father came to my house with another daughter, afflicted with rheumatism; and in a few minutes they left, his daughter feeling very comfortable. They told me the other daughter had been well from the time I left, her health being better than ever it was before.

Likewise, some four weeks ago, a man called on me who had suffered for eight or ten years from an attack of a paralytic shock. He was relieved, so that in a very few days he was able to take his axe and go to the woods and chop all day.

Many other cases, equally as strong as those already written, such as inflammation of the liver, kidneys, and lungs; also bilious cholic, headache, toothache, earache, and various other complaints have been, within a few minutes, relieved and cured; all of which I am able to furnish good and reliable unimpeachable evidence of, if the account is disputed. The skeptics begin to hang their heads, and inquire what does all this mean? Truly the cause is onward and upward. The mind of man that has so long been dwarfed and stultified is beginning to expand. The

bands by which it has been so long bound are beginning to snap. There is a mighty upheaving of thought. The reasoning powers of man are beginning to mount up on the pinions of freedom into the realms of thought and truth, and rejoice in the cheering rays of the dawning of a brighter day, in which truth shall make us free.

Fraternally yours,

OHIO, March 1, 1855

JUDGE EDMONDS—In the *Tribune* of February 24th, I find some account of a meeting, in the "Tabernacle," of Spiritualists, and among them ex-Senator Tallmadge and yourself.

Having within the last two years become an utter unbeliever in any thing miraculous, I can not, of course, *believe* in communications from spirits that "I can not *believe*" exist. I am a West Point graduate, and heard Bishop McIlvaine's lectures on the evidences of Christianity at sixteen or seventeen years of age, and they first brought over me doubts which I have been endeavoring to dissipate for more than twenty years. With all that respect which your talents and reputation inspire, I do what I have always avoided, write a letter on such a subject to a stranger, and yet, still hoping, but not believing, in any future immortality of which the human mind or memory will be conscious. I will state a case which vividly came over me while the above-mentioned lectures were being delivered.

One summer evening while in camp, one of my schoolmates (—, of Virginia) knocked down with a club or cane another cadet, who remained for some ten minutes insensible. This raised in my mind the question, *What is immortality?* The obvious answer was, Perpetual existence, and with that there must be a perpetual consciousness of that existence, or there is no immortality sensible to the mind or memory. In the case mentioned, as in others of a daily occurrence, there was a suspension of all sensation, of all conscious existence, for ten minutes.

The question then came over me, Had you cut off the man's head, would it have made him a living soul again? Would the taking away of every thing like a mortal existence in the body have restored memory, consciousness of existence, and immortality.

Over this threshold of a future existence, this absolute condition of such an existence, though full of hope, I could never pass, and there I now remain.

In an omnipotent Power I have full faith, or rather proof, and feel for

that Power gratitude and devotion. But faith in revelations to man from Omnipotence or disembodied spirits is impossible to men such as myself.

I have never been much a theological student, but my reading, especially of the present century, has been extensive, though irregular; but I never have seen this question of "*a suspension of immortality*" mooted, or even mentioned. I once thought, when last in your city, of having a talk with Charles King, of Columbia College, whose brother, the late Edward King, was a near connection by marriage; but the question was always shunned by me, as it is I believe by everybody. And I now concluded that most men are unbelievers, as I am; but feeling that religion, however false, is necessary to the well-being of society and good government, have been silent accordingly.

This scrawl has been extended far beyond what I expected; but I will mention an incident in connection with this matter of Spiritualism. Last spring I bought from an itinerant book-peddler a pamphlet published by a Dr. Everett at Columbus, purporting to be various revelations made at the "*spirit circle*," of a Mr. J. Koons, Dover, Athens Co., Ohio. It being a mass of nonsense and absurdity, I wrote to know if it was really what it purported to be, and received an affirmative answer indicating Mr. Koons to be a very illiterate man. Now if Mr. Koons has any credit with real professing Spiritualists, this pamphlet ought to destroy all faith in the whole system. Have you seen the book? which, by-the-by, has a chart of the "*celestial spheres*," seven, I think, in number.

I scarce know what has impelled me to the writing of this letter, unless it be the serious manner in which this subject is treated by the *Tribune* and other popular journals. I should like, however, to have an answer to the main question, "If a man is rendered insensible by any means—his immortality suspended—will taking his life absolutely restore him to consciousness or immortality? Who can or will answer it?

Very respectfully yours,

ANSWER.

NEW YORK, *March 14, 1855.*

And pray, my dear sir, what is the soul that is claimed to be immortal? Is it our mere consciousness of surrounding events—the mere power of manifesting to ourselves or to others the capacity of knowing what is going on around us? Where is it located? In the brain or in the heart? Is it our reason or our emotions? If it is either, has not the horse or the dog the same thing?

All these are questions which naturally arise when we look upon the suspension of consciousness as a "suspension of our immortality."

The difficulty is, that we know so little of ourselves, that we are almost utterly ignorant of the nature of that about us which is claimed to be immortal; and they who assume to be our teachers in theology are even more ignorant than we are; for, instead of looking within and studying themselves, they draw all their knowledge and their notions from the dogmas of past ages of darkness.

I do not wonder that your doubts were excited early in life by preaching from such a source. I trace my own infidelity, which for so many years tormented me, to the moral teachings which I received while in college, and which were of the same character with those which disturbed you. It was our power of reasoning, they said, which constituted our immortality! Well, I said, the horse standing in the middle of a lot, and being thirsty, reasons himself into drawing nigh to the running brook at a distance—under the same circumstances I should do precisely the same thing; and wherein was the difference between us? I never could find any one to answer the question. And so, like you, I passed on through life, sinking deeper and deeper in my doubts, until I did indeed question my existence after this life. But at length the day of my redemption came. I had that existence demonstrated to my *senses*; and I had unfolded to me something of the nature of our "immortality," or what it is about us that lives forever. I say something of it, because as yet I have only learned a little; yet enough to give me a glimpse of the light that is before me. And for this knowledge—than which nothing can, in my view, be more important—I am indebted to that which the world has been in the habit of sneering at as the "Rochester Knockings;" and let me assure you, as the result of my experience and researches, that to a mind like yours there is now open through this instrumentality the chance for obtaining this knowledge. At present the knowledge itself, as well as the means of conveying it to us, are very imperfect, crude, and ill digested. It is like being subjected to all the inconveniences of an infant school, in order to learn our letters. That would be troublesome enough to a full-grown man, yet out of those inconveniences might grow the power of reading and all its consequences.

Shall we be deterred from the pursuit by such causes? Shall the frivolity or lightness of the manifestations at "Koons" have so undue an effect as to induce us to remain in ignorance, when a little toil and a little patience will open the door for our advance?

In my pursuit of this subject I have had to dig for my diamonds, and

I had to turn up much rubbish and wash off much dirt before I obtained the jewel. But I found I could obtain it, and, when obtained, I was richly repaid for my efforts. So it may be with you.

I can not in the limits of a letter do more than give you this mere outline of what I have discovered, but I send you a magazine, to one article in which I refer you for something on this subject which may perhaps serve as a finger-post to the road. You will find it on pages 533—4, 5, 6.

But, believe me, if you are not deterred by trifling obstacles in your way, you will be able here to find a road that leads to much happiness and knowledge.

I am truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

—, 8d Month 4th, 1855.

JOHN W. EDMONDS:

Esteemed Friend—Thee will excuse the liberty I take in writing to an unknown brother in the cause of Spiritualism. In my Boston *Liberator* of the 16th of last month I found a very interesting communication from thy late publication, from the spirit of a murderer. It appears to me that that communication will go far to answer the often-asked question, What good will Spiritualism do? That question has been answered again and again in my own experience. But my object in dropping thee these few lines is to state a circumstance of somewhat similar character.

There lived four years ago, in this vicinity, a man by the name of J——. His eldest daughter's name was S——. Her father was one of those clever, careless kind of men, fond of a glass of grog, but always willing to do a good turn for a neighbor, but not very careful to instill the best principles in the minds of his children. S—— was rude, and not always careful to tell the truth. Near J—— lived a very respectable farmer by the name of B——. S—— went to the same school with his children. When at school S—— fabricated a falsehood about B——, telling that he had caught a very respectable young man in the neighborhood in the wagon-house with his colored girl. The report soon reached the young man, who immediately called on B—— to know his reason for putting in circulation such a scandalous report. B—— was ignorant of the matter, and gave the young man his assurance that it was a report put in circulation by some evil-disposed person, and went

to work to ferret it out. On inquiry, he found out that S—— had raised the report; so, after some difficulty between the two families, the thing was forgotten, or was not often thought of. Two years ago this past winter I formed a small circle at my house for the purpose of investigating the subject of Spiritualism. We were soon joined by several members of B——'s family. Some months after we commenced our examinations, S—— took sick and died. Not long after her death, a spirit purporting to be hers rapped out her name at one of the circles held at B——'s, and told them that she was unhappy, but gave no cause for her unhappiness. After that evening, at a circle, when several of B——'s family were at my house, she again manifested herself to us, told us she was unhappy, but did not want to give her reasons at that time. The next week the circle met at B——'s, when she again manifested a desire to converse with us. She again told us that she was unhappy, and wished to state the cause. I asked her if she had any one in particular that she desired to communicate with in regard to her present state of mind. She told us she wanted to reveal it to B——. He drew his chair up to the table and asked her what it was that was tormenting her. She answered, "It is that falsehood that I raised at school." I immediately saw the family look at each other. All appeared surprised, for they had lost sight of the affair. B—— asked her what she had to say about it. She answered that she had done the family a great injury, and it was continually tormenting her. "What do you now desire?" asked B——. "I desire the forgiveness of all the family." B—— said he would forgive her—his wife and children all forgave her; when she rapped out that she was now happy. This was the last time I heard from her. When B—— read the manifestations of the murderer, he remarked to me that it reminded him of the case of S——. I send thee this case to do what thee please with it, only requesting that no names shall be used. I have seen and heard much on this subject, but as I do not desire to lengthen out this communication, I shall close. Thee must excuse my bad spelling, as I never had the advantages of an education.

Respectfully thine,

CHEVREAU, in his "History of the World," says that Adam and Eve were created on Friday, the 6th of September, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon.—*Curiosities of Literature*, p. 17.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FRAUD.

It is scarcely worth while to say more on this subject than what I have said in my letter to the *Herald* (which I annex), for the simple reason that we do not intend that the pages of this magazine shall be used as a vehicle for self-defense or self-justification, but solely for the conveyance and inculcation of truth. I can not, however, resist the temptation of giving a few of the letters I have received on the subject, as they will show the estimation which others put upon this whole subject, and that is worth a good deal more than mine can be.

J. W. E.

No. 85 CHAMBERS STREET, March 14, 1855.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD—Your paper of the 12th contains a letter from San Francisco, with the signature of F. C. Ewer, from which it appears that I was fool enough to receive as true an article under his own name, published in the *Pioneer*, a monthly magazine edited by him, and which purported on its face to be the relation of facts within his own knowledge.

It is true I did so receive it. But I also received a letter from a gentleman of San Francisco assuring me of its truth. I learned on inquiry that Mr. E. had an office under the general government. Mr. Le Compte, one of the publishers of the *Pioneer*, at that time in this city, and one or two others who professed to know him, gave the assurance that Mr. Ewer was a gentleman utterly incapable of perpetrating such a fraud as that would be if not the truth. Mr. Ewer himself sent to me, by a gentleman direct from San Francisco, a copy of his magazine, without the slightest intimation on his part that the articles were otherwise than what they professed to be, namely, the relation of an actual fact, but that, on the contrary, he had said to his messenger, when interrogated by him, "Do you think I would publish a lie under my own name?" And twice, through a medium in whose communications I had been in the habit of placing a good deal of confidence, I received messages which tended in the same direction.

It was under these circumstances that I trusted in the truthfulness of Mr. Ewer; and now it would seem—if this letter to you is genuine—that I was gulled and imposed upon by a fabrication.

If the object of the device, and all the pains taken to carry it out, was to impose on my confidence, it has been successful.

If the object was to show me the dangers of spiritual intercourse, and how liable we are to be deceived by false or fabricated communications, it was quite unnecessary, for I long ago learned that, and have earnestly, once and again, given utterance to a warning against that danger.

If the object was to give me the pain of learning that a gentleman occupying a public station, and appearing before the world as the editor of a magazine having some pretension to a standing in our literature, was unworthy the confidence I had reposed in his word—it was equally unnecessary, for I had already learned the public use he had made of a private letter which I had written him in the confidence which I hope will always obtain among gentlemen, and it was not demanded that he should superadd to it the humiliation of proclaiming his own fraud.

If the purpose was to convince me that men having a fair exterior could still be otherwise than what they seemed, it was also unnecessary, for I had not presided so long over a criminal court without learning something of the degradation to which the influence of evil passions and a perverted education may sink the fairest seeming among us.

But if the purpose was to induce me to withhold all confidence in my fellow-man, or all reliance upon spirit-communion, it has signally failed.

I have been imposed upon many times in my life, and, as I grow older and the instances multiply around me, I am admonished to greater caution than was habitual with me in my more confiding years. But I can not yet withhold all confidence in my fellow-man, or in the testimony, on any subject, which may reach me through his instrumentality.

J. W. EDMONDS.

F. C. EWER'S LETTER TO THE HERALD.

NEW YORK, March 14, 1855.

I. By his own showing designed as a fraud on the community, because he puts forth as *facts* what he *now* avows to be *fiction*!

II. It was written with *intent* to *defraud* and *deceive*.

1. A novel is a *fiction*, and so put forth by the author, and understood by his readers.

2. If the author puts forth his book as *fact*, and it turns out to be *fiction*, it is dishonest and fraudulent on his part.

3. Ewer avows all this, and still "glories in his shame," and in the end will be "ashamed of his glory."

III. If these facts were in issue on the trial of a cause before a jury, Ewer's testimony, unimpeached, would command a verdict in their favor. See the result:

1. If he should afterward say these facts were *fiction*, he would be held a dishonest man, and be disgraced not only, but,

2. Would be guilty of *legal* perjury, and sent to the penitentiary.

IV. That case differs from the present in this :

1. Here is a deliberate and intentional fraud, and shows him dishonest and base ; and,

2. Shows him as much guilty of *moral* perjury as he would have been guilty of *legal* perjury in the other !

V. This fraud or *moral perjury* can not affect the character of the one who believes his testimony as to the facts, any more than his *legal perjury* would affect the character of the jury who believed his testimony unimpeached. In both cases it reacts upon himself.

VI. If you wrote him, as he states, then to put that fact before the public, under pretense of disabusing the public mind that these *facts* which he had stated were *no facts*, only shows *malice prepense*, but adds to the writer accumulated disgrace !

VII. You might have received a communication *purporting* to come from Lane, when it was from an undeveloped spirit.

VIII. If he deceived you by his *facts*, it is no impeachment of your ability to weigh testimony ; neither does it make against the thousands of facts delivered on the testimony of *honest* and not *dishonest* men.

DEAR SIR—In reading hastily Ewer's article about you in the *Herald*, the above suggestions occurred as I went along. They are thrown very crudely and hastily together, by way of calling your attention to the article, etc.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS.

PHILADELPHIA, March 24, 1855.

DEAR SIR—Though a stranger to you, I feel impressed to write and say that, having read Ewer's confessions regarding the "Eventful Nights," which he had related some time before in his newspaper, as facts, I feel it due to say, that his strictures on your vision, in which you conversed with "Lane," are unjust. Ewer, by his own statement, is a *medium*, and a *writing medium*, too ; hence, although he thought that he was writing that particular tale of a supposed spirit's departure from earth, yet he had no agency, except as a medium, in the matter. Being a writing medium, he brought himself *en rapport* with a spirit who could accommodate himself to the unenviable spirit of wished-for notoriety that enveloped Ewer's whole soul, and consequently that spirit, under the cognomen of Lane, impressed him with the fictitious narrative ; but, at

the same time, the spirit imparted true information as regards the separation of soul and body. I have no doubt whatever that you discerned in a vision the same spirit, who answered to the same name that he impressed Ewer to use, viz., Lane, and that you were inadvertently led to place yourself *en rapport* with that spirit, because you believed in the truthfulness of the narrative penned by the medium, Ewer, and hence allowed yourself to be possessed by the same spirit (Lane) who had in like manner before taken possession of Ewer, with this difference, that you were led into placing a blind confidence in an unknown, mischievous spirit by your love for man and a desire to do him good; while Ewer was induced to thus act, because he wished to do his fellow-man harm, by raising a false beacon in order to draw him toward the rocks of a total unbelief, that he might shipwreck his spirit forever.

Ewer's false light does not go to show that your light is not true—far, very far from it; on the contrary, it will but conduce to your future happiness and the security of your fellow-mortals. It only shows that we should consult our chart oftener and take soundings, thereby saving ourselves from trusting any light which does not have its bearings upon it.

I need not take up any space by telling you that I was impressed, on reading *that* story, that Ewer was psychologized by a spirit out of the body; that the information imparted by that spirit, in regard to the separation of soul and body was correct; and that Ewer was but the medium and the deluded agent of a notoriety, mischievous-desiring spirit; who he was impressed to call Lane. And, further, that you had really seen that spirit, by desiring to be brought *en rapport* with him. I have no doubt whatever but what *Lane*, or the spirit who took that cognomen through the hands of Ewer, actually impressed you. Hence, though Ewer is wounded by the discharge of his confession, *you* are not, as the latter part of his confession proves that he is a medium, and that his hand is controlled to write by some power out of his own knowledge; hence, this being the case, you and I, and all Spiritualists, know that he may be subject to a spirit who may cause him to pen any thing that his soul's depravity may desire.

Yours, very respectfully,

J. K. GAMBLE.

TO HON. JUDGE EDMONDS, NEW YORK.

Boston, March 20, 1855

TO JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I am a lawyer as well as yourself, and when I saw in the New York *Herald* the communication from the editor of the San Fran-

cisco magazine, in which he made a public use of a private letter which you had written to him, I was so forcibly reminded of Judge Story's view of such conduct, that I sat down and transcribed the passage for you; and as that editor has some pretensions to education, I give you even the quotation from Cicero, whereby he can see that the view which all honorable men must take of his conduct, in thus exposing private correspondence, is at least 2,000 years old:

"In a moral view, the publication of such letters, unless in cases where it is necessary to the proper vindication of the rights or conduct of the party against unjust claims or injurious imputations, is, perhaps, one of the most odious breaches of private confidence, of social duty, and of honorable feelings which can be well imagined. It strikes at the root of all that free and mutual interchange of advice, opinions, and sentiments between relatives, and friends, and correspondents, which is so essential to the well-being of society and to the spirit of a liberal courtesy and refinement." * * * *

Cicero has, with great beauty and force, spoken of the grossness of such offenses against common decency:

"Quis enim unquam, qui paulum modo honorum consuetudinem nōsset, literas ad se ab amico missas, offensione aliquā interpositā, in medium protulit palamque recitavit? Quid est aliud tollere e vitā vitæ societatem, quam tollere amicorum colloquia absentium."

"Quam multa joca solent esse in epistolis, quæ, protati si sint, inepta videantur! Quam multa seria, neque tamen ullo modo divulganda!"



THE SPIRIT-PROMISE,

ON AWAKING FROM A DREAM.

BY A. HOYT, MEDIUM.

You shall wake at night, and the spirit-light
Shall come to thee in robes of white,
Like snow-flakes falling adown the air,
When the sun and the clouds are struggling there;
To the buoyant heart those flakes would seem
As feathers that fall in a land of dream,
When through the window in joyous glee,
The child looks forth the garden to see;

The rose has laden its branches with pearl,
The sedge has powder'd its wither'd curl,
And you seem to forget your world of care,
And feel as though angels descended there—
Till you wonder how God could ever make
Such beauty grow out of a cold snow-flake.
But this I'd have you always to know,
That the beauty exists not alone in the snow ;
For were all the diamonds that glow in the mine
To throw their rays on that eye of thine,
If the heart still cherish'd one evil guest,
God's light could never reach the breast ;
But lurid gleams, like the flames of hell,
With envy and hate—now mark it well—
Would gleam to the soul from the lightning's cloud,
And the damning fiends of the thunder loud
Would descend in the glare and 'round thee crowd.
Oh, then, *within* alone is the sky,
Where the rainbow blends its harmony ;
Within is the music that angels make,
That entrances the soul, asleep or awake.
Within is the heaven of endless bliss,
Where affection receives its holiest kiss—
A heaven, where soft as the wood-crown'd lake,
Whose silvery sands the wavelets break.
Though just beyond the tempest's jar,
May tell of the elements all at war,
Where the freighted ship on the rock is dash'd,
And the sail-stripp'd spars in the shock are crash'd ;
While the shivering, trembling seamen urge
Their boats against the mighty surge ;
Till shrieking despair, with raven wings,
His ocean-shroud around them flings.
Yet even there the journey is short,
To the sunny smiles of a peaceful port ;
Let him carry his life-boat hid in his heart,
Though the hawser break and the cables part—
Though not a raft in the tempest can live,
And none from shore a rope can give ;
Secure he looks on the ocean grim—

TO OUR READERS.

WITH this number we close the first year of our publication ; and though its circulation has not answered our hopes, it has yet been sufficient to enable us to continue it. We have not engaged in the task from any selfish or pecuniary motives. We have, each of us, our own professional avocations to attend to, on which we depend for our livelihood, and which demand all our time. But we have embarked in this publication for the purpose of establishing a channel of giving to the world a class of teaching on the subject of Spiritual Intercourse too grave for the columns of an ordinary newspaper, and too light, perhaps—at all events, too brief—for publication in book form. And our anxiety is, that it shall spread as far as possible the knowledge it may be able to convey, and at the same time itself produce the means of its own continuance.

Therefore it is that we beg leave to ask our readers to take some pains to increase our circulation, and extend the knowledge of the fact that our magazine exists. Thus far no pains have been taken by us, or by others, to do that, and we find, every once in a while, earnest Spiritualists who are surprised to learn, for the first, that there is such a monthly publication. We should be glad if that could be more generally known.

Our readers will already have observed that there are several other minds besides ours which are engaged in contributing to our pages. The number of those contributors is on the increase, and in the second volume we shall, doubtless, have more aid in that respect than we have even yet had. We have already much matter of that kind on hand for our future numbers, and we welcome all who can contribute any thing to the great stream of moral reformation which is now flowing in our midst.

Hitherto our attention has been directed almost exclusively to Spiritual subjects. Such was not our original purpose. We intended also to embrace within our scope reforms in their “political, mercantile agricultural and mechanical relations,” and to aim at developing “those means which shall harmonize *every* element and instrumentality of society.”

But circumstances prevented our accomplishing our purpose as fully as we desired. One of our number was compelled by the demands of his private relations to abstain from giving due attention to the work. Another was prevented in like manner, by severe illness which lasted for several months. Those impediments are now, however, fortunately removed, and we can hope in the future to resume and do more to advance our original intention.

In doing this, we shall aim at infusing greater variety and interest into our pages.

We shall therefore commence in our next volume the publication of a series of letters from the Indian country, in which will be portrayed something of the manners and customs of a race who, having performed their part on the great stage of humanity, are rapidly passing away altogether from it.

We shall follow that series with some account of personal observation of the aboriginal races of a more tropical region, but still on this continent.

Thus, as we hope, not merely augmenting the interest of our work, but furnishing illustrations of the great law of progression as it operates on races as well on individuals, and drawing from nature as spread out before us corroborative testimony to the truth of the revelations which we are now receiving through so many countless channels, and which are flooding the world so universally and so irresistibly.

In fine, we shall endeavor to make our magazine worthy the generous support and undiminished confidence of those to whom it is addressed.

THE EDITORS.



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